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THE NEW YORKER

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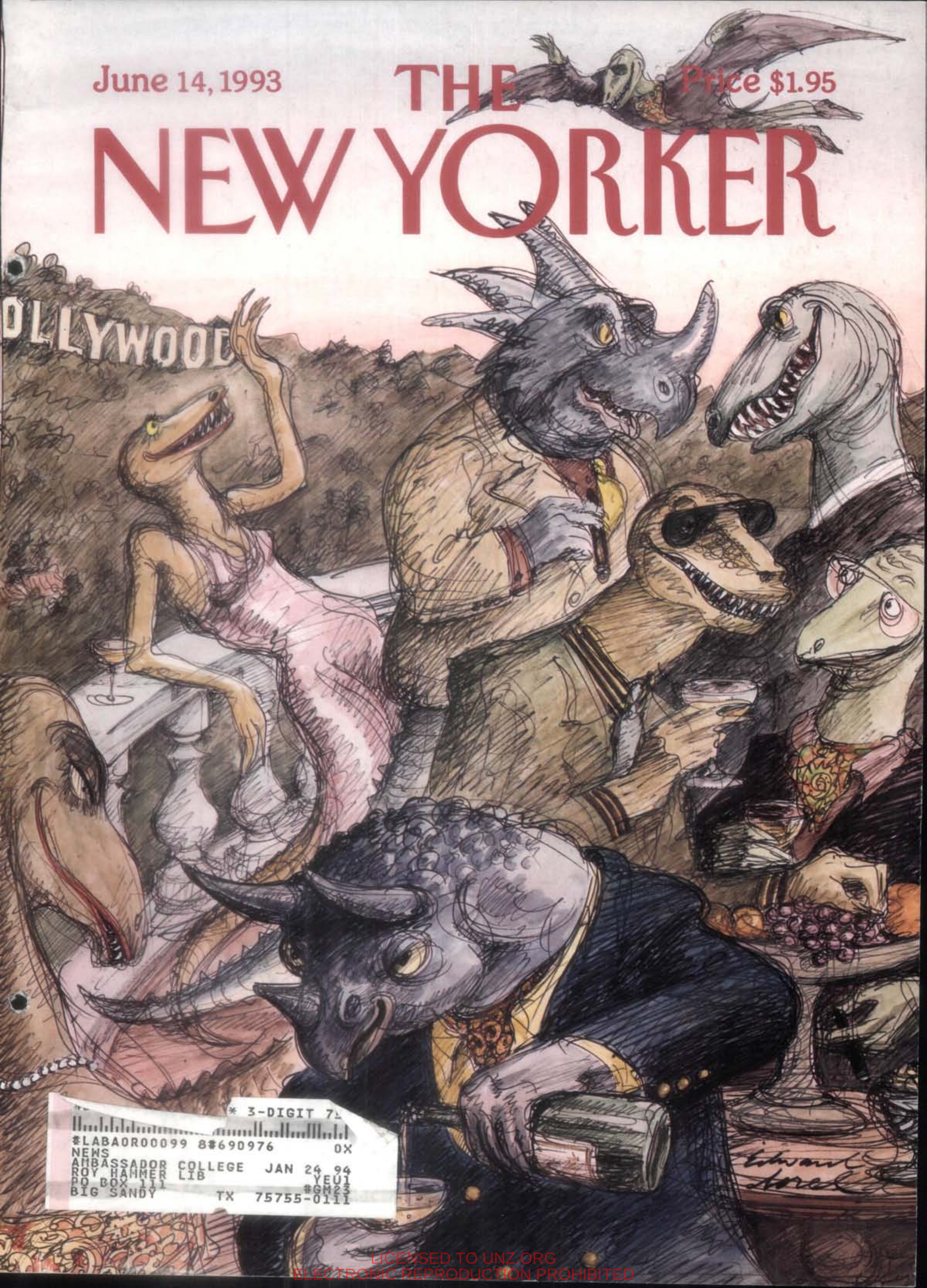
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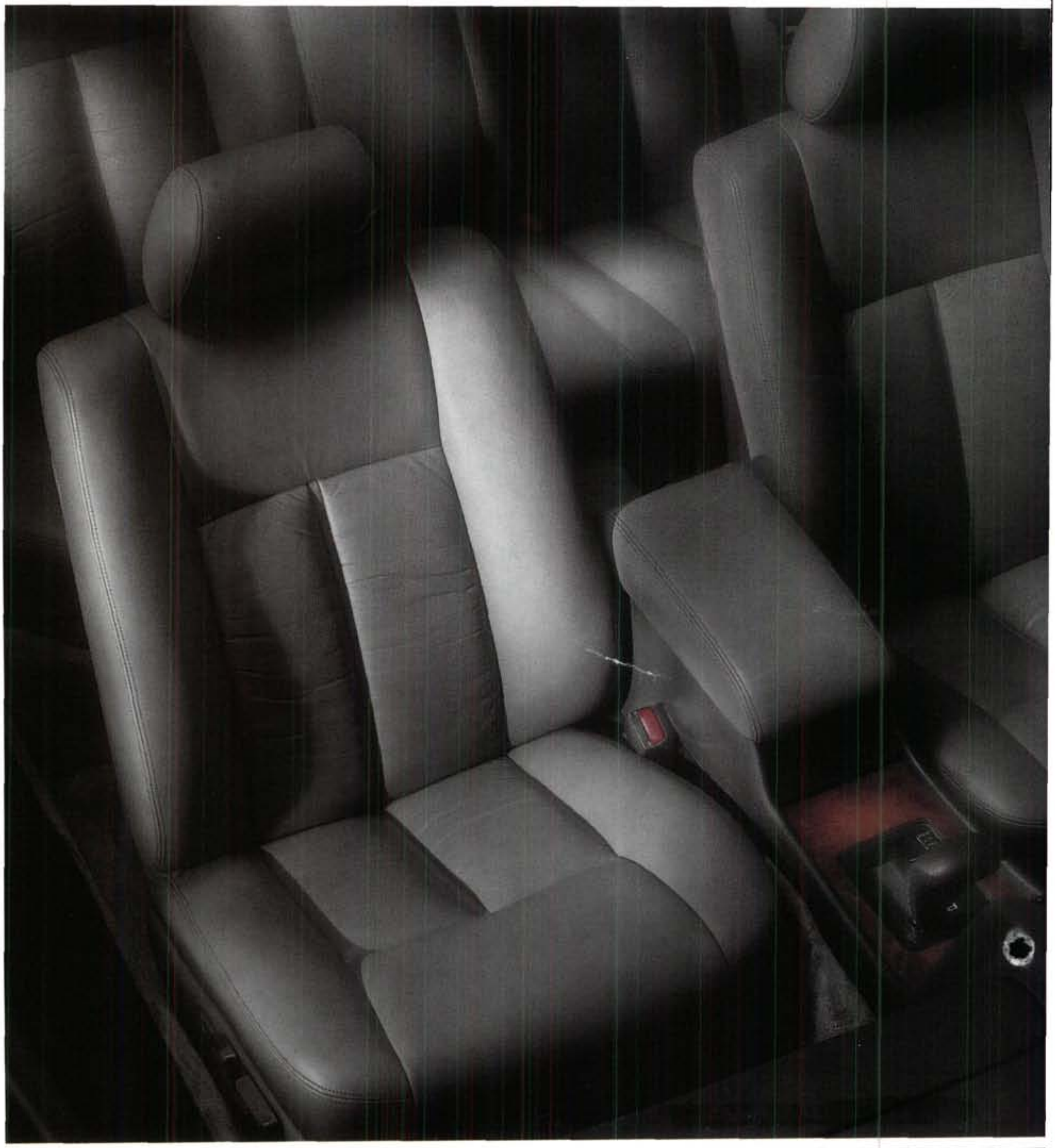

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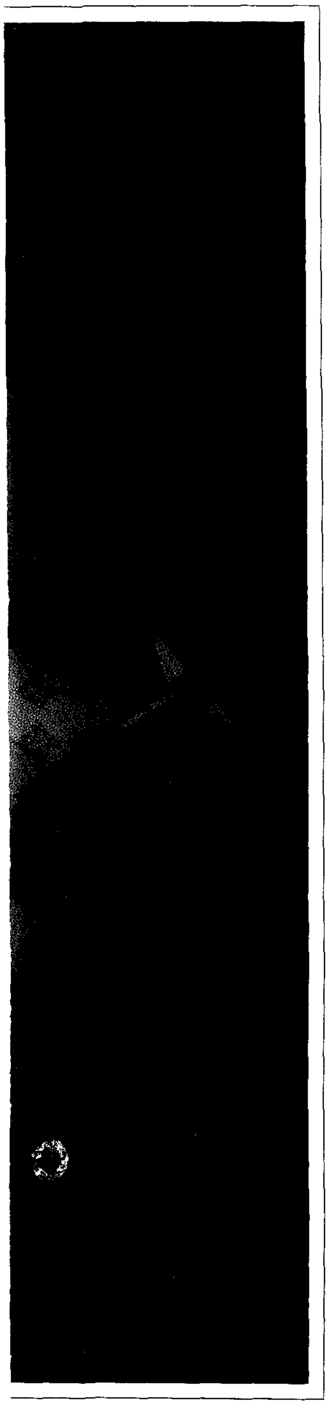

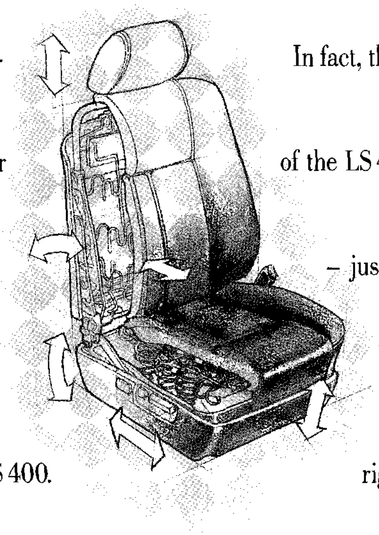

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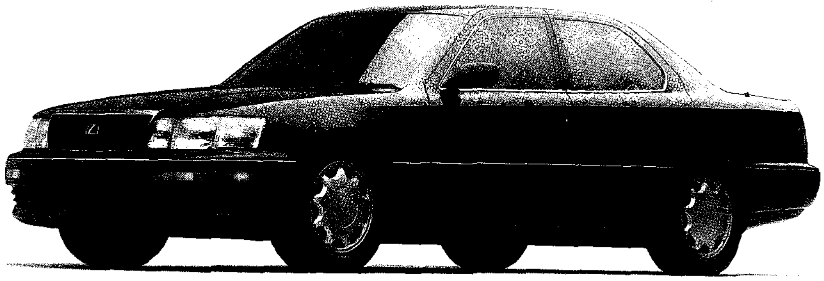

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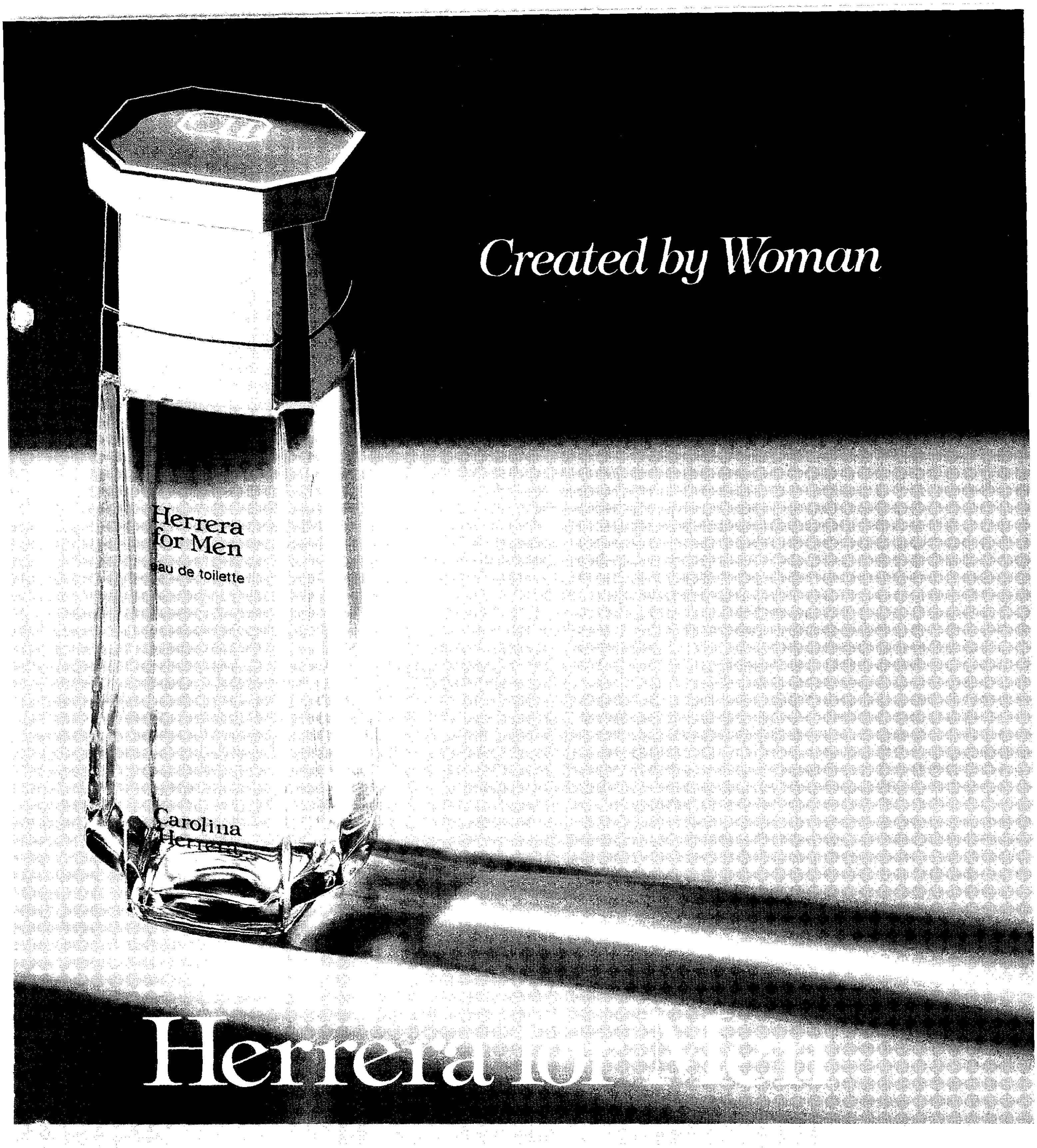
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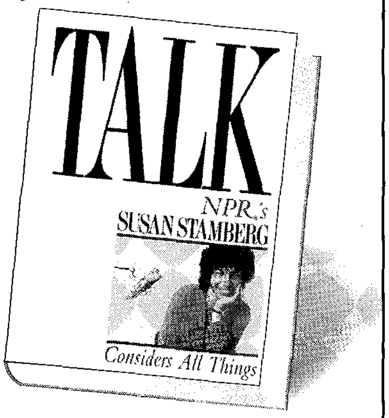

"Literate, funny, insightful,
Susan Stamberg turns out to be as
good to read as she is to listen to."
—E.L. Doctorow

RANDOM HOUSE

COMMENT

IDEA WOMAN

THERE was never any doubt about Lani Guinier's qualifications to be Assistant Attorney General for Civil Rights. Radcliffe and Yale Law School; a clerkship with the Chief Judge of the United States District Court in Michigan; four years' apprenticeship as special assistant to Drew Days, who held the Justice Department's top civil-rights job during the Carter Administration; seven years as a highly successful litigator with the N.A.A.C.P. Legal Defense and Educational Fund; and, most recently, five years as a respected, energetic, and popular professor of law at the University of Pennsylvania Law School: no nominee for the post has ever been better prepared than Lani Guinier. That wasn't her problem. Her problem was her ideas.

Or, rather, a caricature of her ideas. She was one of "Clinton's Quota Queens," according to the careless headline on the *Wall Street Journal's* op-ed piece that opened the assault, on April 30th. The headline, with its echo of "welfare queens," had a touch of raw racism not reflected in the article, which was by Clint Bolick, the litigation director of a conservative think tank called the Institute for Justice. Mr. Bolick merely used artfully chosen quotations from Ms. Guinier's articles in law reviews to portray her as demanding what he called "equal legislative outcomes, requiring abandonment not only of the 'one person, one vote' principle, but majority rule itself." Other critics, mostly but not exclusively from the political right, quickly piled on. Ms. Guinier "does not share the goal of a colorblind society. She is not an integrationist" (John Leo, in *U.S. News & World Report*). She "intends to abolish one of the cornerstones of American democracy—majority rule" (Lally Weymouth, in the Washington *Post*). She stands for "racial polarization" and for "setting black and white politically and legally apart" (A. M. Rosenthal, in the *Times*). She is a "hard-left extremist" (editorial, New York *Post*), who favors "vote-rigging schemes" (Senator Bob Dole). She "is a firm believer in the racial analysis of an irreducible, racial 'us' and 'them' in American society" (editorial, *The New Republic*). It all sounded

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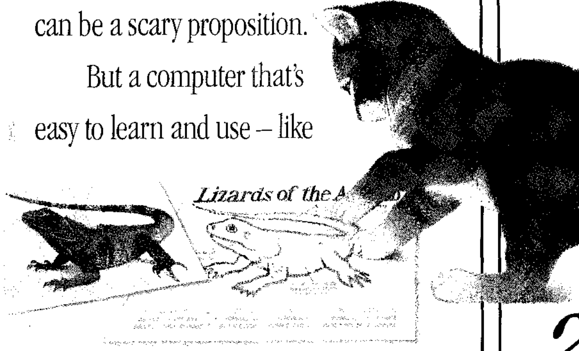

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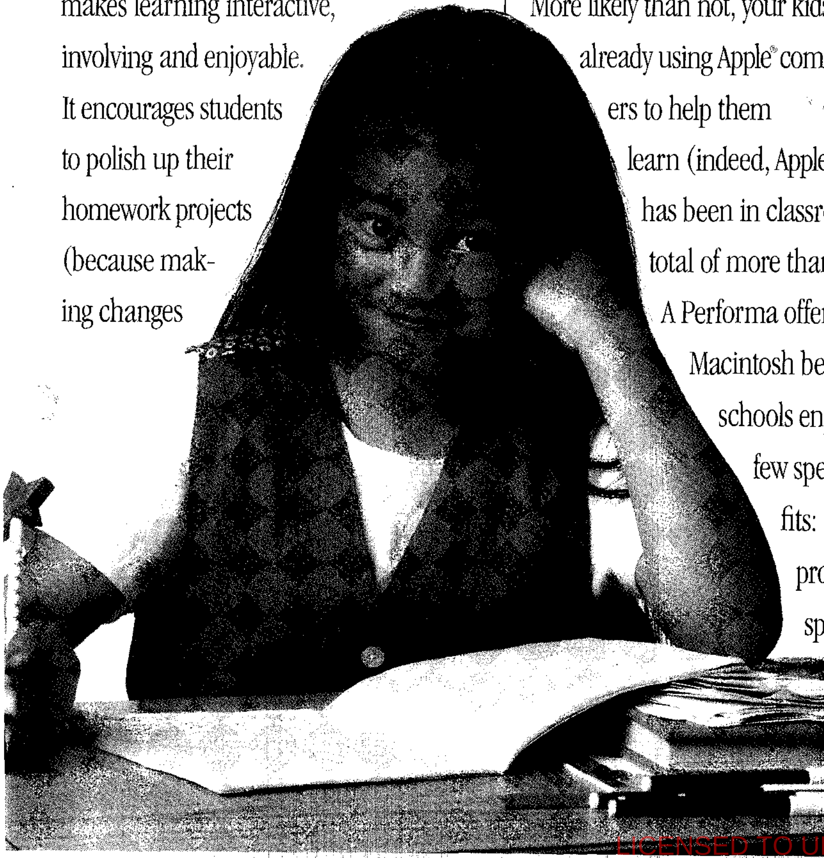

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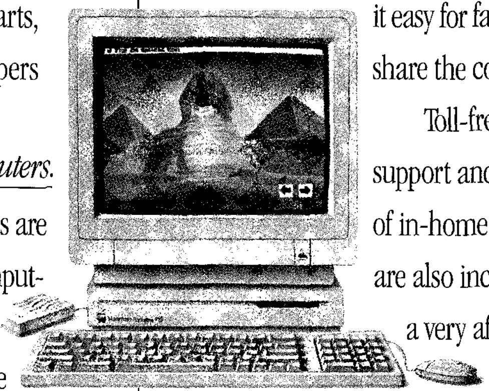

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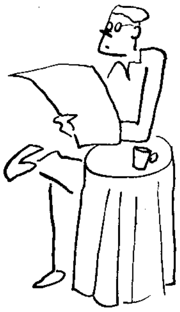
pretty awful. How could such a person be nominated for such an important position?

"At the time of the nomination, I had not read her writings," President Clinton said on Thursday evening, explaining why he had abruptly decided that she wasn't his choice after all. "In retrospect, I wish I had." One can heartily share that wish, and add the wish that when at last he got around to reading her writings he had done so less hurriedly and more carefully. For the truth is that Ms. Guinier's writings—a three-inch-high stack of monographs, law-review articles, and speeches she submitted to the Senate Judiciary Committee—reward the effort of slogging through what she herself described as her "ponderous and dense" style. They do not show her to be an enemy of racial integration, a proponent of racial polarization, or an opponent of democratic norms. They do show her to be a provocative, interesting thinker whose speculations could nourish what is a nascent debate in this country about alternative electoral systems. Perhaps they still can.

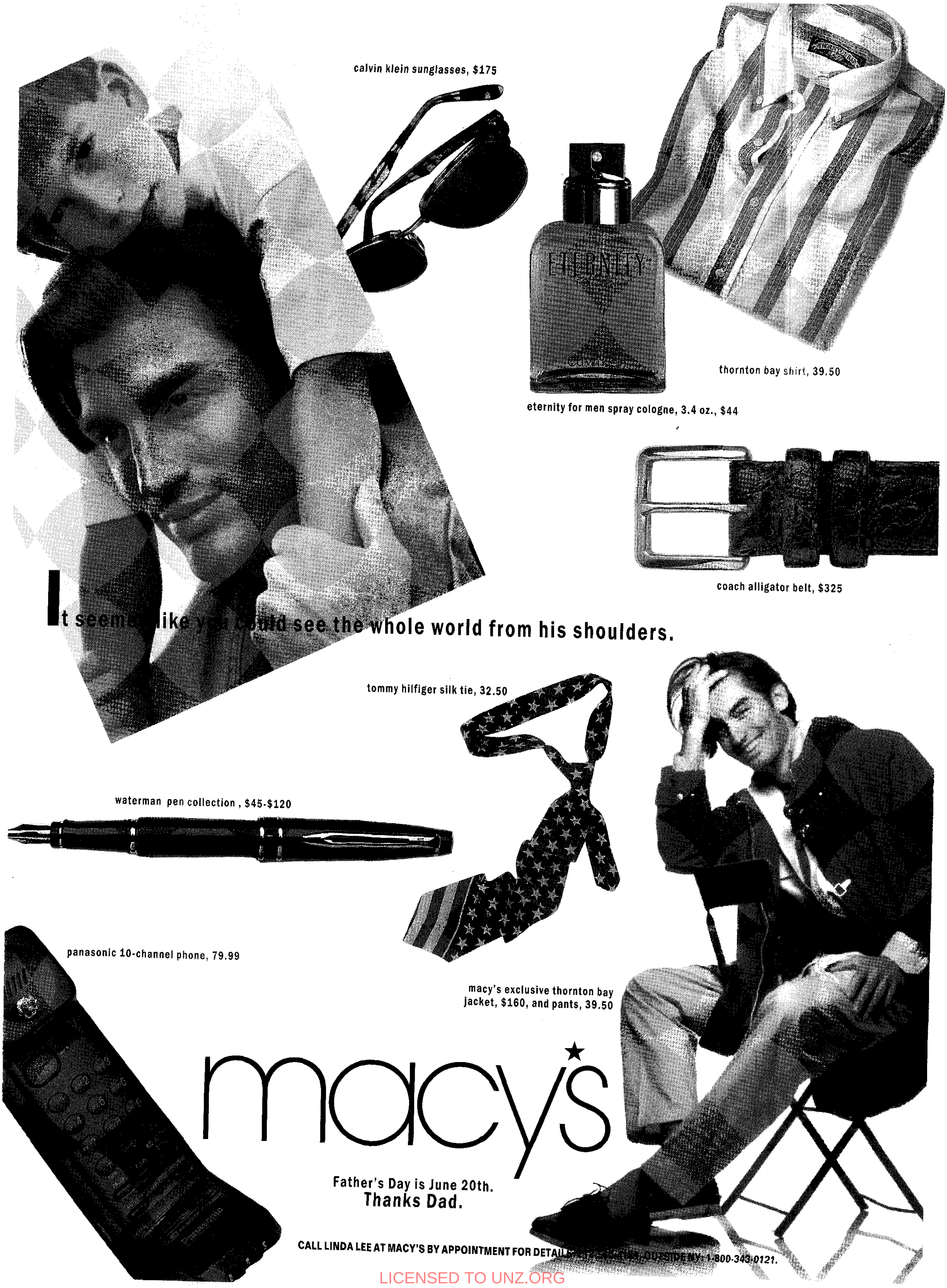


In her most important writings—four long law-review articles published between 1989 and this April—Ms. Guinier returns again and again to the theme of the shortcomings of the system of legislative representation that is almost universal in the United States. That system is based upon single-member, winner-take-all, geographically based electoral districts. Because she writes from the perspective of a civil-rights lawyer, her main concern is how blacks fare; and, because her specialty is the Voting Rights Act, her focus is on local government, the level of government most often affected by the act. Given the racial polarization that exists in our society—a condition that Ms. Guinier forthrightly recognizes but certainly does not advocate—black legislative candidates are seldom elected except in "majority minority" single-member districts. Voting-rights lawyers have therefore concentrated on forcing local jurisdictions to create "safe" black-majority districts, and also on eliminating at-large systems that have demonstrably allowed white majorities to shut even sizable black minorities out of representation altogether. Ms. Guinier takes a different tack. In common with many conservative, and some liberal, critics, she recognizes the moral and political costs of racial gerrymandering: while it does allow black legislators to be elected, it creates monolithically white districts as well as monolithically black ones; it depresses political competition, voter turnout, and interracial political alliances; it depends for its effectiveness on segregated housing patterns (and, in fact, gives black politicians an incentive to perpetuate such patterns). Ms. Guinier proposes as an alternative a variation on proportional representation which she calls, with typical infelicity, "proportionate interest representation." It's really a modified at-large system. In a citywide election for five council seats, say, each voter would have five votes, which she (to borrow Ms. Guinier's feminist usage) could distribute among the five candidates any way she liked. If a fifth of the voters opted to "cumulate," or plump, all their votes for one candidate, they would be able to elect one of the five. Blacks could do this if they chose to, but so could any cohesive group of sufficient size. This system is emphatically *not* racially based: it allows voters to organize themselves on whatever basis they wish. It has actually been tried in a few jurisdictions—including the proverbially American city of Peoria, Illinois—and has had notable success in all of them.

Pressed to justify his abandonment of Ms. Guinier, Mr. Clinton said that she had seemed to advocate proportional representation, a position he called "antidemocratic and very difficult to defend." Antidemocratic? That will come as news to the good people of Germany, Spain, the Netherlands, and Sweden, among other countries. Indeed, most of the electorates of Continental Europe, including those of the liberated East, elect their legislatures under some form of proportional representation; so do the Irish, the Italians, and the Israelis; and so will the New Zealanders, if, as is expected, they pass a referendum on the subject this fall. P.R., as its advocates call it, is the very opposite of undemocratic. It not only facilitates minority representation but also virtually guarantees majority rule (the majority most often being a legislative coalition). By contrast, single-member-district, winner-take-all systems, like ours and Britain's, often produce minority governments. The last peacetime British government that represented a majority of the British voters was Stanley Baldwin's, elected in 1935; and Bill Clinton himself, it should be remembered, owes his job to forty-three per cent of the voters. While there may be reasons that P.R. is not suitable for the United States at the national level, lack of democratic purity is not among them. Mr. Clinton was right in calling P.R. "difficult to defend," but that is because Americans, by and large, are ignorant of the existence, let alone the details, of electoral systems other than their own.

In one or two of her law-review articles, Ms. Guinier also speculates, briefly and sketchily, about various ideas for requiring "supermajorities" and allowing "minority vetoes" in certain local legislative bodies, on certain issues, under certain exceptional circumstances. These notions, which she advanced in the interest of provoking discussion, are far more questionable than her ideas about electoral systems, but they are also far more tentative. Their purpose is not to guarantee "equal legislative outcomes"; equal opportunity to influence legislative outcomes regardless of race is more like it. Nor is there any evidence that she would have tried to have these notions judicially imposed had she been confirmed in the position for which Mr. Clinton nominated her. In any case, supermajority arrangements are not exactly foreign to American government. Supermajorities are required for passing Constitutional amendments and for ratifying treaties. And Senator Dole, not long before he attacked Ms. Guinier for supposedly scorning majority rule, engineered the defeat of President Clinton's economic-stimulus bill through the most notorious form of the minority veto, the Senate filibuster.

Thanks to a combination of Presidential weakness, congressional hysteria, public ignorance, and Lani Guinier's own intellectual adventurousness, the civil-rights division of the Justice Department has been deprived of the services of a formidable lawyer. Ms. Guinier's ideas are now, in a sadder sense than before, academic. ♦



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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THE THEATRE

Waiting for Fiona

FUTURE *cinéastes* watching the late-late show may set down their remotes when the opening credits of "Super Mario Bros." roll by. There, among the supporting actors in this shiny new video-game-inspired feature, they will notice the names Fisher Stevens and Fiona Shaw. Mr. Stevens, who makes up a quarter of the cast of "A Perfect Ganesh," the Terrence McNally play now previewing at Manhattan Theatre Club, needs no introduction to New Yorkers. Miss Shaw, for the moment, still does.

She has made respectable appearances in movies like "My Left Foot" and "Mountains of the Moon," but she regards her film work as accidental. Her stage life, by contrast, has had a shaping hand. "I've done very big plays," the actress said recently at a New York tearoom, where she was willing to make a proper spectacle of herself. "Recently, I've done 'As You Like It,' 'Electra,' 'Hedda Gabler' "—the last two with her "team," the director Deborah Warner and the designer Hildegard Bechtler. Not by nature an Ophelia and too young for Gertrude, Miss Shaw will be taking on the very biggest of plays this summer by directing scenes from it in her native Northern Ireland. Then it's on to London to act in "Machinal" and to try on one of Shakespeare's kingly crowns. And when will New York see any of this? The actress answers indirectly. "Not long ago, we did 'Electra' in Northern Ireland, in Derry. After the performance, a boy asked one of his friends, 'When was this play written?' 'About twenty-four hundred years ago,' the other replied. 'Well,' the boy said after a slight pause, 'it took a long time getting to Derry.' "

OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

(Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for schedule and ticket information.)

Down the Road—A psychological drama by Lee Blessing, with John Dossett, Lisa Eichhorn, and Eric Stoltz. Preview on June 9. Opens June 10 at 8 and runs through June 27. (Atlantic, 336 W. 20th St. 645-1242.)

Gay Divorce—A concert version of the 1932 Cole Porter musical, conducted and directed by John McGlinn. The singers include Simon Jones, Judy Kaye, Rebecca Luker, Kurt Ollmann, and Robert Westenberg. Opens June 9 at 7 and runs through June 13. (Weill Recital Hall, at Carnegie Hall. 247-7800.)

Jewish Repertory Theatre—Presenting a revised version of the 1970 musical SHOW ME WHERE THE GOOD TIMES ARE. With Robert Ari and Roslyn Kind. Previews run through the June 13 matinée. Opens June 13 at 7 and runs through June 27. (Playhouse 91, at 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000.)

Loose Knit—A play by Theresa Rebeck. Previews begin June 11. (Second Stage, Broadway at 76th St. 873-6103.)

A Perfect Ganesh—A new play by Terrence McNally. Zoe Caldwell, Dominic Cuskern, Frances Sternhagen, and Fisher Stevens are the cast. In previews. (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-1212.)

Prime Time Prophet—A musical satire, about television evangelists, by Kevin Connors and Randy Buck. Preview on June 9. Opens June 10 at 8. (Players Theatre, 115 Macdougal St. 777-7474.)

She Loves Me—A revival of the 1963 musical by Joe Masteroff, Jerry Bock, and Sheldon Harnick. The cast features Jonathan Freeman, Boyd Gaines, Brad Kane, Judy Kuhn, Sally Mayes, Howard McGillin, Lee Wilkof, and Louis Zorich. Two previews on June 9. Opens June 10 at 7. (Roundabout, Broadway at 45th St. 869-8400.)

Ten Below—A play by Shem Bitterman, with Kevin Conway and Anthony Edwards. Opens June 9 at 8 and runs through June 27. (WPA Theatre, 519 W. 23rd St. 206-0523.)

Totie—A musical about the comedienne Totie Fields. Opens June 9 at 8. (American Jewish Theatre, 307 W. 26th St. 633-9797.)

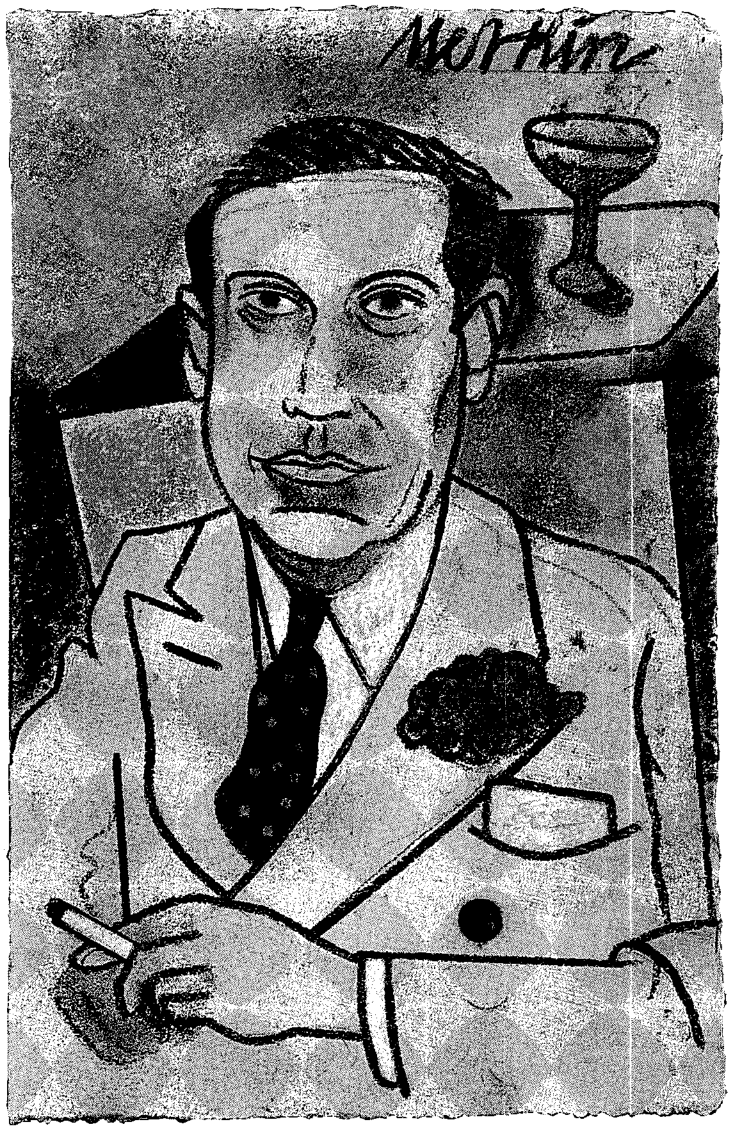
OPENED RECENTLY

Angels in America: Millennium Approaches—The first half of Tony Kushner's epic work is set in 1985, at the height of the Reagan counter-revolution, and it maps the trickle-down effect of self-interest as Kushner's characters ruthlessly pursue their private and public destinies. The Pulitzer Prize-winning play is a saga about sexual politics, death, and decency. Not to be missed. (Reviewed in our issue of 5/31/93.) (Walter Kerr, 219 W. 48th St. 239-6200.)

Blood Brothers—A glum non-musical musical, imported from Britain, about twin boys who are separated at birth. (Their mother, a cleaning woman, gives one of them to her employer.) The boys become friends, love the same girl, and die violent deaths. Willy Russell, whose credentials are good, wrote book, music, and lyrics, to no avail. With Con O'Neill, Stephanie Lawrence, Jan Graveson, and Mark Michael Hutchinson. (5/10/93) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

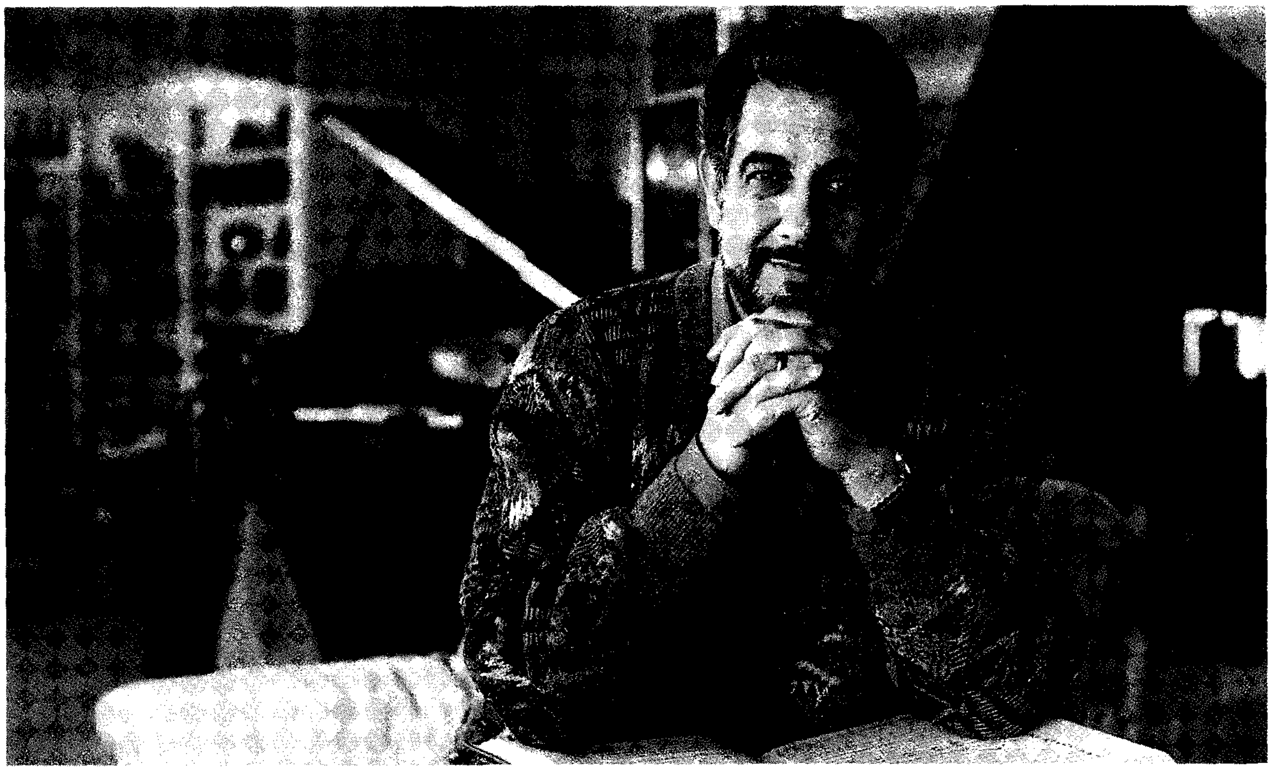
Buya Africa—A musical with Thuli Dumakude. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 564-8038.)

Ensemble Studio Theatre—The 1993 marathon of one-acts wraps up with plays by Susan Kim, Bill Bozzone, and Joyce Carol Oates, and a musical by Michael John LaChiusa. (549 W. 52nd St. 247-3405. Closes June 13.)



Cole Porter ("Gay Divorce," at Weill Recital Hall).

RICHARD MERKIN



“When you love what you’re doing as much as I do, it doesn’t feel like work.” *Plácido Domingo*

Wherever he travels, Plácido Domingo carries a series of green bound books into which he writes his engagements up to three years in advance. Such are the demands the opera world makes on one of its most sought-after performers.

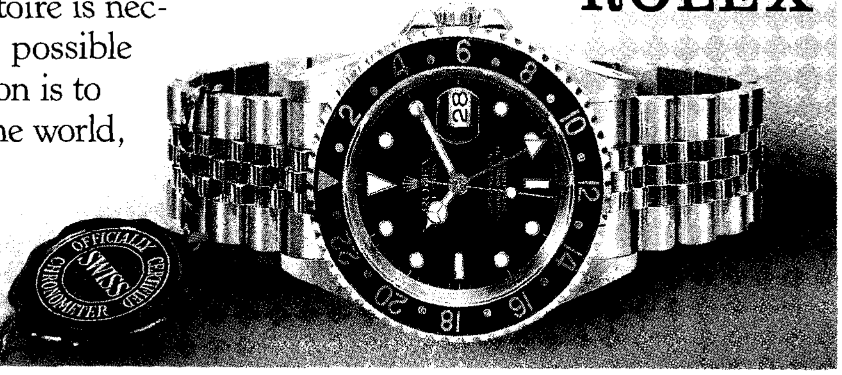
His ability to thrill an audience is such that a legendary curtain call in Vienna lasted over an hour. ‘‘It would have been easier,’’ Plácido said, ‘‘to sing the opera all over again.’’

Domingo has committed nearly a hundred operatic roles to memory. He believes this daunting repertoire is necessary to attract the widest possible audience because his ambition is to help more people, all over the world, enjoy the music he loves.

More than a singer, Domingo is also a respected conductor. “The operatic conductor is like a Roman charioteer,” he says. “He has a hundred horses on stage and a hundred horses in the pit. And he has to control them all.”

Throughout his career, Domingo has held himself to the highest standards of performance. It’s the same measure he uses when selecting a timepiece. “My Rolex is perfect for me,” he states. “You could say it’s one of my favorite instruments.”

ROLEX



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THE THEATRE—Cont'd

Extended Forecast—Estelle Parsons stars in a play by Franz Xaver Kroetz. Translated from the German by Erica Bilder and Ms. Parsons. (La Mama, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710. Closes June 12.)

Fool Moon—Bill Irwin and David Shiner are the inspired clowns in a show that is perfection itself. The only sound you'll hear is the merry music of the Red Clay Ramblers and the abundant laughter of the audience. (3/8/93) (Richard Rodgers, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211.)

Forbidden Broadway 1993—Once again, a galaxy of parodies that sharpen into satire. This edition is as witty as its predecessors. Among the newer shows under consideration are "Guys and Dolls" and "Falsettos," and the holdovers include "Les Misérables" and "The Phantom of the Opera." Gerard Alessandrini is the clever writer and director. (1/25/93) (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. 838-9090.)

The Goodbye Girl—Bernadette Peters and Martin Short, two brilliant, funny stars, transform this otherwise indifferent musical adaptation of Neil Simon's movie into a sporadically festive evening. The dances by Graciela Daniele are more than helpful, as is the comic support by John Christopher Jones. Score by Marvin Hamlisch, lyrics by David Zippel. Michael Kidd directed. (3/15/93) (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 307-4100.)

Hello Muddah, Hello Fadduh—A musical based on the song parodies of Allan Sherman and offering further proof that Camp Lite is taking over Off Broadway. The show was conceived and written by Douglas Bernstein and Rob Krausz. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330.)

Jeffrey—A comedy, by Paul Rudnick, about love in the age of AIDS; with John Michael Higgins. It is less a fleshed-out play than a series of Scenes from Gay Life, but Mr. Rudnick can quip with the best of them. (Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane. 420-8000.)

Kiss of the Spider Woman—A musical, based on the novel by Manuel Puig, with a distinguished book by Terrence McNally, a star performance by Brent Carver, as the heroic homosexual window dresser, and another by the redoubtable Chita Rivera in the title role. Under Harold Prince's direction, the action is always lively and often witty and tender. The songs are by John Kander and Fred Ebb, the setting is by Jerome Sirlin, and the costumes are by Florence Klotz. (5/24/93) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

Later Life—In A. R. Gurney's new play, a man and woman who haven't seen each other in thirty years meet up again. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200.)

Lypsinka! A Day in the Life—John Epperson—a nonpareil if ever there was one—brings his happiness cocktail to Off Broadway. Epperson has come a long way from his late-night club origins: like Cyd Charisse, one of his M-G-M-era idols, he's a long-legged pro. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020.)

Master and Margarita—A new play by Jean-Claude van Itallie, based on the 1940 novel of the same name by Mikhail Bulgakov. (Theatre for the New City, 155 First Ave., at 10th St. 254-1109. Closes June 13.)

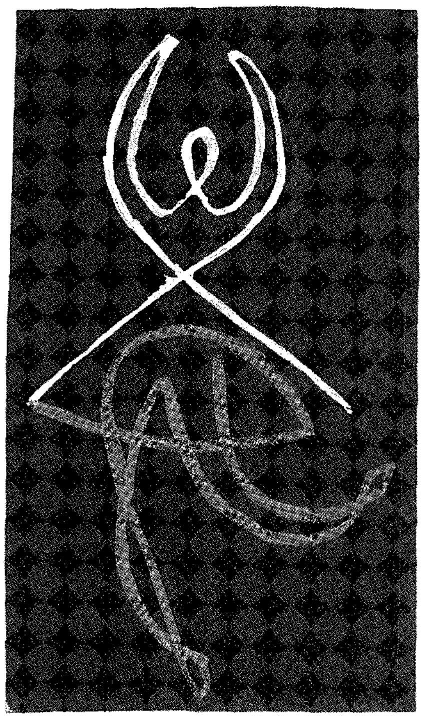
Oleanna—David Mamet, in fine, curmudgeonly form, takes on political correctness, sexual harassment, and a number of other topics in this brief, powerful drama that continues to stir up the ideologues. The play's skepticism is as evenhanded as it is corrosive. Treat Williams and Mary McCann make up the cast. (11/16/92) (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 307-4100.)

Playboy of the West Indies—Mustapha Matura transplants John Millington Synge's "Playboy" from Ireland to Trinidad. That it survives the move so well is due, in part, to Mr. Matura's poetic fluency in wielding the local patois, and, in part, to the distinguished cast, under the direction of Gerald Gutierrez. As the Playboy himself, Victor Love gives a first-rate performance. He receives strong support from Michele Shay, Lorraine Toussaint, Antonio Fargas, and Arthur French. (5/24/93) (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)

Playland—A two-character play by Athol Fugard that premièred last summer at the Market Theatre in Johannesburg. Frankie R. Faison and Kevin Spacey make up the cast. (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-1212.)

Race—Paul Mooney, a black comedian and writer best known for his collaborations with Richard Pryor, is hyperbolically offensive to people of all races in this one-man standup show, yet somehow he ends up seeming honest, and even friendly. Some of his jokes are old, and he occasionally stops for a brief lecture on, say, the evils of Hollywood, but his quick wit and keen commentary carry the show. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 564-8038.)

Shakespeare for My Father—A marvellous one-woman show, in which Lynn Redgrave reviews her own life in a search for her unloving father, Michael Redgrave. She combines anecdotes, brilliant thumbnail impersonations of British actors, and wry reminiscence with passages from Shakespeare, which she delivers with eloquence and emotion. This essentially serious evening is often as amusing as it is sad. (5/10/93) (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450.)



The Sisters Rosensweig—Wendy Wasserstein's new play, a comedy with serious undertones, is about the reunion in London of three American Jewish sisters—an international banker, a travel writer, and a wife and mother who's a professional dispenser of advice. They are portrayed by Jane Alexander, Christine Estabrook, and Madeline Kahn. The spirit of Chekhov hovers but never intrudes. Laughter is continuous. (11/2/92) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200.)

Someone Who'll Watch Over Me—Michael York, David Dukes, and Chuck Cooper portray hostages in Beirut in Frank McGuinness's moving and humorous play. Robin Lefèvre directed. (12/7/92) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Three Hotels—This new play by Jon Robin Baitz is no more than a technical exercise, but what technique! Debra Monk and Ron Rifkin are superb as husband and wife; the versatile Joe Mantello directed. (Circle Repertory Company, 99 Seventh Ave. S. 924-7100.)

The Who's Tommy—Pete Townshend's music—however muted for Broadway—has an indubitable thrill, but director Des McAnuff's production is caught on the horns of a theatrical dilemma that no amount of slick, exhausting spectacle can resolve. The hero, that deaf, dumb, and blind kid, is spectacularly passive, and thus unreachable, unknowable, and essentially undramatic. (5/3/93) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

Wild Men!—Subtitled "A Musical . . . Sort Of," this comedy plays on the edges of something with substance, yet finally possesses little of its own. Set in "the North Woods" on a "Wild Man Weekend," the show makes outrageous mockery of the men's movement, its primal yearnings, and its guru, Robert Bly. Though not penetrating, the evening benefits from the vitality of everyone onstage. "Cheers" survivor George Wendt stars, along with a host of Chicago's Second City alums. (Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 307-4100.)

Wrong Turn at Lungfish—The play owes more to day-in, day-out television than it does to the theatre. With Calista Flockhart, Michael E. Knight, Kathleen Marshall, and Fritz Weaver. (3/8/93) (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313.)

LONG RUNS

Beau Jest: Lamb's, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. . . . **Blue Man Group/Tubes:** Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370. . . . **Cats:** Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. . . . **Crazy for You:** Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **Falsettos:** Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **The Fantasticks:** Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. . . . **Forever Plaid:** Steve McGraw's, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. . . . **Guys and Dolls:** Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **Jelly's Last Jam:** Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 239-6200. . . . **Les Misérables:** Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **Miss Saigon:** Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. . . . **The Night Larry Kramer Kissed Me:** Perry Street Theatre, 31 Perry St. 564-8038. (Closes June 27.). . . **Nunsense:** Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. . . . **Perfect Crime:** Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 695-3401. . . . **The Phantom of the Opera:** Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **Tony n' Tina's Wedding:** St. John's Church, 81 Christopher St. 279-4200. . . . **The Will Rogers Follies:** Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 730-8200.

DANCE

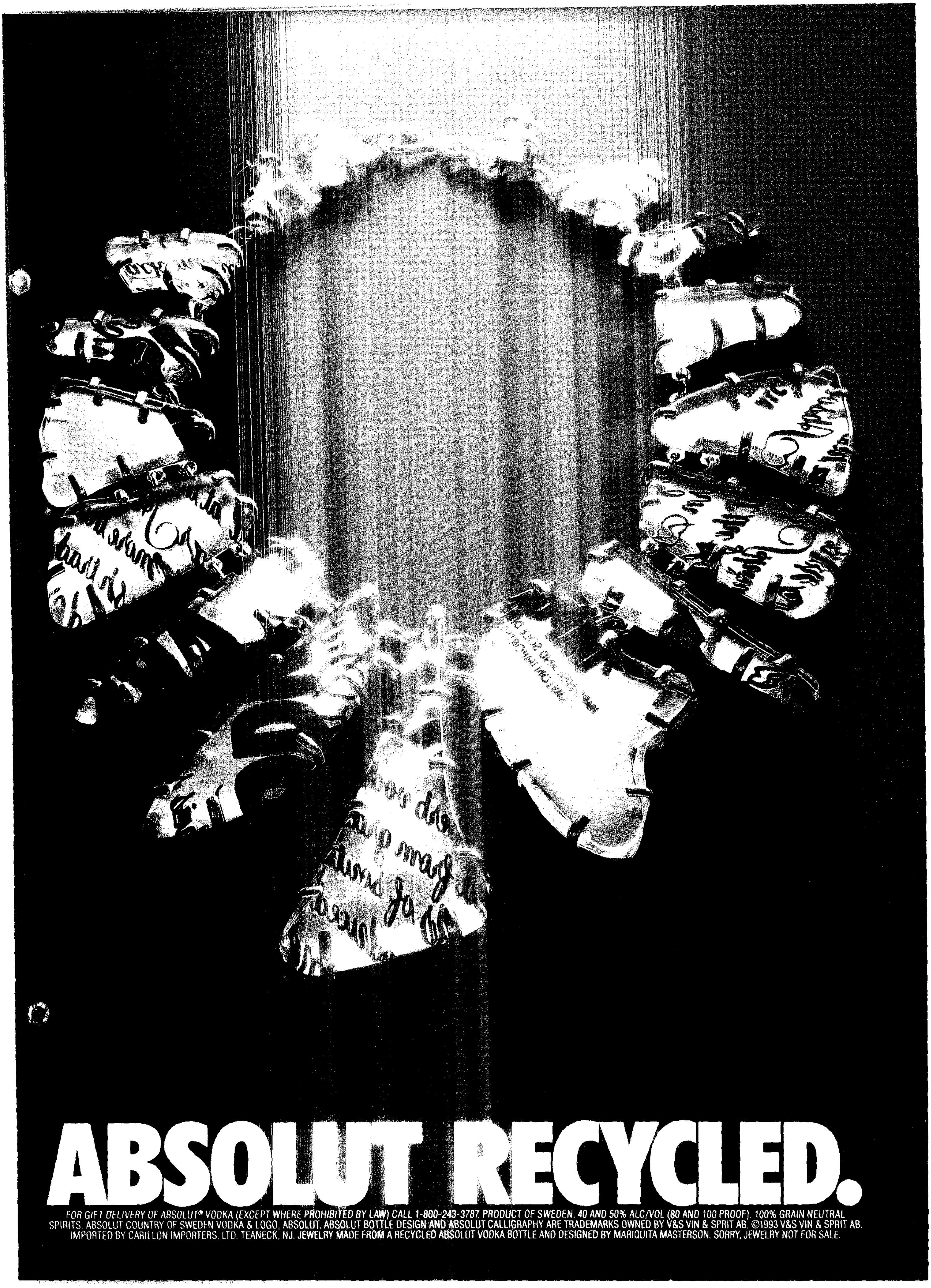
New York City Ballet—The Balanchine Celebration. June 9 at 8: "Jewels.". . . ¶ June 10 at 8: Divertimento from "Le Baiser de la Fée," "Scherzo à la Russe," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo," and "Danses Concertantes.". . . ¶ June 11 at 8: "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3," "Scherzo à la Russe," "Duo Concertant," and "Cortège Hongrois.". . . ¶ June 12 at 2 and June 13 at 1 and 7: "Coppélia.". . . ¶ June 12 at 8: "Stravinsky Violin Concerto," "Variations pour une Porte et un Soupir," and "Symphony in Three Movements.". . . ¶ June 15 at 8: "Le Tombeau de Couperin," "Sonatine," "The Steadfast Tin Soldier," "Tzigane," and "Cortège Hongrois." (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Through June 27.)

American Ballet Theatre—Final performances of the engagement. June 9 at 2 and 8 and June 10 at 8: "Symphonic Variations," "Les Liaisons Dangereuses," and "Etudes.". . . ¶ June 11 at 8 and June 12 at 2 and 8: "Symphonie Concertante," "Undertow," and "Rodeo." (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000.)

"Altogether Different"—A dance showcase, featuring eight companies in shared programs. June 9 and June 14: Martita Goshen's Earthworks and Zvi Gotheiner and Dancers. . . . ¶ June 10 and June 15: Shapiro & Smith Dance and David Dorfman Dance. . . . ¶ June 11: Robin Becker & Company and Ton Simons and Dancers. . . . ¶ June 12: Gina Gibney Dance and Brenda Daniels Dance Company. (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Evenings at 8. Through June 19.)

Phoebe Neville—A solo concert, consisting of "Amazon Songs" (première), "Wet Towel Dance," "Elegy," and sections of "Quartet for the End of Time." (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. June 10-13 at 8:30. For reservations, call 674-8194.)

LAURA LJUNGKVIST



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NIGHT LIFE

Pere Up

BACK in the heyday of punk and new-wave rock, critics described Pere Ubu as "avant-garde," which seemed to mean that nobody quite understood what they were up to. Layers of synthesizer noise, strangled guitar squeaks, and frontman David Thomas's singing—a miasma of yelps, cries, and moans—were all part of the Ubu effect, one which made the band more popular in Europe than in the States, where they remained a cult taste. With the passage of time, the band shifted from the assaultive punk-assemblage of their early work to a more traditional pop-song approach. Their new album, "Story of My Life"—from the sea-chantey opening of "Wasted" to the fadeout of "Last Will & Testament"—is a terrific collection by an energetic but still untamed rock band.

Thomas's lyrical focus is one of blunt self-examination. Part comedian, part rock-music sage, Thomas is at his best in the touching "Kathleen," where he sings of nostalgia and missed opportunities, and in "Postcard," where he lists wacky images found on jokey regional postcards ("a catfish in a top hat from New Orleans"). Themes of travel and of distance from loved ones haunt the album, which isn't surprising, since Thomas spends most of his time on the road and is more than willing to hold forth in the manner of a crusty old sea captain. "There's something about being a musician," he said recently, "and being able to take it: just when you thought you couldn't stand it anymore, you break through to the other side and realize you *can* take it." Thomas and the band will be taking it and dishing it out at Irving Plaza on June 12, with Basehead and Orangutang opening.

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which boldface type is used to pick out some of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead to confirm engagements.)

ALGONQUIN HOTEL, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**JEFF HARNAR** is currently at work in the woody nook known as the Oak Room. Dining.

BALLROOM, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—A cool green music hall that features a steady stream of international pop and cabaret stars, as well as the occasional drag queen. The Ballroom is also a tapas restaurant—if you haven't had dinner, you may never make it to the show. The three-woman operation known as **BETTY** will be here through June 13. Betty's act, a sort of cabaret gone haywire, contains elements of funk music, performance art, satire, and standup comedy, and it all moves along at an amphetamine pace. Most of their material is original, though they also wreak havoc with such songs as "The Look of Love," "America the Beautiful," and the theme from "Petticoat Junction." Blossom Dearie is here for the early shows on Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Mondays.

BIRDLAND, 2745 Broadway, at 105th St. (749-2228)—This northern restaurant-bar, an airy two-tiered space with pastel walls and potted greenery, is a shade too slick for Columbia students but just right for post-collegiate jazz fans. The name is taken from the long-gone midtown pleasure dome that featured Bird himself. Dining.

BLUE NOTE, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—Jazz, mirrors, a gift shop, and, of course, those incredible shrinking aisles that turn a mid-set dash to the rest room into something of a steeplechase. **JOE WILLIAMS** performs through June 13. Dining.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A great black loft that's jammed with row after row of tables—it looks a little like the site of a standardized test. Despite the cramped quarters, though, the Bottom Line is a pleasant place to take in a show of folk or rock. June 11: **AZTEC CAMERA,** featuring Roddy Frame. Burgers, fries, and other things to make your heart beat faster.

CAFÉ SIN-É, 122 St. Marks Pl. (982-0370)—Don't be misled by the sleepy, hole-in-the-wall atmosphere of this bohemian Irish café, or by the fact that the place has no stage and no music schedule. While patrons have been writing in journals, rolling cigarettes, or lingering over their Rolling Rocks, some pretty fine musicians have turned up and tuned up: Sinéad O'Connor, Marianne Faithfull, and Luka Bloom, to name a heady few.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The Café Carlyle, a snug, windowless enclave in the doorman district, features discreet waiters, wraparound pastel murals, and **BOBBY SHORT.** . . . ¶ Across the hall, in Bemelmans Bar, **BARBARA CARROLL** presides at the piano.

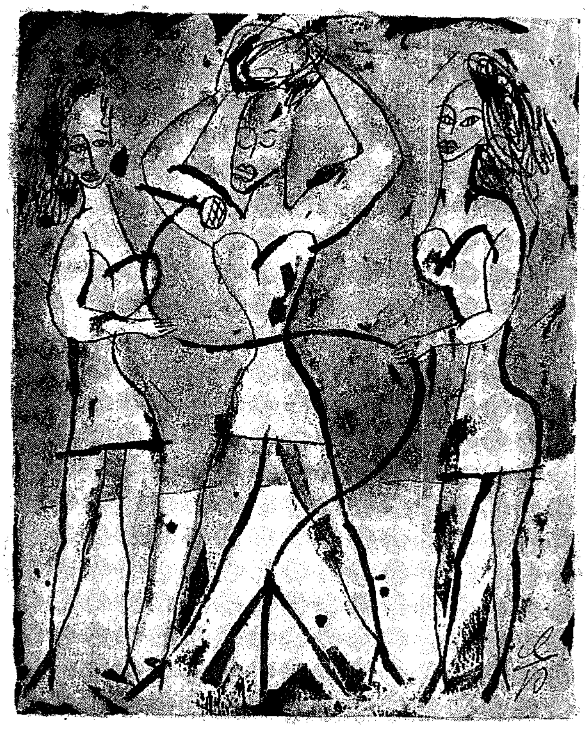
FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7900)—The seating arrangement in this long, narrow, red-velvet-and-mirror-walled basement makes flying coach seem roomy; nevertheless, it's one of the city's top jazz spots—thanks largely to the club's talent bookers. But watch your head. Through June 13: the **FOUR FRESHMEN.** On Mondays, guitarist-inventor **LES PAUL** leads a trio. Dining.

FIVE SPOT, 4 W. 31st St. (631-0100)—The latest entrant in the jazz-club sweepstakes. Set in a mammoth turn-of-the-century ballroom, the space is all marble and gilt, with a few modern touches, such as the zebra-patterned carpeting in the V.I.P. room upstairs. **SLIDE HAMPTON** holds forth through June 13. Dining.

GRAND, 76 E. 13th St. (777-0600)—The former home of the gone and forgotten Cat Club. The new owners have given the space a much-needed facelift—more bars, a paint job, a new stage, and a thumping sound system. Only the velvet rope out front remains. **PAT BENATAR** is here on June 14.

IRVING PLAZA, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St.—This two-floor establishment has been all things to all people: meeting hall, rock club, jazz club, Off Broadway theatre. The dark, barnlike main room is a fine place to rock out. On June 11, **JAMES COTTON,** a disciple of Sonny Boy Williamson, who came of age playing with Muddy Waters, will display his mastery of the harmonica with some down-home Chicago blues. June 12: **PERE UBU, BASEHEAD,** and Orangutang. For concert information, call 249-8870. . . . ¶ The Swing Dance Society gathers here every Sunday night, at the Continental Club. The dancers all share a passion for the Lindy Hop, a dance that involves a lot of whirling and the occasional display of underwear. On June 13, the **ROY GERSON** orchestra will be here. Sets from eight until midnight. For information on the Society, call 696-9737.

KNITTING FACTORY, 47 E. Houston St., near Mulberry St. (219-3055)—Situated in a neighborhood that boasts the Puck Building to the west and a host of windshield washers to the east, this modest space provides a forum for free-thinking musicians. Beat and melody are optional, "music" and "noise" relative terms. **HYPNOLOVEWHEEL** is in on June 12. The **SCREAMING HEADLESS TORSOS** roll in on June 15.



Betty at the Ballroom.

ALAIN PILON

MAXWELL'S, 1039 Washington St., Hoboken. (1-201 798-4064)—A plain blue back room whose far wall is decorated with round things: a Frisbee, some singles, a drum head, and the woofer from a speaker cabinet, to name a few. The beer of choice here is Rolling Rock—by a landslide—and the crowd may make you feel as if you have a midterm to study for, but many of the bands that play here today will be playing somewhere more expensive tomorrow. On June 10, Big Chief, the Jack O'Nuts, and I Mother Earth are here. The **BEN VAUGHN** combo and the Friggs take over on June 11, and, on June 12, Seam, Ruby Falls, and Envelope will perform.

METROPOLIS, 31 Union Square W., at 16th St.—The basement of this restaurant, a small, tidy, marble-pillared space, is the site of various musical happenings, most notably a club called Giant Step. Every Thursday night, the club's proprietors arrange blind dates between jazz and rap. As d.j.s spin jazz, funk, and hip-hop records, a loose collective of musicians and rappers take turns improvising. You never know who might show up, but Roy Hargrove, Branford Marsalis, and the members of Digable Planets are a few of the artists who have passed through. For schedule information, call 627-8616.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—A midtown restaurant and jazz lair for the tasselled-loafers set. The dark, sombre bar (carved-wood lions, iron grillwork) looks like a place you'd find in London's financial district; the dining room—putting-green green carpet, lime-green leather banquettes—has more of a country-club feel. Through June 12: **JOHNNY CRAWFORD** and His 1928 Jazz Orchestra. Closed Sundays.

RAINBOW & STARS, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (632-5000)—Not to be confused with its richer cousin, the Rainbow Room, which is just down the hall. There, you'll find expansive Art Deco glitter; here, intimate nineties glitter. The performers, with their backs to the window, have to compete with a view of the Hudson, the George Washington Bridge, and beyond. **LAURIE BEECHMAN** is here for the next few weeks. Dining. Closed Mondays.

RITZ, 254 W. 54th St. (541-8900)—This decaying theatre, once the home of Studio 54, is now the site of one of the city's biggest, oldest, and loudest rock clubs, which was formerly located in the East Village. The club features a broad stage, mobile-home-size speakers, plenty of room to shimmy, and, for the sedentary, a giant Big Brother video screen. June 11: Members of **WRECKX-N-EFFECT** and **A TRIBE CALLED QUEST** will perform.

RUSSIAN TEA ROOM, 150 W. 57th St. (265-0947)—Upstairs, there's a small red-gold-and-green cabaret, which is currently being pressed into use as a Wednesday-night showcase for faculty and students of the Manhattan School of Music. On June 9, several faculty members—singer Nancy Marano, pianist Harold Danko, and bassist Harvie Swartz—show off their jazz chops, and June 15 spotlights a group of the conservatory's musical-theatre workshop alumni in a Broadway mode. Other offerings this week: **HEATHER MAC RAE** (June 13) and the cabaret duo of Jaymie Meyer and Phillip Officer (June 14, with a show of Kurt Weill and Burton Lane). Dining and, of course, drinking.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—This brown-toned ski chalet of a club is a fine place to study jazz-group dynamics. The **JOHN SCOFIELD** quartet is here through June 13. An electrified big band belonging to trumpeter **MILES EVANS** is in action on Mondays. Dining.

TAVERN ON THE GREEN, Central Park W. at 67th St. (873-3200)—In the heart of the this legendary indoor-outdoor eatery is one of Manhattan's newer jazz spots, the Chestnut Room. The **FREDDY COLE** trio works out through June 13.

TIME CAFE, 380 Lafayette St. (533-7000)—Hidden within this sleek and trendy restaurant is a two-story club called Fez. Upstairs is a sumptuous Moroccan bar and lounge appointed with satin couches, mosaic tables, and Arabian-style fixtures. The downstairs room, where bands perform, is rather plain in comparison, but still a comfortable spot to take in a show. The **MINGUS BIG BAND** packs them in every Thursday. Vocalist Helen Hooke will be in on June 9. Dining.

TRAMPS, 45 W. 21st St. (727-7788)—A broad, spacious, and agreeable club, located near what was once called Ladies' Mile but might now be termed the pool-hall district. **DANNY GATTON,** who performs on June 10, is one of the more impressive guitar jocks to have surfaced in some time. He plays a blend of blues, jazz, country, and rockabilly that's technically eye-popping without sacrificing feeling. Gatton, who spent many years on the club circuit, gained recognition with his 1991 album, "88 Elmira St.," which was nominated for a Grammy. (He also performs on the new Chris Isaak record.) His recently released followup, "Cruisin' Deuces," is equally strong; it's a high-speed tour through the last fifty years or so of American guitar stylings. June 12 belongs to **JUNIOR WALKER AND THE ALL-STARS.**

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—The world's most famous jazz club is also the last place in town that still looks, feels, and smells like a classic jazz club—subterranean, smoky, and thick with the spirits of past masters. The **DON BYRON** quintet is here through June 13. Byron is a Bronx-born clarinettist who works in a remarkably broad range of styles, from swing to free jazz to the punk-metal hybrid of Living Colour. But he is perhaps best known in New York for his championing of the fifties klezmer maestro Mickey Katz, whose music he will be playing here. The seeming incongruity of a young black musician embracing traditional Eastern European Jewish music has prompted articles with such headlines as "Kosher Dread" and "Bagels and Dreadlocks." But Byron, who has been a klezmer devotee for over a decade now, and who recently released an album of Katz's music, is drawn to the genre for musical reasons rather than multicultural ones. With its feverish tempos and mystical flavor, klezmer offers a great canvas for improvisation. The **VANGUARD JAZZ ORCHESTRA** holds sway on Mondays.

EDGE OF NIGHT LIFE

IT! magazine is a very smart idea. Launched by the crew that begat *HX* (Homo Xtra) as a trashy gay-club guide and turned it into an indispensable trashy gay-club guide, *It!* was created for baffled and clueless straight people, who are faced with a far greater number of divertissements than their gay brethren but whose information access is limited by an underground communications hookup that is paper-cup-and-string time next to the gay community's fiber-optic network.

"Shapely young ladies in form-fitting black mini-skirts pop into Webster Hall just looking for a little innocent fun and tumble headlong into (eeek!) grunge night. . . . Leather-clad rockers [wander] unknowingly into Limelight and (gasp!) mobs of chemically altered 19-year-olds with floppy striped hats, platform shoes and whistles." *It!* knows this. That's why *It!* should catch on like big hair. After all, how many people know what's on every single floor of USA when it turns into a club multiplex on Friday nights, or know that the Roxy goes back to being a roller rink on Wednesdays, or that the V.I.P. lounge at War (the Supper Club on Saturday nights) is the only one that's worth the aggravation. So if you didn't know that on Thursday evenings Nell's is Voodoo, or that Euphoria is now Fridays at the Space—and that bothers you—you'd better grab this publication. The magazine is distributed at the exits of the "right" clubs on the "right" nights. Which clubs? On what nights? Jeez, you need *It!* bad.

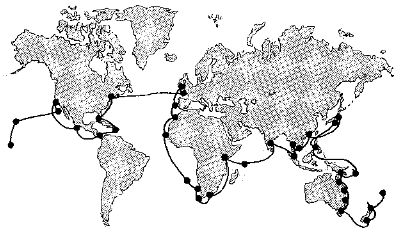
IN ANOTHER CATEGORY—PERFORMANCE ART, ETC.

TOYOTA COMEDY FESTIVAL—Some highlights: June 9 at 8: "New York Friars' Frolics," with Jerry Lewis, Richard Belzer, Michael Davis, Phyllis Diller, Buddy Hackett, Mal Z. Lawrence, and Carol Leifer. (Avery Fisher Hall. 875-5030.) . . . ¶ June 10 at 8: "Music and Mayhem," with Peter Schickele, the Flying Karamazov Brothers, and more. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7800.) . . . Also at 8: Russell Simmons' Def Comedy Jam, with Joe Torry, Adele Givens, D.J. Kid Capri, and more. (Paramount, Madison Square Garden. 465-6741.) . . . ¶ June 11 at 8: "New York Edge," with Ann Magnuson, thirteen-year-old Caisy Fraser, the Poster Boys, Reno, Paul Zaloom, and others. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824.) . . . Also at 8: Political comedy, with Brett Butler, Jim Morris, et al. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400.) . . . Again at 8: "Laugh OUT Loud: Gay Comedy '93," including Funny Gay Males, Scott Capurro, Frank Maya, and Suzanne Westenhoefer. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 475-5120.) . . . ¶ June 12 at 10: "A New York Night–Live," with Alan King, Dennis Miller, Kevin Nealon, Paul Rodriguez, Rita Rudner, Paul Shaffer, Julia Sweeney, Steven Wright, and others. (Paramount.)

"THE INVISIBLE CIRCUS"—Victoria Chaplin and Jean Baptiste Thiérrée, creators of "Le Cirque Imaginaire," return with a new show. (Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. 307-4100. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 3.)

"BIG ROOM"—P.S. 122 presents a new Monday-night series at Irving Plaza, which starts with a "music/poetry and dance jam" on June 14 at 7:30. Performers include Laurie Carlos, Thulani Davis, Chico Freeman, Oliver Lake, and Kelvyn Bell. (17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. For reservations, call 477-5288.)

QUEEN ELIZABETH 2
1994 WORLD CRUISE



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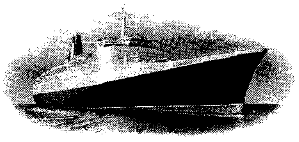

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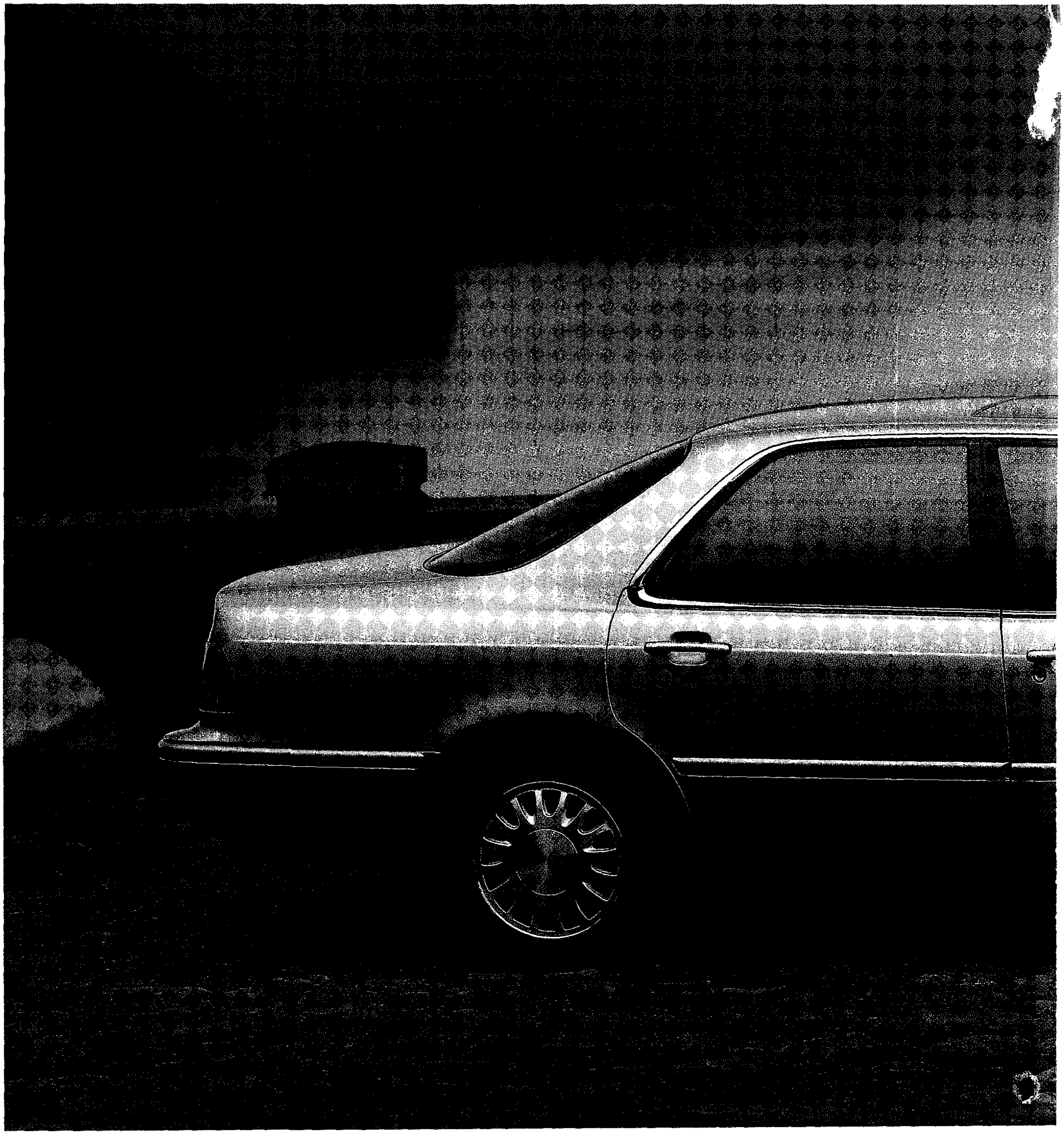

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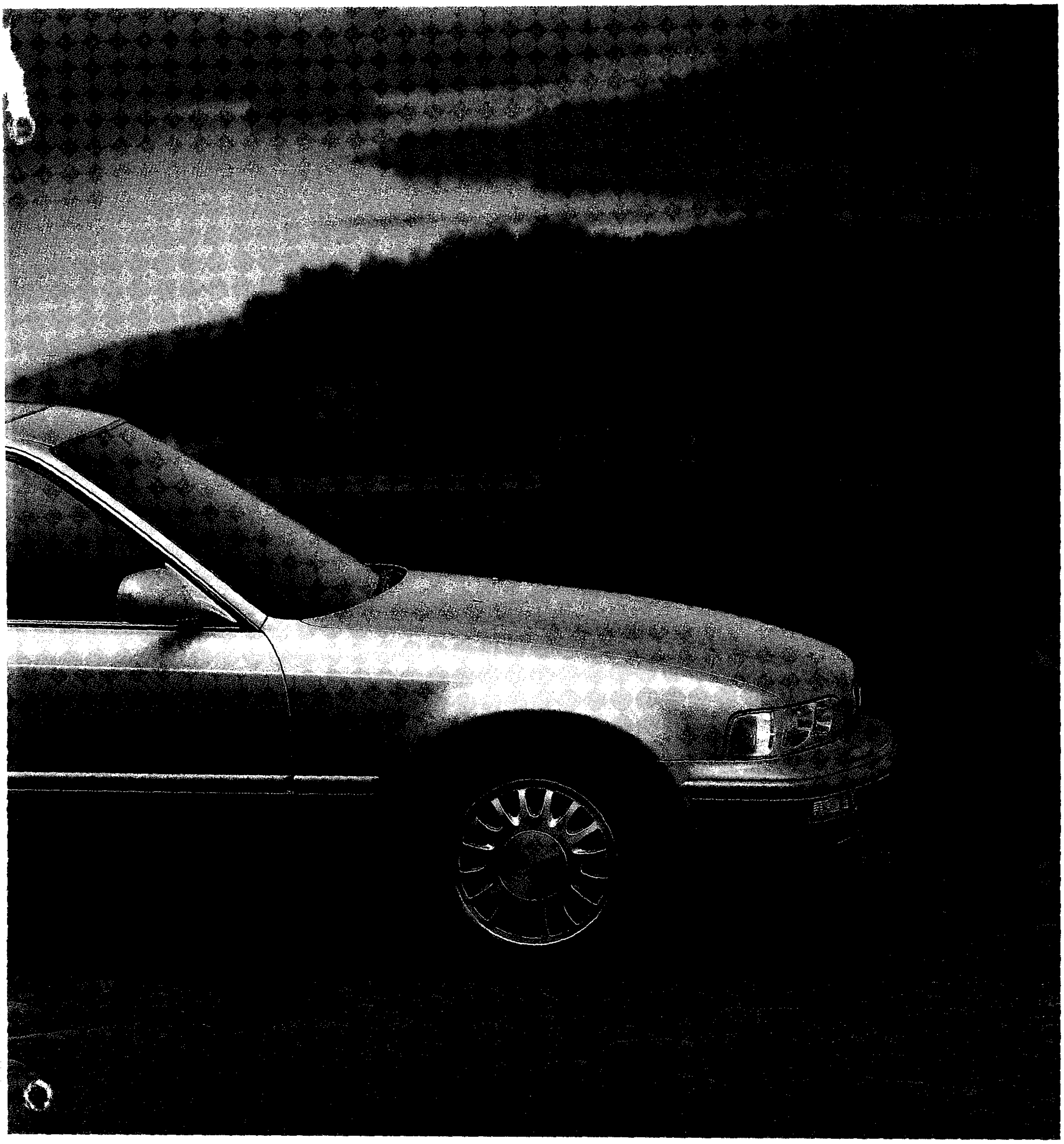

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ART

Fine Feathers

EVEN the prospectus for "Macaws," a limited edition of twelve etchings by Elizabeth Butterworth, bespeaks a Victorian passion for an exalted perfectionism—for taxonomy and encyclopedism, for instance, and for images of nature so intimately and vibrantly detailed as to suggest eyes without lids, or Eden from the snake's point of view. Impeccably nutty and quixotically grand, "Macaws" is the happy end of a ten-year collaboration between Butterworth, a forty-three-year-old English ornithological portraitist, and a certain Rodolphe d'Erlanger, a bird-loving London print publisher who had earlier commissioned the artist to paint a portrait of his parrot. (The "Macaw" plates, along with a wonderful array of working sketches and other related works on paper, may be seen at Graham Modern, 1014 Madison Avenue at 78th Street; through June 12.)

Each set of prints includes depictions of all macaw species, "in life-size and perfect ornithological detail." Antique processes, such as the balletic-sounding inking technique *à la poupée*, were reanimated or invented anew to "capture the variations in colour of the Macaws' plumage." The resulting blues—super-intense cobalts and azures, ultramarines straight out of mineralogy—constitute a resounding tribute to old-fashioned know-how. Yet Butterworth's volcanic aviary, for all its verisimilitude, is no less up to date, formally and intellectually, than Roni Horn's abstracted lapidarium. Neo-Victorianism is assuredly in the air, in many guises.

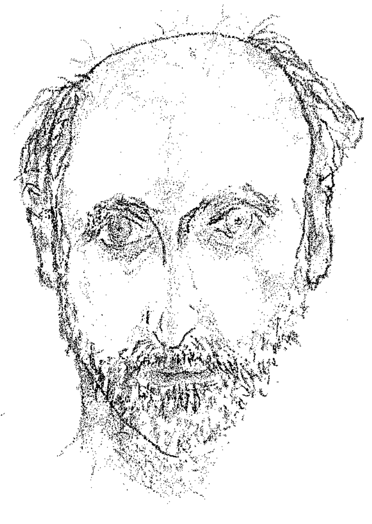
MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Abstract Expressionism: Works on Paper, Selections from the Collection." This show, which presents work from 1938 to 1967, seems almost comically tame in the light of Abstract Expressionism's initial reputation. Included are de Kooning, Motherwell, Pollock, Stamos, Tobey, and many others. . . . ¶ "Splendid Legacy: The Havemeyer Collection." More than four hundred and fifty works—Islamic pottery, Tiffany Favrile glass, Manets, Monets, Degases, etc.—from the Havemeyer family's modest agglomeration. Through June 20. . . . ¶ "The Waking Dream: Photography's First Century" presents rare prints from 1839 to 1939. Through July 4. . . . ¶ "Drawings from the J. Paul Getty Museum." More than a hundred small works and figure studies, with special emphasis on the Italian Renaissance, including Leonardo's delicate sketch of a child embracing a lamb (for a painting long since lost) and other works by, for example, Bernini, Bronzino, Mantegna, Raphael, and Titian. . . . ¶ The New Costume Institute's first show, "Infra-Apparel," presents three centuries of underwear as outerwear, from the diaphanous frocks of the Directoire period to Jean Paul Gaultier's remarkable costumes for Madonna. . . . ¶ "Persian Tiles" presents more than fifty examples from the museum's collection, most of them from the mid-thirteenth century. . . . ¶ "The Art of Pre-Columbian Gold: The Jan Mitchell Collection." (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 9.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Latin American Artists of the Twentieth Century" features work from 1914 to the present. More than ninety artists are represented, including Fernando Botero, Frida Kahlo, and Guillermo Kuitca. . . . ¶ Dadaist photomontages by John Heartfield and photographs by Philip-Lorca diCorcia. Through July 6. . . . ¶ Drypoints by Braque and Picasso, Pop art that incorporates commercial signs, and computer-assisted photolithographs are among the more than ninety works in "Reading Prints," an installation tracing the role of language in art. Through July 6. . . . ¶ "Cinderella," an installation, both comical and poignant, of seventeen photographs, in which the characters are William Wegman's sad-faced weimaraners. Through July 6. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—"Picasso and the Age of Iron." A breathtaking installation of some of this century's most engaging sculpture. The exhibit is based on the idea that Picasso's introduction of the ancient and yet modern material iron into the artistic language shortly after the First World War was a subversive and political gesture. The work he created reconciled opposites, making the abstract concrete by using the material magically, as it were, to draw in space. Picasso's collaborator Julio González, Alexander Calder, and David Smith furthered the magic, as did Alberto Giacometti. Smith is an especially apt choice. His works are suffused with whimsy and elegance, and they enable one to understand why sculpture necessarily took such a dramatic turn to the industrial and, later, to the environmental. Through June 13. (Open daily, except Thursdays, 10 to 8.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM SOHO, 575 Broadway—"Paul Klee." This exhibit of more than seventy paintings, watercolors, drawings, and prints examines the confluence, in Klee's work, of traditional German graphic illustration (wherein the "real" is often portrayed as gruesome and bizarre) and color theory. This is particularly clear in "Dance You Monster to My Soft Song!" (1922), in which an absurd figure hovers in a field of canary yellow. The show also features work from Klee's fertile Bauhaus period. . . . ¶ "Singular Dimensions in Painting" might be subtitled "Revenge of the Philistines." This exhibit of minimalist work, primarily from the fifties and sixties, includes Ad Reinhardt's infamous "Abstract Painting," a matte-black canvas mounted in a matte-black frame; Robert Ryman's similar white paintings; Ellsworth Kelly's aptly titled "Blue, Green, Yellow, Orange, Red"; and Mark Rothko's sombre color-field works. (Open daily, except Tuesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday through Saturday evenings until 10.)



Self-portrait by Willard Boepple.

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—Time's running out for seeing what everyone's fussing about: On June 13, half of the 1993 Biennial closes. Works by Pepón Osorio, Cindy Sherman, and others, will remain through June 20. (Open Wednesdays, and Fridays through Sundays, 11 to 6; Thursdays, 1 to 8.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—"Pieces of String Too Short to Save," an installation, by Donald Lipski, made of found objects—gloves, candles, books, etc. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"Bears: Imagination and Reality." The only large omnivores that inspire in *Homo sapiens* the simultaneous urge to hug and to flee, bears have fascinated North Americans ever since they (almost) gave up eating us. Black bears and grizzlies will be on dramatic display in twenty-three new dioramas here; visitors can also view a forty-claw necklace and video interviews with people who have survived close encounters with bruins. . . . ¶ "The Dinosaurs of Jurassic Park" features several life-size props created for Steven Spielberg, including *Tyrannosaurus rex*, triceratops, and velociraptor. Starts June 11. . . . ¶ "The Hall of Human Biology and Evolution," a new permanent exhibition. (Open daily, 10 to 5:45, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

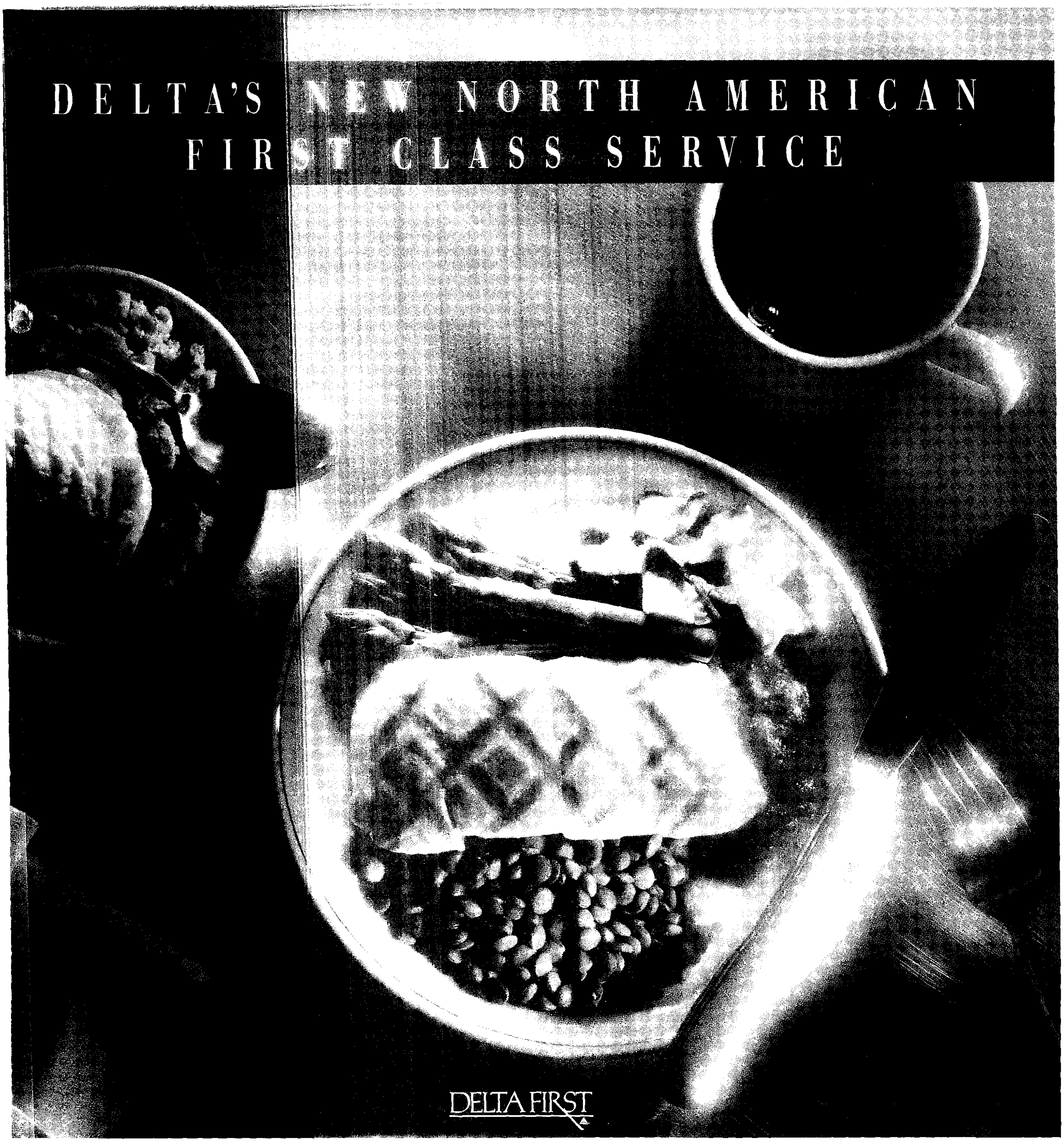
COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—"Czech Cubism: Architecture and Design." (Open Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

DIA CENTER FOR THE ARTS, 548 W. 22nd St.—The German artist Katharina Fritsch makes her début with "Rat-King": sixteen ten-foot-tall black rats, grouped shoulder to shoulder and facing outward in a circle, with their tails tangled in a knotted ball. Through June 20. (Open Thursdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, 1109 Fifth Ave., at 92nd St.—The museum reopens, on June 13, at a new and larger location, with three exhibitions. One of them, "Culture and Continuity: The Jewish Journey," is a permanent exhibition, covering the period from the Old Testament to the present, that examines questions of identity, values, and culture. . . . ¶ "From the Inside Out" presents eight contemporary international artists, including Christian Boltanski (photographic assemblages) and Nancy Spero (heroic women in history), whose work explores the individual experience of Judaism. . . . ¶ Work by Alice Aycock, Marc Chagall, Max Liebermann, Jules Pascin, and others, in "Collecting for the Twenty-First Century: Recent Acquisitions and Promised Gifts," an exhibit of more than fifty prints, drawings, and other works on paper. (Open Mondays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 11 to 5:45; Tuesdays, 11 to 8.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—"A Great Legacy: Morgan Collections, 1913-43" presents J. P. Morgan, Jr.,'s acquisitions, including Medieval and Renaissance manuscripts; Gutenberg and Caxton incunabula; autograph letters by Austen, Locke, and Balzac; Rembrandt prints; and much more. . . . ¶ "The Observant Eye" celebrates the sesquicentennial of Henry James's birth with an exhibition of manuscripts, letters, and first editions. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

THE NEW MUSEUM, 583 Broadway—"The Final Frontier" is a group show of painting, photography, sculpture, and electronic media exploring culture and technology. Notable work includes Michael Grey's ephemeral little chips in a Plexiglas box, identified as "solid smoke"; Fred Tomaselli's "painting" made of pills; and Ana Barrado's surreal photograph of families visiting a space park. . . . ¶ Sculpture made from wood, paper, and bamboo by Japanese-American artist Kazumi Tanaka. . . . ¶ "Carpet Angel," an installation by Nari Ward, made with carpet remnants, plastic, and other "urban waste material." (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, noon to 6; Saturdays, noon to 8.)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ART—Cont'd

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"Dandies and Decadence: British Writers at the Turn of the Century." . . ¶ "Femininity, Fashion, and Feminism" is an exploration of coded messages implicit in apparel. (Open Tuesdays and Wednesdays, 11 to 5:45; Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5:45.)

P.S. 1, 46-01 21st St., Long Island City—"War Games," a large sculptural installation made from tree trunks, by Polish artist Magdalena Abakanowicz. Through June 20. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

Queens Museum of Art, Flushing Meadow Park—"Barbara Ess: Photography, Installation, and Books: 1978-91." A retrospective of work by an artist whose mediums include audiocassettes, handmade books, and, above all, pinhole-camera photography. (Open Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 5.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

Willard Boepple—Boepple used ladders in some of his earlier work, and now, in a freer exploration of volume and space, he is dismantling them. Most of these new sculptures were made using raw or lightly pickled pine, and they are characterized by monumentality on a small scale (they average only two feet in height) and a sense of arrested motion (you feel that if you pushed a button the collection of planks, knobs, and variously shaped chunks would spin or tumble). There is also an arrestingly simple and more sensual piece, with the pallor of whitish pine, in which two bosomy shapes sit atop a stiff plank propped up by a post, which Boepple has given the perfect title "Mrs. Astor." Through July 2. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

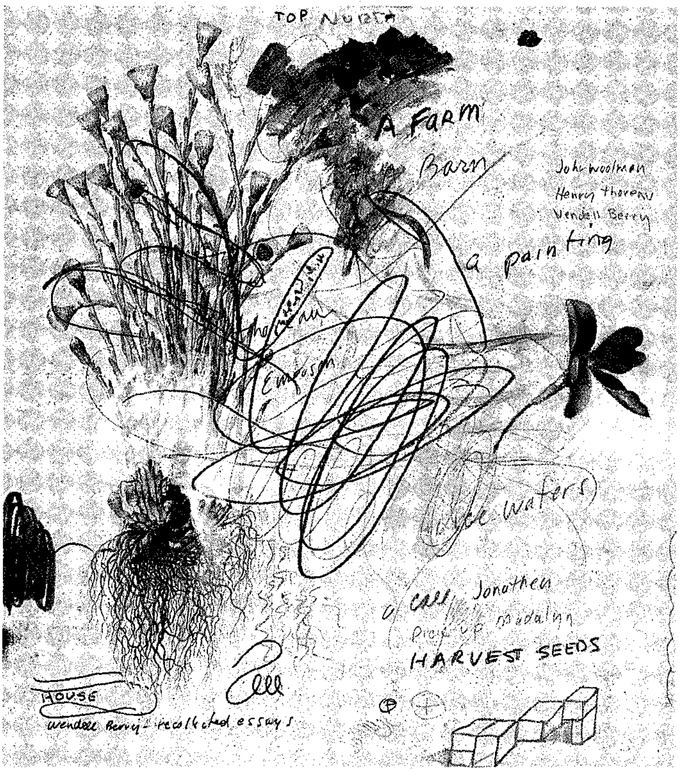
Antonius Höckelmann—Five bronze sculptures and thirty drawings from the early sixties. These earnestly oddball sculptures present gently flowing forms that suggest the human body in various underwater maneuvers. The drawings are loosely related to the sculptures and are quite well crafted. Like the sculptures, they were made when the artist lived in Berlin, and they resemble similar work by his better-known peer Georg Baselitz. Through June 16. (Werner, 21 E. 67th St.)

Brice Marden—Marden seems to be in the middle of a James Merrill-type bliss-out phase—a sort of interior high plateau whereon technical rigor and fluidity of thought may simultaneously be achieved, leaving the hero free to fish long new rivers of association. The figure is what appears in Marden's skein in this luminous show, consisting of new paintings and works on paper that more than live up to their titles—for instance, "After Botticelli," "Uxmal," "Aphrodite," "Virgins," and, last but not least, the dryly Bacchic "Vine." Through June 26. (Marks, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Dennis Oppenheim—This isn't one of Oppenheim's most energetic shows, but it includes several entertaining works. One consists of a small bull with milking tubes attached; the tubes are pumping steam, which powers one of the bull's front legs and makes it paw the floor. Elsewhere, a pack of wild horses with knives for shoes slice their way through a loaf of rye bread as they gallop across the gallery's parquet plains. Through June 12. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

Robert Andrew Parker—Nearly two hundred etchings from 1952 to 1992, including portraits of jazz musicians, self-portraits, landscapes, and depictions of animals. Through June 23. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Joel Shapiro—New sculptures that have been executed with terrific abandon. Shapiro has managed to galvanize all the elements in his repertoire at once while moving headlong onto new turf. This is one part of a two-gallery exhibition, which is being mounted in conjunction with Pace Downtown. Through June 18. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. and 142 Green St.)



Self-portrait by Will Mentor.

Edward Sorel—A retrospective of cartoons, caricatures, illustrations, and magazine covers—including some of his recent work for this magazine—from the past twenty-five years. Through June 24. (Society of Illustrators, 128 E. 63rd St.)

Short List—Jean-Michel Basquiat: Schlesinger, 24 E. 73rd St. Through June 30. . . . **Gifford Beal:** Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Through June 18. . . . **Andras Böröcz** and **Joy Taylor:** De Nagy, 41 W. 57th St. Through June 25. . . . **Philip Hershberger:** Schmidt Bingham, 41 E. 57th St. Through July 2. . . . **Charles Howard:** Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 70th St. Through June 18. . . . **Willy Lenski:** O'Hara, 41 E. 57th St. Through July 2. . . . **Stuart Frost** and **Seymour Lipton:** Babcock, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Through June 25. . . . **Dan Mc Cleary:** Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St. Through June 12. . . . **Kenneth Noland:** Ulysses, 41 E. 57th St. Through July 3. . . . **Alfonso Ossorio:** Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Through June 26. . . . **Arnaldo Roche:** Frumkin-Adams, 50 W. 57th St. Through June 12. . . . **Richard Smith:** Feigen, 49 E. 68th St. Through June 25. . . . ***Xul Solar:*** Adler, 41 E. 57th St. Through June 30. . . . **Joyce Treiman:** Schmidt Bingham, 41 E. 57th St. Through June 28. . . . **John H. Twachtman:** Spanierman, 50 E. 78th St. Through July 2. . . . **Not Vital:** Baron-Boisanté, 50 W. 57th St. Through June 30.

GALLERIES—DOWNTOWN

Siah Armajani—New sculptural assemblages by this Iranian-born Minneapolis-based artist: paths of coal, rows of milk cans and wheelbarrows, windows with lace curtains, lots of railroad track, haystacks, barn siding, and collages featuring quotations from Wallace Stevens and William Carlos Williams. Through July 30. (Protetch, 560 Broadway.)

John Armleder—Of all the eighties work that commented on consumerism, this Swiss artist's multimedia pairings of furniture and paintings, along with the occasional guitar, were the most coy and disengaged. In his new work, he seems to be trying even less to mask his alienation from the commodification of art with some potted plants, a heap of rusted trash, a bent piece of colored Plexiglas, a generic geometric painting, and some duct tape on the wall. Through June 19. (Newburg, 43 Greene St.)

Mark di Suvero—"Aurora" is a massive steel sculpture comprising circles and lines, spheres and angles—a megascale freestanding work. Through June 12. (Gagosian, 136 Wooster St.)

Walt Kelly (1913-73)—Original artwork from Kelly's swamp comic strip, "Pogo." Through June 30. (F.D.R., 670 Broadway.)

Guillermo Kuitca—Crisply delineated map paintings, and paintings depicting floor plans of apartments, by a remarkable young Argentine artist. Through June 12. (Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St.)

Annette Messager—The political and emotional elements in this French artist's work are now in perfect alignment as she elevates both to an appropriately outraged pitch. For close to two decades, her focus has been society's violence against women, expressed here by a gallery filled with long metal spears pinning all sorts of things to the wall: stuffed dolls; stockings filled with sexual organs; drawings of such sinister things as rape, crucifixion, and tanks in the desert; and maps that in this company suggest invasion and colonization. In a related work, similar objects rest on soiled pillows. Through June 26. (Baer, 476 Broome St.)

Ann Messner—Messner's sculptures have become more evocative. There are some wonderful details: a huge bullet with a handprint on it, a lightbulb hanging from a chain, a megaphone beneath a bed. One of the most haunting works is a child's chair made of wax and placed in a metal cage with an interrogation lamp shining on it. This is the artist's best show yet. Through June 16. (Fawbush, 76 Grand St.)

Will Mentor—This abstract painter has become skilled at presenting illusions within illusions. Whereas in the past this theatre took place in traditional framing devices, it now unfolds within ribbons of paint that loop across the canvasses. Through June 22. (Rubenstein-Diacono, 130 Prince St.)

Haim Steinbach—After several fitful years, this artist finally seems to be onto something here. He has displayed cabinets and chests of drawers made of wood, Formica, or mirror, each with something filed away in it: a shiny pair of scissors, large dog bones, arrangements of rocks, embroidered hankies. These new works sardonically tap into the secondary status the market accords sculpture by making something shoppers understand: furniture. Through June 26. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Michael K. Swenson/Group Show—Weird, playful paintings inspired by techno music and the rave scene, layered with what look like enlarged details of computer grids, obscure lettering, and such cartoonish images as a mechanized rider on a horse. / A more playful companion show featuring, among other works, Jennifer Pastor's "Bridal Cave," a massive petrified wedding cake, futuro-style, as if Miss Havisham's ill-fated dessert had been attacked by H. R. Giger's Alien. Through June 26. (Feature, 484 Broome St.)

Fred Tomaselli/Paul Ramírez-Jonas—Paintings of the cosmos made of drugs, from Tums to Prozac, pot to hallucinogens. The artist has become exceedingly skillful at this sort of

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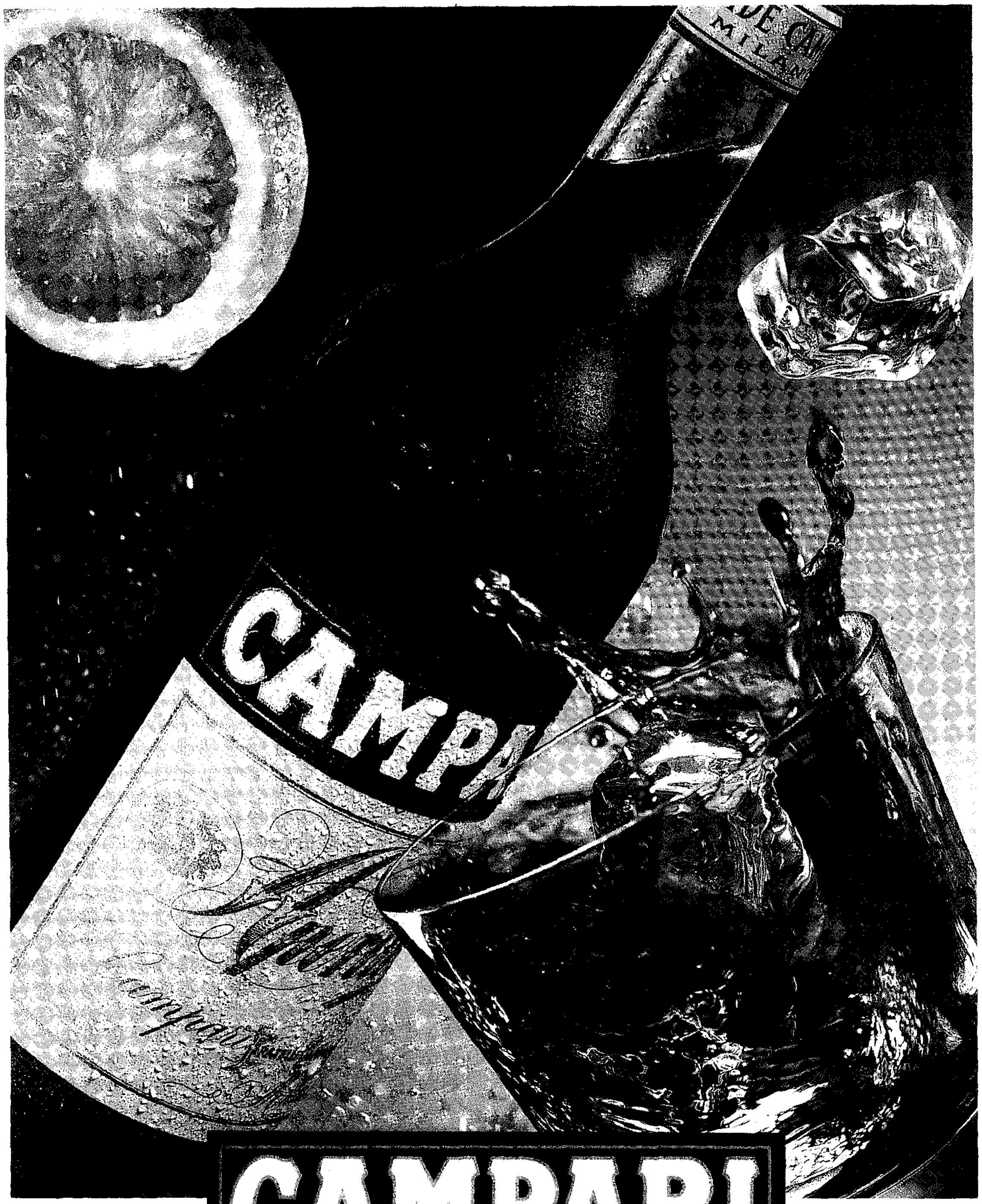

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thing—filling a darkened sky with cannabis-leaf birds, or making an Op-ish Benedryl maze—but one wonders how far he can go with it. / Ramirez-Jonas has made a large wheel of dozens of bottles filled with varying quantities of water. Viewers are invited to walk around the wheel and hit the bottles with a mallet. If they get the rhythm down, they will be playing the "Battle Hymn of the Republic." Beside it is a smaller wheel that is sent spinning in Rube Goldberg fashion by a steaming teapot, revealing a crudely animated image of a charging buffalo. Through June 12. (Tilton, 47 Greene St.)

"M'aidez/Mayday"—This show makes sense of the overused theme of apocalyptic distress. It also attempts to set standards for a political art whose aesthetics are not subordinate to its politics. The issues include racial and gender oppression, AIDS, and environmental devastation, and the taste runs to the quirky and obsessive. Virtually all the work is strong. Some of the artists, like Hannah Wilke and Ida Applebroog, are quite well known yet are only now beginning to receive due recognition. But perhaps of greater note are the show's lesser-known artists, like Judy Fox, who has made frightening, hyperrealistic sculptures of babies exhibiting jarring ethnic specificity—a black St. Teresa, on the verge of receiving her ecstatic pain, and an infant Mayan in the squatting pose of a prisoner. Thornton Dial is a self-taught artist from Alabama whose fiercely energetic paintings, made of tin roofing, rug rope, and goatskin, present a hellish narrative populated by people, cows, and tigers. In a very different manner, his nephew, Ronnie Lockett, has made mixed-media landscapes with an oddly delicate pungency all their own. Through June 30. (Kind, 136 Greene St.)

Short List—NICOLAS AFRICANO: Holly Solomon, 172 Mercer St. Through June 19. . . . **MAX FERGUSON:** Henoch, 80 Wooster St. Through June 30. . . . **ALINE GAGNAIRE:** Wimmer, 560 Broadway. Through July 10. . . . **CRISTOS GIANAKOS:** Stark, 594 Broadway. Through June 30. . . . **MICHAEL GOLDBERG:** Lennon, Weinberg, 580 Broadway. Through June 26. . . . **Y. Z. KAMI:** Toll, 146 Greene St. Through June 12. . . . **FRANK OWEN:** Hoffman, 429 West Broadway. Through July 10. . . . **ALAN SHIELDS:** Cooper, 155 Wooster St. Through June 16. . . . **KENJI TSURUTA:** Cacciola, 125 Wooster St. Through July 7. . . . **BARBARA VALENTA:** O. K. Harris, 383 West Broadway. Through July 17. . . . **JAMES WEEKS:** Hirschl & Adler Modern, 420 West Broadway. Through July 2.

GROUP SHOWS

Shafrazi, 119 Wooster St.—This show features paintings from 1982-83, a moment of great energy in the art world, when a sense of impending doom was coupled with boundless enthusiasm. Included is one of David Salle's more enigmatic works, combining painting and furniture in a rumination on ego and longing; one of Jeff Koons' more complex vacuum-cleaner pieces, in which the machines look like aliens on display in a futuristic natural-history museum; one of Jean-Michel Basquiat's best paintings; and a rare Francesco Clemente canvas of a duplexed, heaven-and-earthish interior, as compelling as it is unsuccessful. Even Kenny Scharf looks good here, with one of his cartoon jesters opening his mouth to describe a future that even then one knew was fantasy. (Through June 25.)

Good, 532 Broadway—Three artists are currently showing. The jazziest works are Karin Davie's paintings. They are Op illusionism—striped paintings of what seem to be buttocks. The moodiest works are those by Jacqueline Humphries—adept paintings of gently snaking drips, like Brice Marden crossed with Pat Steir. Finally, loosely in between, are Jessica Stockholder's spirited painted constructions. (Through June 19.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Green Thoughts

Various parts of Larry Sultan's "Pictures from Home" series have been shown around town over the past few years, and a book documenting this project—which includes family snapshots of Sultan, an only child, and his parents, together with Sultan's recent photographs of his mother and father, who are retired and live in Palm Springs—was published late last year, by Abrams. Now, for the first time in New York, thirteen of Sultan's "Home" images can be seen as large prints, at Borden (560 Broadway; through July 9); the exhibition also includes several smaller works.

Each time a different selection of pictures from this series appears, new strengths become apparent. Most photographs just get inflated as they get bigger; Sultan's works, though, not only hold up at a large scale but actually become more focused. If one looked only at his book, and not at these big prints, one would miss some of the passion and drama that lurk in Sultan's simultaneously intimate and distanced studies of his parents. At the Borden gallery, the particular strength that comes through is Sultan's conceptual use of color. He knows how to use what's there. For instance, the way the various shades of green seem to heighten his narrative points up the intelligence of Sultan's photographic sense of palette. The fresh green of the carpet in one photograph, depicting a room where his father practices his golf swing, evokes something different from the green of the closed curtains in another picture. The color of the curtains seems slightly antique, as if it symbolized the way tastes change from generation to generation.

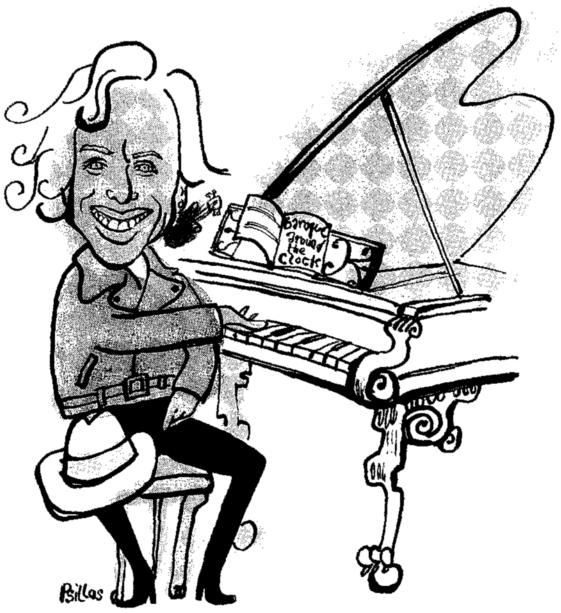
Robert Frank—Photographs chronicling Frank's distinctive take on America in the fifties. Through June 26. (Houk Friedman, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

Robert Mapplethorpe (1946-89)—Black-and-white Polaroids taken between 1971 and 1975. Through June 25. (Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St.)

"Malcolm X, A Photo History"—More than ninety images, including work by Bob Adelman, Eve Arnold, and Robert Haggins, Malcolm's personal photographer, all taken between 1959 and 1965. Through June 27. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 8.)

Short List—JESSIE TARBOX BEALS: Gallery 292, 120 Wooster St. Through June 19. . . . **WILLIAM CLIFT:** Equitable Gallery, 787 Seventh Ave., at 51st St. Through June 12. . . . **ARTHUR ELGORT:** Staley-Wise, 560 Broadway. Through July 3. . . . **NAN GOLDIN** and **JOSEF KOUDELKA:** Pace-MacGill, 32 E. 57th St. Through June 12. . . . **CHRISTOPHER JAMES:** Witkin, 415 West Broadway. Through July 22. . . . **DAVID LEVINTHAL** and **EDWARD CURTIS:** Laurence Miller, 138 Spring St. Through June 30. . . . **ANDREA MODICA:** Saul, 560 Broadway. Through July 2. . . . **DOROTHY NORMAN:** International Center of Photography. Through June 27. . . . **ONOFRIO PACCIONE:** Stendal, 622 Broadway. Through June 20. . . . **RICHARD PRINCE:** Gladstone, 99 Greene St. Through June 12.

(See the museum listings for photography exhibitions at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the Museum of Modern Art, the Jewish Museum and the Queens Museum.)



John Bayless at the Cape May Music Festival.

DEMETRIOS PSILLOS

MUSIC

Lincoln Center Story

LEONARD BERNSTEIN meant so many things to America that any description of him must resign itself to incompleteness, probably to distortion. But there is one thing he meant to the classical establishment, and particularly to the New York Philharmonic. He was the last (to date) great music director on the old model: a man who not only led performances but provided his institution with music of his own making; who explained music to the public through analyses, polemics, and satires; who expounded music on his own instrument; and who rode music's present into its future. In this last role, he resembled Schumann, Liszt, Wagner, Strauss, and Mahler; and so it's no wonder that, even so soon after his death, his main orchestra should find itself saluting his memory so often and so elaborately. On June 14, the Philharmonic begins a celebratory week called "Remembering Lenny" (the perennial use of his nickname is part of another story of what Bernstein meant). The actual concerts, led by Leonard Slatkin, don't begin until June 16, but for the aficionado the kickoff symposium at Bruno Walter Auditorium may be the most interesting event of all. Musicians from the Philharmonic, with Norman Pellegrini acting as moderator, will discuss their recollections of Bernstein. Will it all be glossy nostalgia, or will the grit of the relationship, the drop or two of hate that gives flavor to the love, emerge? A second symposium the following day looks at another Bernstein story, the one that played itself out on Broadway. To check them out, arrive early; there is no charge for admission and the hall isn't large.

IN TOWN—OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA, CONCERT PRODUCTIONS—The Met's only Central Park performance this year will be "Madama Butterfly," with Diana Soviero, Wendy White, Franco Farina, and Dwayne Croft; Michelangelo Veltri conducts. (Great Lawn, Central Park. June 15 at 8. No tickets necessary.)

NETHERLANDS OPERA COMPANY—Final performances of Monteverdi's "Il Ritorno d'Ulisse in Patria," in a production by Pierre Audi, conducted by Glen Wilson (leading a period-instrument ensemble). The cast includes tenor Anthony Rolfe Johnson, mezzo-soprano Graciela Araya, and countertenor Michael Chance. (BAM's Majestic Theatre, 651 Fulton St., Brooklyn. 1-718 636-4100. June 9-10 at 8.)

REIMANN OPERA COMPANY—Presenting Argento's "Postcard from Morocco," conducted by Roger Mahadeen, and with stage direction by Dorothy Danner. (New York University Theatre, 35 W. 4th St. June 11-13 at 8. For information about tickets, call 998-4947.)

IN TOWN—ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—Leonard Slatkin conducts William Schuman's "In Praise of Shahn" and Mahler's Symphony No. 5. (Avery Fisher Hall. 875-5030. June 10 and June 12 at 8, and June 11 at 2.). . .**NOTE:** The Philharmonic embarks on "Remembering Lenny," a week-long recollection and celebration of Leonard Bernstein, who served as its Music Director from 1958 until 1969. June 14 at 6:45: A symposium on Bernstein as a conductor, with Norman Pellegrini and several orchestra members. . . . ¶ June 15 at 6:45: A symposium about Bernstein on Broadway, with his collaborators Betty Comden and Adolph Green. (Bruno Walter Auditorium, New York Public Library for the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center. No tickets necessary. The festival will continue through June 20 with concerts and film screenings.)

FLORILEGIUM CHAMBER CHOIR—JoAnn Rice directs Bach's Cantata No. 106 (the "Actus Tragicus"), plus works by Irving Fine, Herbert Howells, and Salamone Rossi. (German Church, 315 W. 22nd St. June 9 at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

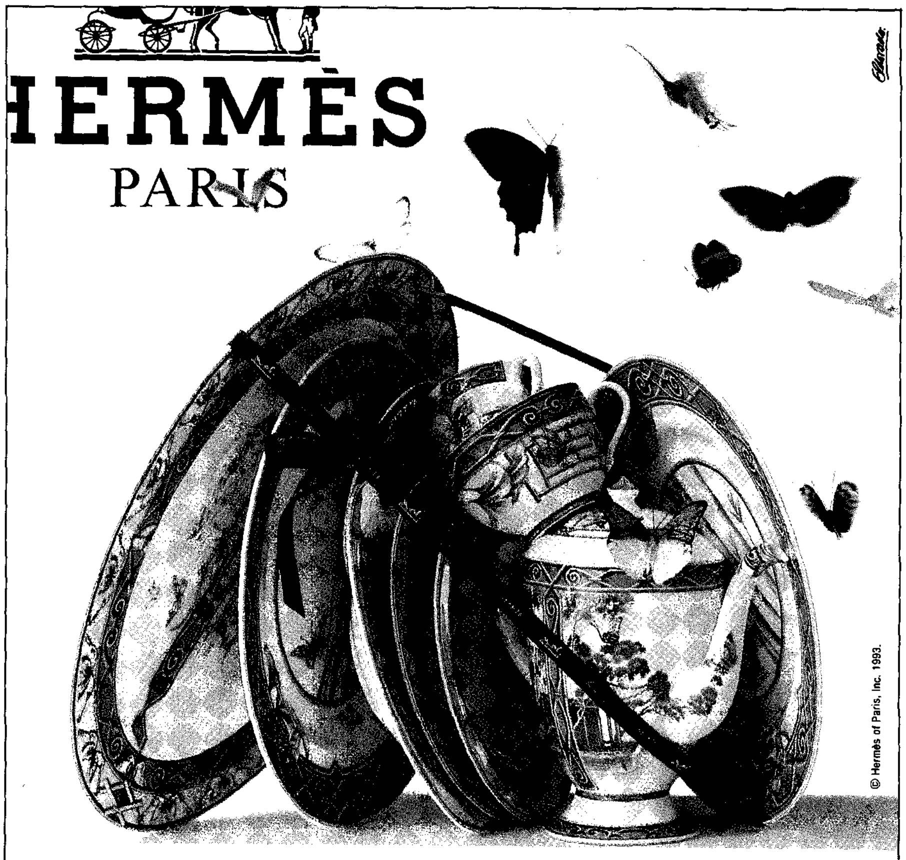
STONEWALL CHORALE—Nancy Vang directs Brahms' "Liebeslieder Waltzes" and also operatic selections. (Haft Auditorium, Fashion Institute of Technology, 227 W. 27th St. June 13 at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

IN TOWN—RECITALS

BRYANT PARK CONCERTS—Midday musical respites for midtowners. June 9 at noon: The Essex String Quartet. . . . ¶ June 14 at 12:30: The Mannes Woodwind Quintet. (Sixth Ave. at 42nd St. No tickets necessary.)

CONCERTS AT ST. PAUL'S CHAPEL—Midday musical respites for downtowners. June 10: Pianist William Wolfram, performing Schumann's "Kreisleriana" and Meyer Kuipferman's "Snow.". . . ¶ June 14: Lutenist Ron McFarland, whose playing has graced a steady stream of early-music recordings on the Dortian label, performing works by Dowland and Byrd, among others. (Concerts begin at noon. Broadway at Fulton St. Admission by contribution.)

BARGEMUSIC—Presenting Dvořák's Terzetto (Op. 74) and a pair of C-Major string quintets—by Schubert and Boccherini—notable for (among other things) the deep richness that results when a second cello is added to a standard string quartet. (Fulton Ferry Landing, Brooklyn. 1-718 624-4061. June 10 at 7:30 and June 13 at 4.)



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MUSIC–Cont'd

FRIENDS & ENEMIES OF NEW MUSIC—The group turns the spotlight on the pianist-and-composer David Del Tredici, who will perform his own "Fantasy Pieces" and "Virtuoso Alice." Also on the program are works by Alfonso Tenreiro, John Link, Ben Yarmolinsky, Thomas Cipullo, Nancy Gunn, and Cynthia Miller. (Greenwich House, 27 Barrow St. June 9 at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

MASANOBU IKEMIYA—In the piano's nineteenth-century heyday, grand pianos of roughly modern format—shaped like horizontal harps—were far outnumbered by "square pianos" (more accurately described as rectangular). "Squares" were especially popular in American parlors (and even on many concert stages), thanks in large part to the exceptional instruments of the Boston-based manufacturer Jonas Chickering, who controlled about ten percent of the American piano market when he died, in 1853. That same year marked the establishment of the firm of Steinway & Sons, in New York, who would include square pianos among their offerings until 1889—a year when one out of every nine hundred Americans purchased a piano—at which point Steinway limited its line to grands and uprights. The musically curious will have an opportunity to experience the qualities of such a piano when Mr. Ikeyima performs on a Steinway Square built in 1875. His program will include American pieces, by Gottschalk and Joplin, that might have been played on the instrument when it was young, as well as tangos by Ernesto Nazareth and works by Beethoven (the "Andante Favori" and "Eroica Variations"), Debussy, Gershwin, and Copland. (Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. June 13 at 3.)

NEW YORK FRENCH BAROQUE ENSEMBLE—Playing music from the ancien régime, by Lully, François Couperin, Marin Marais, and others. (Hotel Wales, Madison Ave. at 92nd St. June 13 at 6. No tickets necessary.)

OUT-OF-TOWN

CAPE MAY MUSIC FESTIVAL—This year's festival at New Jersey's southern tip—south of the Mason-Dixon Line!—is now at its midpoint, and will continue through June 27. June 9: Stephen Rogers Radcliffe conducts the Cape May Festival Orchestra in Schubert's Overture in C Minor, Copland's Sextet, and Wolf-Ferrari's Symphony in B-Flat Major.... ¶ June 10: The Hexagon Piano and Wind Sextet, performing works by Mozart and Saint-Saëns.... ¶ June 12-13: Pianist John Bayless, who proves that the art of improvisation is not entirely lost, will present two programs of extemporizations, taking as his point of departure familiar scores by Bach, Puccini, Bernstein, and Bruce Springsteen.... ¶ June 14-15: The New Jersey Chamber Music Society, presenting two different programs of late-nineteenth- and early-twentieth-century works. (Evenings at 8:30. For information about tickets and locations, call 1-609 884-5404.)

JAZZ/POP/ROCK
PERSONAL APPEARANCES

PAUL MCCARTNEY—The good news is that, after all these years, Paul McCartney finally seems to have made peace with life as an ex-Beatle. Which means he's as likely to launch into "Penny Lane" as he is "Live and Let Die." The bad news is that, after all these months on tour, he's still squandering too much valuable concert time plugging his latest album, "Off the Ground," which, despite his best showman's efforts, has never quite gained its commercial, er, wings. That's probably because much of the material sounds either strained or dangerously close to self-parody. (His two latest collaborations with Elvis Costello sound like Squeeze on a listless day at the office.) Still, one good shake of the old moptop and a few cheery "yeah yeah yeah"s, and his fans can still believe in yesterday. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. 1-201 935-3900. June 11 at 8:30.)

CAROLE KING—Probably the best thing to remember about Carole King is that the one-time princess of sixties pop songwriting (name a "girl group" tune and odds are she wrote it) never asked to be the seventies superstar she accidentally became after the release of "Tapestry," in 1971. Her new album, "Colour of Your Dreams," features a cluster of classy tunes—most notably the jazz-tinged "Wishful Thinking" and the folk-rocking title track—that imply that her twenty years of recovery from artistic tumult may at last be nearing an end. This will be a perfect concert to hold outdoors, where "at night the stars put on a show for free" (she wrote *that* one, too). Opening is Graham Parker, whose new album, "Burning Questions," shows that the former Angry Young Turk of British pub-rock is still squeezing out sparks with the best of them. (Jones Beach Theatre. 1-516 221-1000. June 12 at 8.)

CLANNAD—Over the course of almost two decades, Ireland's Clannad has evolved from a Gaelic pop-folk band into a Celtic Quiet Storm phenomenon, providing atmospherics for movie soundtracks and car commercials, even managing to spin off a New Age superstar (Enya, former Clannad keyboard player and kid sister of lead singer Máire Brennan). The big production and acres of echo evident on their recent albums can mask the easy-listening quality of much of the material, but Brennan's airy soprano *is* a thing of beauty. Clannad can provide moments of real grandeur, especially in their exquisite a-cappella interludes. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 496-7070. June 14 at 8.)

Leonard Cohen at the Paramount.

SCOTT HUNT

LEONARD COHEN—Last year, just when it seemed as if the release of a new Leonard Cohen album no longer mattered, he gave us "The Future," a tasty platter of mostly glum tunes—the kind his devotees thrive on. There was never any question that he's a great songwriter, but his words are often smothered by his burlap bag of a voice. Actually, the real resuscitation of his career began a year earlier, with the appearance of "I'm Your Fan," a lovely tribute album featuring everyone from R.E.M. to the Pixies to Geoffrey Oryema covering Cohen's work. The simplicity and prettiness of many of the interpretations helped you to hear the lyrics instead of being flogged with them. Yes, Cohen's a kind of one-gravel-note guy who whispers doom about everything from love affairs to urban life, but he's generous in concert, so look for the moroseness to lift, and listen hard for those chilling words. (Paramount, Madison Square Garden. 465-6741. June 14 at 7:30.)

GIPSY KINGS—The Gipsy Kings hail from the South of France, but they play a pop-flamenco native to the region's Spanish and Gypsy populations. The group's international success is well deserved: they captivate with the ease of natural-born performers, and their blend of six powerful voices in sonorous harmonies, supported by ravishing Spanish-guitar flourishes, inspires happy foot-stomping. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 247-4777. June 15 at 8.)

Yanni—Backed by a fifty-piece orchestra. (Gershwin Theatre, 51st St. west of Broadway. 307-4100. June 9-12 at 8 and June 13 at 3.)

Stéphane Grappelli Birthday Concert—The jazz violinist celebrates his eighty-fifth birthday, with help from the other two thirds of his trio (Bucky Pizzarelli and Jon Burr), Nigel Kennedy, and the Rosenberg trio. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. June 9 at 8.)

Frank Sinatra—Westbury Music Fair. 1-516 334-0800. June 10-11 at 8 and June 12 at 5 and 9.

Poison—With Damn Yankees and Firehouse. (Jones Beach Theatre. June 11 at 7.)

Winard Harper Quartet—Featuring Craig Handy. (Henry Street Settlement, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. June 12 at 7.)

Amnesty International Benefit—Sick of It All, Black Train Jack, Orange 9mm, Endpoint, and others. (Academy, 234 W. 43rd St. 307-7171. June 12 at 8.)

"A World of Percussion"—Babatunde Olatunji's Drums of Passion, the Glen Velez trio, Big Black, and O Samba! Brazilian Dance Theatre. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. June 12 at 8.)

SPORTS

HOME TEAMS

Yankees—Vs. the Boston Red Sox, June 14-15 at 7:30.

Mets—Vs. the Chicago Cubs, June 9 at 7:40. . . . ¶ Vs. the Philadelphia Phillies, June 10-11 at 7:40, June 12 at 7:10 (Old Timers' Day), and June 13 at 1:40.

CHAMPIONSHIPS—BASKETBALL

Knicks—Depending on the outcome of the Eastern Conference Finals against the Bulls, the Knicks are now either having Michael Jordan nightmares or are still fighting, this time in the N.B.A. Championship series against the winner in the Western Conference: either Charles Barkley's Phoenix Suns or the Supersonics, the latest band out of Seattle.

(The Yankees play at Yankee Stadium, 1-718 293-6000; the Mets at Shea Stadium, 1-718 507-8499; and the Knicks at Madison Square Garden, 465-6000.)

ABOVE AND BEYOND

Walk a Mile for Art's Sake—To celebrate the fifteenth anniversary of the Museum Mile Festival, Fifth Avenue (from 82nd Street to 104th) will be closed to vehicular traffic on June 15, from 6 to 9, and filled with live music and entertainment. Various museums, including the Guggenheim, Goethe House, the Met, and the Museum of the City of New York, will be open free of charge.

Dancing in the Kitchen—Saeko Ichinohe and Company will present a program of traditional and modern Japanese dance, including one using Japanese kitchen utensils. (American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St. No charge beyond museum admission. June 13 at 2 and 4.)

Encuentro de Nuestro Pueblo en la Quinta Avenida—The thirty-sixth annual Puerto Rican Day Parade, "A Home Town Gathering on Fifth Avenue," will be held on June 13, from noon to 5. Each of the seventy-eight towns in Puerto Rico will have an assigned block along the parade route, displaying its special foods, music, or crafts. (Fifth Ave., from 43rd St. to 86th St.)

Fair Fare—Lower Manhattan will be swarming with jugglers, magicians, puppeteers, circus performers, musicians, mummers, and the like, for the Buskers Fare, which continues through June 12. The festivities culminate with a twilight parade of ships at the South Street Seaport and a Buskers Ball at the World Trade Center Plaza. For information, call 321-2875.

Doing Lunch—Toting lunch pails filled with everything from vichyssoise to Twinkies, roughly five thousand people use Bryant Park for their midday repast on days when the weather is agreeable. On June 15, from noon to 2, pack your best eats, because representatives from a variety of Manhattan restaurants, from O'Neal's to McDonald's, will serve as judges at the First International Festival of Lunch. Prizes will be awarded in several categories, including biggest lunch, most beautiful lunch, and oldest (but still edible) lunch. (Sixth Ave. and 42nd St.)

You Think You Have Problems—Cynthia Heimel, a.k.a. Problem Lady, the *Village Voice's* version of Miss Manners, will read from her new book, "Get Your Tongue Out of My Mouth, I'm Kissing You Good-bye." (Rizzoli Bookstore, 454 West Broadway. June 10 at 6:30. No tickets necessary.)

Two Bettys—June 9 at 6: Betty Friedan will talk about the evolution of her thinking from "Feminine Mystique" to her most recent book, "The Fountain of Age." (New School, 66 W. 12th St. 229-5690.). . . ¶ June 10 at 6: Vocalist Betty Carter will talk about jazz and cultivating young talent. (Kaplan Penthouse, Rose Building, 165 W. 65th St. 875-5440.)

Readings—June 9 at 7: Madison Smartt Bell will read from "Save Me, Joe Louis," his most recent novel. (Brentano's, Fifth Ave. at 48th St. No tickets necessary.). . . ¶ June 9 at 8:15: Cynthia Ozick will read from her own fiction. (Sulzberger Parlor, Barnard Hall, Barnard College, Broadway at 117th St. No tickets necessary.). . . ¶ June 14 at 7:30: Maureen Howard will read from her most recent novel, "Natural History." (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 645-5848.). . . ¶ June 15 at 6:30: The third installment of actors reading from Hemingway's "A Moveable Feast." (Battery Park City's Hudson River Park. Tuesday nights through July 6. For directions, call 864-1414. No tickets necessary.)

Talks—June 10 at 6: Nipsey Russell and others will talk about African-American contributions to television comedy. (Museum of Television & Radio, 25 W. 52nd St. 621-6600.). . . ¶ June 10 at 6:30: Amiri Baraka, Tony Kushner, and Liz Lerman, among others, will talk about "Artists Living the Political Life." (Bruno Walter Auditorium, New York Public Library for the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center. 870-1671.). . . ¶ June 15 at 6: Actor Jeremy Irons will talk about his television roles. (Museum of Television & Radio, 25 W. 52nd St. 621-6600.). . . ¶ June 15 at 8:15: Journalist Jack Newfield will talk about his PBS documentary, "Frontline: JFK, Hoffa, and the Mob." (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 996-1100.)

Walks & Tours—June 12 at 10: A tour of early skyscrapers, including the Woolworth Tower. For more information, call 397-3809. . . . ¶ June 12 at 11: A tour that will circumambulate Ellis Island. For more information, call 439-1090. . . . ¶ June 12 at 1: A tour of Astoria, Queens, the largest Greek enclave outside Greece. For more information, call 265-2663. . . . ¶ June 12 at 1: The architecture and history of Brooklyn's Greenpoint neighborhood. For more information, call 1-718 721-5254. . . . ¶ June 12 at 1: Chinatown's herb markets. For more information, call 219-2527. . . . ¶ June 13 at 11 and 2: The Jackson Heights historic district. For more information, call 1-718 898-7205. . . . ¶ June 13 at 1: Synagogues, churches, temples, and shrines on the Lower East Side. For more information, call 431-0233. . . . ¶ June 15 at 6:30: Manhattan's Gold Coast, the palatial homes on the Upper East Side. For more information, call 838-6878.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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			9	10	11	12
13	14	15				

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN "MOVIES IN BRIEF," STARTING ON PAGE 27.

EAST SIDE

Angelika Film Center, 18 W. Houston St. (995-2000)

Theatre 1: "Map of the Human Heart" (†).

Theatre 2: "Much Ado About Nothing" (†).

Theatre 3: Through June 10: "Sofie" (directed by Liv Ullmann; in Danish). From June 11: "Orlando" (†).

Theatre 4: "Strictly Ballroom" (Baz Luhrmann).

Theatre 5: "Like Water for Chocolate" (Alfonso Arau, in Spanish).

Theatre 6: Through June 10: "Much Ado About Nothing" (†). From June 11: "Orlando" (†).

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171)

Through June 10: "Heimat II: Chronicle of a Generation: Episode 1" (Edgar Reitz, in German).

From June 11: "Heimat II: Chronicle of a Generation: Episode 2 and 3."

Newman Theatre, *Public Theatre,* 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171)

Through June 13: "Days of Heaven" (1978, Terrence Malick), with Richard Gere, Brooke Adams, and Sam Shepard.

June 14-15: Theatre closed.

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)

Theatre 1: "Dave" (†).

Theatre 2: "Hot Shots! Part Deux" (†).

Theatre 3: "Dave" (†).

Village Theatre VII, 3rd Ave. at 11th. (982-0400)

Theatre 1: "Sliver" (†).

Theatre 2: "Cliffhanger" (Renny Harlin), with Sylvester Stallone.

Theatre 3: "Indecent Proposal" (†).

Theatre 4: "Menace II Society" (†).

Theatre 5: Through June 10: "Sliver" (†). From June 11: "What's Love Got to Do with It" (Brian Gibson).

Theatre 6: "Cliffhanger."

Theatre 7: "Made in America" (†).

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

The Fifth Annual New York Lesbian and Gay Film Festival.

Village East Cinemas, 2nd Ave. at 12th. (529-6799)

Theatre 1: "Howards End" (James Ivory).

Theatre 2: "American Heart" (†).

Theatre 3: "Guilty as Sin" (Sidney Lumet).

Theatre 4: "Super Mario Bros." (Rocky Morton and Annabel Jankel), with Bob Hoskins.

Theatre 5: "Life with Mikey" (James Lapine), with Michael J. Fox.

Theatre 6: Through June 10: "Brother's Keeper" (Joe Berlinger and Bruce Sinofsky). From June 11: "Un Coeur en Hiver" (†).

Theatre 7: "Wide Sargasso Sea" (John Duigan).

19th Street East 6, B'way at 19th. (260-8000)

Theatre 1: "Made in America" (†).

Theatre 2: "Life with Mikey" (James Lapine).

Theatre 3: "Menace II Society" (†).

Theatre 4: "Guilty as Sin" (Sidney Lumet).

Theatre 5: "Super Mario Bros." (Rocky Morton and Annabel Jankel), with Bob Hoskins.

Theatre 6: "Posse" (†).

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)

"Dragon: The Bruce Lee Story" (†).

Murray Hill Cinemas, 160 E. 34th. (689-6548)

Theatre 1: "Super Mario Bros." (Rocky Morton and Annabel Jankel), with Bob Hoskins.

Theatre 2: Through June 10: "Menace II Society" (†). From June 11: "What's Love Got to Do with It" (Brian Gibson).

Theatre 3: "Guilty as Sin" (Sidney Lumet).

Theatre 4: "Life with Mikey" (James Lapine).

34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)

Theatre 1: "Cliffhanger" (Renny Harlin).

Theatre 2: "Sliver" (†).

Theatre 3: "Made in America" (†).

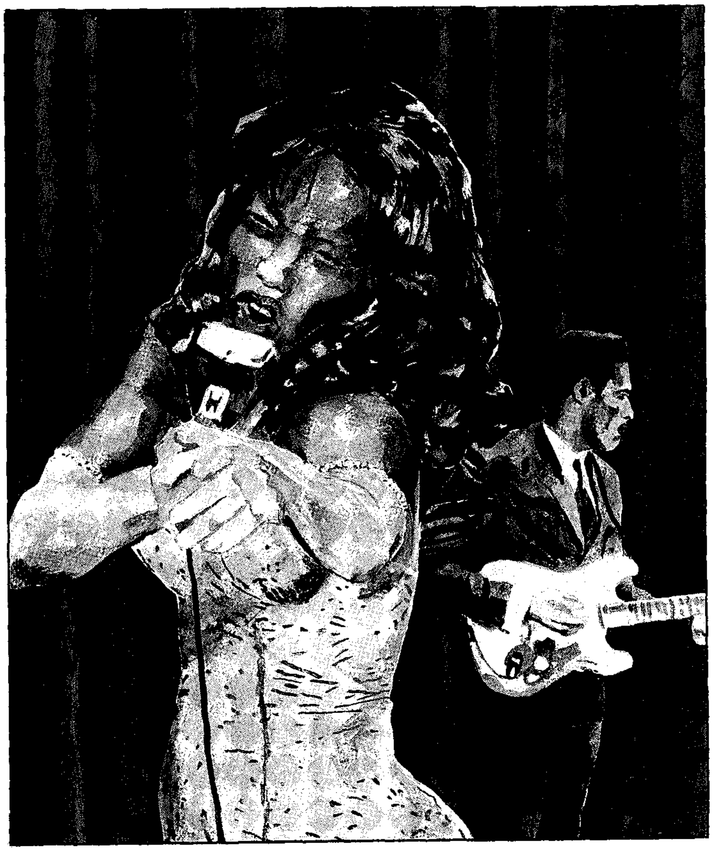
34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)

Through June 10: "Hot Shots! Part Deux" (†).

From June 11: "Jurassic Park" (Steven Spielberg).

Eastside Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)

"Like Water for Chocolate" (Alfonso Arau, in Spanish).



Angela Bassett and Laurence Fishburne in "What's Love Got to Do with It."

ROMAIN SLOCOMBE

Sutton 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)

Theatre 1: "Life with Mikey" (James Lapine).

Theatre 2: "Super Mario Bros." (Rocky Morton and Annabel Jankel), with Bob Hoskins.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)

"Hot Shots! Part Deux" (†).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)

"The Lover" (Jean-Jacques Annaud).

Manhattan Twin, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)

Theatre 1: "Dragon: The Bruce Lee Story" (†).

Theatre 2: "Posse" (†).

59th Street East Cinema, 239 E. 59th. (759-4630)

"Howards End" (James Ivory).

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)

Theatre 1: "Lost in Yonkers" (†).

Theatre 2: "Lost in Yonkers" (†).

Cinema I, Cinema II, and Cinema 3rd Avenue, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)

Theatre 1: "What's Love Got to Do with It" (Brian Gibson), with Angela Bassett and Laurence Fishburne.

Theatre 2: "Guilty as Sin" (Sidney Lumet).

Theatre 3: "Wide Sargasso Sea" (John Duigan).

First & 62nd Cinemas, 400 E. 62nd. (752-4600)

Theatre 1: "Strictly Ballroom" (Baz Luhrmann).

Theatre 2: "Much Ado About Nothing" (†).

Theatre 3: "Map of the Human Heart" (†).

Theatre 4: Through June 10: (Matinées only) "Happily Ever After" (John Howley), an animated film; and (evenings only) "The Night We Never Met" (Warren Leight). From June 11: "Jurassic Park" (Steven Spielberg).

Theatre 5: "Much Ado About Nothing" (†).

Theatre 6: "Indecent Proposal" (†).

Gemini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)

Theatre 1: "Cliffhanger" (Renny Harlin), with Sylvester Stallone.

Theatre 2: "Cliffhanger."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)

"Benny & Joon" (Jeremiah Chechik), with Johnny Depp, Mary Stuart Masterson, and Aidan Quinn.

New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)

Theatre 1: "Sliver" (†).

Theatre 2: "Made in America" (†).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)

"Menace II Society" (†).

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)

"Dave" (†).

East 85th Street, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)

"Indecent Proposal" (†).

Park & 86th Street Cinemas, 125 E. 86th. (534-1880)

Theatre 1: "Dragon: The Bruce Lee Story" (†).

Theatre 2: Through June 10: "Lost in Yonkers" (†). From June 11: "Jurassic Park" (Steven Spielberg), with Sam Neill and Laura Dern.

Orpheum VII, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (876-2400)

Theatre 1: "Posse" (†).

Theatre 2: "Sliver" (†).

Theatre 3: "Cliffhanger" (Renny Harlin), with Sylvester Stallone.

Theatre 4: "Made in America" (†).

Theatre 5: "Dave" (†).

Theatre 6: "Cliffhanger."

Theatre 7: "Guilty as Sin" (Sidney Lumet).

86th Street East Twin, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)

Theatre 1: "Super Mario Bros." (Rocky Morton and Annabel Jankel).

Theatre 2: "Life with Mikey" (James Lapine).

WEST SIDE

Film Forum, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)

Theatre 1: "Romper Stomper" (directed by Geoffrey Wright).

Theatre 2: See listings under Revival Houses.

Theatre 3: "The Long Day Closes" (Terence Davies).

Waverly 1 and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)

Theatre 1: "Lost in Yonkers" (†).

Theatre 2: (Matinées only) "Happily Ever After" (John Howley), an animated film; and (evenings only) "Benny & Joon" (Jeremiah Chechik).

Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)

Theatre 1: "Dragon: The Bruce Lee Story" (†).

Theatre 2: Through June 10: "Posse" (†). From June 11: "Jurassic Park" (Steven Spielberg), with Sam Neill and Laura Dern.

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)

Theatre 1: "Visions of Light: The Art of Cinematography" (Arnold Glassman, Todd McCarthy, and Stuart Samuels).

Theatre 2: "Olivier Olivier" (Agnieszka Holland; in French).

Theatre 3: "For a Lost Soldier" (Roeland Kerbosch, in Dutch).

Theatre 4: "Okoge" (Takehiro Nakajima, in Japanese).

Chelsea Cinemas, 260 W. 23rd. (691-4744)

Theatre 1: Through June 10: "Hot Shots! Part Deux" (†). From June 11: "Jurassic Park" (Steven Spielberg), with Sam Neill.

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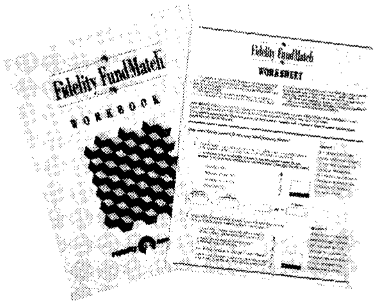

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MOVIE HOUSES-Cont'd

Theatre 2: Through June 10: "Sliver" (†). From June 11: "What's Love Got to Do with It" (Brian Gibson).
Theatre 3: "Dave" (†).
Theatre 4: "Dragon: The Bruce Lee Story" (†).
Theatre 5: "Sliver" (†).
Theatre 6: "Cliffhanger" (Renny Harlin).
Theatre 7: "Cliffhanger."
Theatre 8: "Dave" (†).
Theatre 9: "Hot Shots! Part Deux" (†).

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: (Matinées only) "Happily Ever After" (John Howley); and (evenings only) "The Crying Game" (Neil Jordan).
Theatre 2: "Indecent Proposal" (†).
Theatre 3: "Three of Hearts" (Yurek Bogayevicz).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Guilty as Sin" (Sidney Lumet).

Worldwide Cinemas, 50th St. between 8th and 9th Aves. (246-1583)
Theatre 1: "Three of Hearts" (Yurek Bogayevicz).
Theatre 2: "Indecent Proposal" (†).
Theatre 3: (Matinées only) "Happily Ever After" (John Howley); and (evenings only) "Benny & Joon" (Jeremiah Chechik).
Theatre 4: "Map of the Human Heart" (†).
Theatre 5: "Wide Sargasso Sea" (John Duigan).
Theatre 6: "Léolo" (Jean-Claude Lauzon, in French).

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
Through June 10: "Lost in Yonkers" (†).
From June 11: "Jurassic Park" (Steven Spielberg), with Sam Neill and Laura Dern.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (307-7856)
"Indecent Proposal" (†).

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"American Heart" (†).

Carnegie Hall Cinemas, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)
Theatre 1: "Like Water for Chocolate" (Alfonso Arau, in Spanish).
Theatre 2: "The Crying Game" (Neil Jordan).

Angelika 57, 225 W. 57th. (586-1900)
"Sofie" (Liv Ullmann; in Danish).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (980-5656)
"The Music of Chance" (†).

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Strictly Ballroom" (Baz Luhrmann).

Columbus Circle, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Dave" (†).

62nd & Broadway, 62 W. 62nd. (265-7466)
"Life with Mikey" (James Lapine).

Lincoln Plaza Cinemas, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Much Ado About Nothing" (†).
Theatre 2: Through June 10: "Indochine" (Régis Wargnier, in French). From June 11: "Orlando" (†).
Theatre 3: Through June 10: "Much Ado About Nothing" (†). From June 11: "Orlando" (†).
Theatre 4: "The Story of Qiu Ju" (Zhang Yimou; in Mandarin).
Theatre 5: "Much Ado About Nothing" (†).
Theatre 6: "Un Coeur en Hiver" (†).

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through June 10: "Hot Shots! Part Deux" (†).
From June 11: "Jurassic Park" (Steven Spielberg), with Sam Neill and Laura Dern.

84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "Lost in Yonkers" (†).
Theatre 2: "Cliffhanger" (Renny Harlin).
Theatre 3: "Super Mario Bros." (Rocky Morton and Annabel Jankel), with Bob Hoskins.
Theatre 4: Through June 10: "Sliver" (†). From June 11: "What's Love Got to Do with It" (Brian Gibson), with Angela Bassett and Laurence Fishburne.
Theatre 5: "Made in America" (†).
Theatre 6: "Guilty as Sin" (Sidney Lumet).

Metro Cinema I and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Theatre 1: "Dragon: The Bruce Lee Story" (†).
Theatre 2: (Matinées only) "Happily Ever After" (John Howley), an animated film; and (evenings only) "Wide Sargasso Sea" (John Duigan).

Olympia I and II, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: "Indecent Proposal" (†).
Theatre 2: "Posse" (†).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "Made in America" (†).
Theatre 2: "Made in America" (†).
Theatre 3: "Cliffhanger" (directed by Renny Harlin).
Theatre 4: "Cliffhanger."
Theatre 5: "Posse" (†).
Theatre 6: "Cliffhanger."
Theatre 7: "Posse" (†).

Embassy I, B'way at 46th. (302-0494)
Through June 10: "Super Mario Bros." (Rocky Morton and Annabel Jankel).
From June 11: "What's Love Got to Do with It" (Brian Gibson), with Angela Bassett.

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, 7th Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 1: "Menace II Society" (†).
Theatre 2: "Menace II Society" (†).
Theatre 3: "Life with Mikey" (James Lapine).

Astor Plaza, 44th Street at B'way. (869-8340)
"Sliver" (†).

National Twin, B'way at 44th Street. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Dragon: The Bruce Lee Story" (†).
Theatre 2: "Hot Shots! Part Deux" (†).

REVIVAL HOUSES

Film Forum 2, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)
Through June 10: "Anna Christie" (1930, directed by Jacques Feyder; in German), with Greta Garbo.
June 11-13: "Camille" (1937, George Cukor), with Greta Garbo and Robert Taylor; and "Ninotchka" (1939, Ernst Lubitsch), with Garbo, Melvyn Douglas, and Sig Rumann.
June 14: "Love" (1927, Edmund Goulding), with Greta Garbo; and "The Kiss" (1929, Jacques Feyder), with Garbo and Conrad Nagel.
From June 15: "Grand Hotel" (1932, Edmund Goulding), with Greta Garbo and John Barrymore; and "Susan Lenox, Her Fall and Rise" (†).

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through June 10: "Breakfast at Tiffany's" (1961, Blake Edwards), with Audrey Hepburn, George Peppard, and Patricia Neal; and "They All Laughed" (1981, Peter Bogdanovich), with Hepburn and Ben Gazzara.
June 11-12: "Roman Holiday" (1953, William Wyler), with Audrey Hepburn and Gregory Peck; and "Funny Face" (1957, Stanley Donen), with Hepburn and Fred Astaire.
June 13-15: "Ivanhoe" (†); and "At Sword's Point" (1952, Lewis Allen), with Cornel Wilde and Maureen O'Hara.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
June 9: "Double Indemnity" (1944, Billy Wilder), with Barbara Stanwyck, Fred MacMurray, and Edward G. Robinson; and "Sorry, Wrong Number" (1948, Anatole Litvak), with Stanwyck and Burt Lancaster.
June 10: "The Wrong Man" (1956, Alfred Hitchcock), with Henry Fonda; and "Dial M for Murder" (1954, Hitchcock), with Ray Milland, Grace Kelly, and Robert Cummings.
June 11-12: "Kiss of the Spider Woman" (1985, Hector Babenco), with William Hurt and Raul Julia; and "Pixote" (†).
June 13: "A Night at the Opera" (1935, Sam Wood); and "A Day at the Races" (1937, Wood), both with the Marx Brothers.
June 14: "Vampyr" (1932, Carl Dreyer, in German), with Julian West; and "Day of Wrath" (1943, Dreyer; in Danish).
June 15: "Dr. No" (see page 27); and "Thunderball" (1965, Terence Young), with Sean Connery.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480)—June 10-11 at 2:30 and 6, June 12-13 at 2 and 5, and June 14 at 2:30: A series of Greek films. . . . ¶ June 10-11 at 3 and 6, June 12-13 at 1, 3:15, and 5:30, and June 14 at 3 and 6: Six different programs of short films from Latin America.

Walter Reade Theatre, Lincoln Center, 165 W. 65th St., plaza level. (875-5600)—June 9 at 2 and 6:15 and June 10 at 4:15 and 8:30: "Station Six-Sahara" (1964, directed by Seth Holt), with Carroll Baker and Peter Van Eyck. . . . ¶ June 9 at 4 and 8:15 and June 10 at 2 and 6:15: "The King of Comedy" (1983, Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro, Jerry Lewis, Sandra Bernhard, Diahnne Abbott, and Shelley Hack. . . . ¶ June 11 at 2, 5:30 and 9:15 and June 12 at 3:30 and 7: "Getting Gertie's Garter" (1946, Allan Dwan), with Dennis O'Keefe and Marie McDonald. . . . ¶ June 11 at 3:30 and 7:15 and June 12 at 5 and 8:30: "After Hours" (1985, Scorsese), with Griffin Dunne, Rosanna Arquette, Linda Fiorentino Teri Garr, Catherine O'Hara, Verna Bloom, John Heard, Cheech and Chong, Dick Miller, and Michael Bronson Pinchot. . . . ¶ June 12-13 at 2: "The Bear" (1988, Jean-Jacques Annaud). . . . ¶ June 13 at 3:30 and 8:15 and June 14 at 2 and 6: "The Easy Life" (1963, Dino Risi; in Italian), with Vittorio Gassman. . . . ¶ June 13 at 5:30 and June 14 at 4:15 and 8:15: "The Color of Money" (†). . . . ¶ June 15 at 2 and 4: "On the Town" (1949, Stanley Donen and Gene Kelly), with Kelly, Frank Sinatra, Jules Munshin, Betty Garrett, Vera-Ellen, and Ann Miller.

American Museum of the Moving Image, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria. (1-718 784-0077)—"What Made Pistachio Nuts? Early Sound Comedy and the Vaudeville Tradition." June 12-13 at 2: "Dixiana" (1930, Luther Reed), with Bert Wheeler, Robert Woolsey, and Bebe Daniels. . . . ¶ June 12-13 at 4: "Diplomaniacs" (1933), with Wheeler and Woolsey.

Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160)—June 9 at 12:30, 3:15, 6, and 8:45: "Loulou" (1980, Maurice Pialat; in French), with Isabelle Huppert, Gérard Depardieu, and Guy Marchand.

Metropolitan Museum of Art, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. (570-3949)—June 12 at 3: "Son of Flubber" (1963, Robert Stevenson), with Fred MacMurray, Nancy Olson, Keenan Wynn, and Tommy Kirk.

Japan Society, 333 E. 47th St. (752-0824)—June 11 at 6:30: "Don't Call Me a Crime Man" (1966, Kengo Furusawa; in Japanese). . . . ¶ June 12 at 1 and 3: "The Second Youth" (1956, Kozaburo Yoshimura; in Japanese).

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—*Films in the 1993 Biennial Exhibition.* June 9-13: "Bullets for Breakfast" (1992, Holly Fisher). Showings Wednesdays and Fridays at 3, Thursdays at 3 and 6:15, Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3:30.

At the Walter Reade Theatre, Frank Sinatra, Ann Miller, and Jules Munshin in "On the Town."

MOVIE STILL ARCHIVES

MOVIES IN BRIEF

**SEE PRECEDING PAGES FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN "THE CURRENT CINEMA"
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Enter 007

JAMES BOND strides through his first big-screen adventure—the brisk, exotic "Dr. No" (playing June 15, at Theatre 80 St. Marks)—with seasoned confidence. The Bond team of producers Harry Saltzman and Albert R. Broccoli and director Terence Young approached their 1962 début boldly and cheekily, as if it were the middle of the 007 series. Sean Connery, in the first flower of his hunkdom, draws out his introduction with blasé machismo: it's both funny and thrilling to hear him tell tart, glamorous Sylvia Trench (Eunice Gayson) that his name is "Bond . . . James Bond." And 007's spirited banter with Secret Service chief M (Bernard Lee) and M's secretary, Miss Moneypenny (Lois Maxwell), signals immediately that Bond is in the thick of a colorful career. Even before they saw Bond swing into action, audiences had reason to hope that Ian Fleming's print hero would set new movie standards for dashing, witty derring-do.

Based on Fleming's 1958 book, the script (by Richard Maibaum, Joanna Harwood, and Berkely Mather) sends 007 to Jamaica. There he uses his "licence to kill" against the minions of a Eurasian renegade named Dr. No (Joseph Wiseman), who mis-guides missiles launched from Cape Canaveral. Ken Adam designed the production with comic-book high style—the blastoff to a Bond tradition. The "Bond girl" tradition starts here, too: every lusty moviegoer who got to see it in a theatre cherishes the voluptuous image of Ursula Andress filling the wide screen as beachcomber Honey Ryder. In her bikini-and-hunting-knife ensemble, she's an Amazon sex goddess.

(The following notes are by Pauline Kael, Anthony Lane, Terrence Rafferty, and Michael Sragow.)

AMERICAN HEART—With Jeff Bridges and Edward Furlong, directed by Martin Bell. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Village East Cinemas, and 57th St. Playhouse.)

UN COEUR EN HIVER—A tale of love and violins, but don't expect "Intermezzo." Claude Sautet's film, as its title suggests, is not much of a heartwarmer; but its cool look at thwarted passion is enthralling nonetheless. Stéphane (Daniel Auteuil) makes and mends violins; Camille (Emmanuelle Béart) plays them. The two of them shift from distrust to desire to disappointment—in other words, they go through all the motions of love except the making of it. This is so restrained it's shocking; we feel the terrible pressure of all that Stéphane might do with his life and yet refuses to attempt. With his spirit as buttoned down as his shirts, Auteuil offers a startling portrayal of failure, never hamming it up for the sake of our compassion. André Dussollier turns in an equally quiet performance as Stéphane's business partner and rival in love; add Béart's immaculate poise, and you wonder what strange district of Paris this is. The movie will hardly blow your mind, but there's nothing precious here; Sautet builds up a needling tension, aided by fine renditions of Ravel at his most difficult and plaintive. In French.—A.L. (Reviewed in our issue of 6/7/93.) (Lincoln Plaza Cinemas. . . . ¶ Village East Cinemas; starting June 11.)

THE COLOR OF MONEY (1986)—This Martin Scorsese film takes up Paul Newman as Fast Eddie Felson twenty-five years after the close of the 1961 Robert Rossen film "The Hustler," in which Eddie, the new poolroom champion, quit the game. Now he's a silver-haired Chicago liquor salesman, a likable, cynical sharpie who himself stakes young hustlers (for sixty per cent of their winnings). When he sees the raw, cocky upstart Vincent (Tom Cruise), he makes a deal to train the kid. Newman brings off some beautiful smiling deviltry. The kick he gets out of acting is inseparable from Eddie's con artistry, and, with the help of pungent low-life dialogue by Richard Price, who wrote the script, he carries the action along. But about midway the joy goes out of Newman's performance, which (despite the efforts of a lot of good actors) is the only life in the movie. With Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio, Helen Shaver, Forest Whitaker, John Turturro, and Bill Cobbs.—P.K. (Walter Reade Theatre; June 13-14.)

DAVE—Dave Kovic (Kevin Kline), the hero of Ivan Reitman's populist comedy, is a regular middle-class guy who happens to be a dead ringer for the President of the United States (also Kline). The screenplay, by Gary Ross, contrives to put Dave in the Oval Office, where he poses as the President and allows himself (initially) to be manipulated by the crafty White House chief of staff (Frank Langella). By the end of the picture, he has restored honesty and decency to the government, and has fallen in love with the First Lady (Sigourney Weaver). In the first half hour or so, the movie is hilarious, because its humor is mostly destructive; and Kline's performance as the real President is a chillingly funny portrait of Chief Executive as empty suit. But after the promisingly nasty beginning, the filmmakers settle into a sort of campaign mode, lulling and flattering the audience with a fairy-tale vision of the common man's victory over the Washington establishment. The movie's crowd-pleasing agenda inexorably saps its energy. Reitman and Ross are willing to sacrifice bite for across-the-board appeal, and they wind up with a political comedy that has no politics. Also with Charles Grodin, Ben Kingsley, and Kevin Dunn.—T.R. (5/17/93) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, Tower East, Orpheum VII, Chelsea Cinemas, and Columbus Circle.)

DRAGON: THE BRUCE LEE STORY—Bruce Lee, a kung-fu master and star of the 1973 martial-arts extravaganza "Enter the Dragon," had the sort of physical skills that even the most gifted mimic couldn't do justice to. In Rob Cohen's biographical film, Jason Scott Lee (no relation) plays Bruce, and he does well enough in the picture's many spectacular fight scenes, yet the violent production numbers don't quite capture the excitement—the aesthetic thrill—of a performance by the real Bruce Lee. Even more damagingly, the movie doesn't answer, or even formulate, the most interesting questions about its subject's odd life and unlikely career. The filmmakers are evasive about the circumstances of Lee's sudden death, in 1973, at the age of thirty-two; and they never try to explain why this phenomenally talented artist chose to express himself through *combat*. They present Bruce, for the most part, as a sweet, even-tempered young man—just another optimistic kid chasing a dream of success. This is a speedy and fairly absorbing picture, but we're always aware that something is missing. Also with Lauren Holly, Michael Learned,

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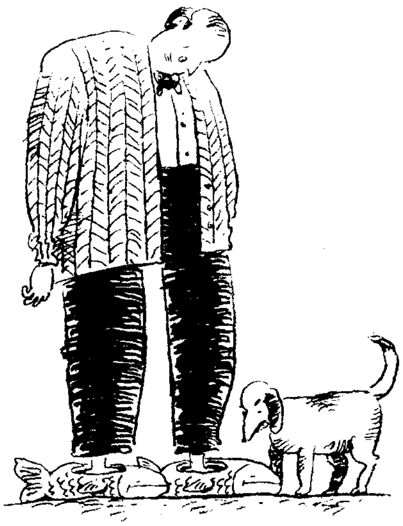

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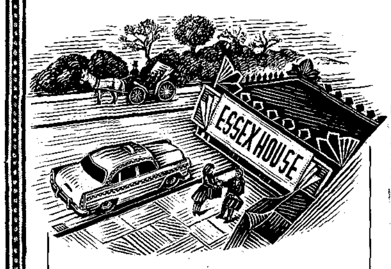

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IN BRIEF-Cont'd

Robert Wagner, and John Cheung (who staged the fight scenes).—T.R. (5/17/93) (Bay Cinema, Manhattan Twin, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, Art Greenwich Twin, Chelsea Cinemas, Metro Cinema, and National Twin.)

Hot Shots! Part Deux—Over the final credits, a voice announces that this burlesque of Rambo was "filmed in Hollywood before a live studio audience." A so-so joke, but a fecund idea. When it comes to features, the "Hot Shots!" team of director/writer Jim Abrahams and co-writer/executive producer Pat Proft can't go the distance (even for under ninety minutes). But sending up movie fads on a cable-TV comedy show (like a resuscitated "Not Necessarily the News"), they might emerge as brilliant wiseacres—especially if they picked targets more timely than Rambo. Though good sport Charlie Sheen is all pumped up to play top-gun-turned-commando Topper Harley, and Valeria Golino has developed a fetching deadpan as his true love, Ramada, the funniest bits are isolated spoofs of recent clichés, like a "Basic Instinct" bedroom scene—silly stuff that's cable-ready.—M.S. (Movieland 8th St. Triplex, Gotham Cinema, Chelsea Cinemas, and National Twin. . . . ¶ 34th St. East, and Regency; through June 10.)

Indecent Proposal—A humorless, muddleheaded slog through familiar territory. David and Diana Murphy (Woody Harrelson and Demi Moore) are a young married couple, desperate for money, who vainly try their luck at the tables of Las Vegas. Billionaire John Gage (Robert Redford) is so smitten by Diana that he offers her a million dollars for one night of love. That's the dilemma, but it never grips you; the director, Adrian Lyne, is bored by anything that smacks of moral complication, preferring to show us what a juicy, unflustered life you can enjoy with that kind of cash.—A.L. (4/26/93) (Village Theatre VII, First & 62nd Cinemas, East 85th Street, 23rd St. West Triplex, Worldwide Cinemas, Festival, and Olympia.)

Ivanhoe (1952)—Everybody in twelfth-century England is fighting everybody else. In between, barbecue pits are made ready for human roasts and stakes are erected for the purpose of burning beautiful young women. The Normans, who have pledged their allegiance to Prince John (Guy Rolfe), are at war with the Saxons, who are committed to Richard the Lion-Hearted (Norman Wooland), and the Saxon hero Wilfred of Ivanhoe (Robert Taylor) is trying to raise the ransom money to free Richard from his foreign captors. Ivanhoe is also attentive to the fair Rowena (Joan Fontaine) and to the dark, sensitive Jewish outcast Rebecca (Elizabeth Taylor). Elizabeth Taylor, just turned twenty, is so eerily beautiful that Fontaine, ordinarily a great beauty in her own right, seems pallid and smarmy. No one could say this wasn't a rousing movie. It's also romantic, big, commercial, and slick, in the M-G-M grand manner. Directed by Richard Thorpe. With George Sanders, Emlyn Williams, Finlay Currie, and Felix Aylmer.—P.K. (Gramercy; June 13-15.)

Lost in Yonkers—Virtue more or less triumphs while comedy and drama go down for the count in this mildly expanded screen version of Neil Simon's Pulitzer Prize-winning period piece, directed by Martha Coolidge and adapted by Simon. Mercedes Ruehl and Irene Worth recreate their stage roles as the loving, childlike thirty-six-year-old, Bella, and her stern, emotionally clamped mother—who's also the stern, emotionally clamped grandma of fifteen-year-old Jay (Brad Stoll) and twelve-year-old Arty (Mike Bamus). In 1942, they come to stay with her and Bella above the family candy store in Yonkers, while their father journeys South to sell scrap metal. The characters in this "serious" Simon effort are just as one-dimensional as they are in his farces: he sets up Bella and Grandma as archetypes of the holy fool and the harsh parent, and uses them to teach the boys about the power of positive feeling and the need to face the truth. Not even Ruehl and Worth can make the result more than situation dramedy. Richard Dreyfuss co-stars, gratingly, as the boys' gangster uncle.—M.S. (Baronet, Coronet, Waverly, and 84th Street Sixplex. . . . ¶ Park & 86th Street Cinemas, and Ziegfeld; through June 10.)

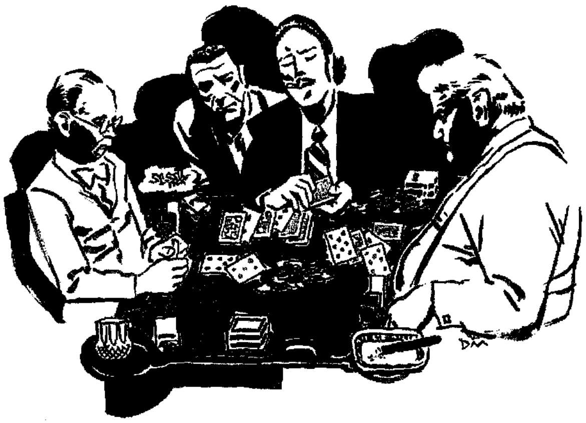
Made in America—"Broad comedy and heartfelt drama." Doesn't it sound grisly? And that's just how the *press kit* describes this slapstick sperm-bank sob story. TV-soap star Nia Long plays a brilliant, beautiful black high-school senior who discovers that her mother's husband died before she was even conceived, that her Afrocentrist mother (Whoopi Goldberg) was artificially inseminated, and that the sperm donor of record—whom she insists on calling her father— is a white, Barnum-like car salesman (Ted Danson). For half the running time, Danson pratfalls while Goldberg and Long burn; later, when Goldberg and Danson get cozy and Long objects, it becomes a failed tearjerker. All the crowd-pleasing guffaws are in the trailer, and they occur only when the plot turns. It's like a novel whose energy goes into funny chapter headings. Luckily, Will Smith, as Long's best friend, takes the lurches in his lanky stride—he's in the odd position of being the comic relief in a comedy. Richard Benjamin directed the script by Holly Goldberg Sloan (from a story by Marcia Brandwynne, Nadine Schiff, and Sloan).—M.S. (Village Theatre VII, 19th Street East 6, 34th Street Showplace, New York Twin, Orpheum VII, 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center.)

Map of the Human Heart—A private epic from the New Zealand director Vincent Ward, who made "The Navigator." The new film moves across continents, languages, and elements—from icepacks to hellfire and back again. Avik is an Inuit, taken from the Arctic in 1930 by an R.A.F. mapmaker named Walter Russell (Patrick Bergin) and flown to Montreal to be treated for tuberculosis. Here he meets the young Albertine, and from then on the story charts his obsessive love for her, which reaches an unlikely climax on top of a wartime barrage balloon. That image, dreamy yet sharp, and so extravagant you almost want to laugh, is typical of Ward's work. Unfortunately, the need to compress thirty years of action tends to smother the actors; Jason Scott Lee and Anne Parillaud look dull and soporific in the leading roles, and even Patrick Bergin cannot do much with the blurred part of Russell. Still, the film is worth staying with for the bombing scenes, when Avik (now in the R.A.F. himself) witnesses the obliteration of a German city; few directors have such an unblinking eye for horror.—A.L. (Angelika Film Center, First & 62nd Cinemas, and Worldwide Cinemas.)

Menace II Society—This inner-city crime melodrama, set in Watts, is a speedy, violent, adolescent-cynical take on the no-hope lives of young black men. The filmmakers—twenty-one-year-old twins Allen and Albert Hughes—aren't interested in the tragic irony of the classic gangster film; they aim, instead, for the throwaway, life-is-cheap tone of grimy fifties B-pictures. They move from horror to horror in a businesslike, deadpan way that reflects, with frightening conviction, the thoroughness of their characters' alienation. The Hugheses are so scrupulous, so comprehensive, in their refusal to do the usual things that they leave themselves short on expressive options. As the picture goes along, you actually start to wish it were a little squarer, that the filmmakers would give you something more to hold on to than the grinding pulp momentum that substitutes here for true dramatic structure. The Hugheses achieve some brilliant and memorable sequences, and the lack of sentimentality is a step in the right direction, but the movie winds up running in place. With Tyrin Turner, Larenz Tate, Jada Pinkett, Vonte Sweet, Glenn Plummer, Bill Duke, Charles S. Dutton, and Samuel L. Jackson. Screenplay by Tyger Williams; cinematography by Lisa Rinzler.—T.R. (5/31/93) (Village Theatre VII, 19th Street East 6, 68th St. Playhouse, and Embassy. . . . ¶ Murray Hill Cinemas; through June 10.)

Much Ado About Nothing—On the sunny side of the Bard. Kenneth Branagh leads us through the tiffs and deceptions of Shakespeare's comedy, all shot in and around a Tuscan villa. Branagh does not pay much heed to the virtues of restraint. This is confirmed by most of the performances—Branagh and Emma Thompson as Benedick and Beatrice, splashing out with grand comic gestures, and a mangy Dogberry from an unintelligible Michael Keaton. The movie's jollity feels forced—it's more of a guided tour than a relaxed show of wit. What potency there is comes from the characters who refuse to be gripped by good cheer—Don John, played by Keanu Reeves as a pinup with malice, and Don Pedro, played by Denzel Washington, whose cool gravity shames the rest of the movie.—A.L. (5/10/93) (Angelika Film Center, First & 62nd Cinemas, and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

The Music of Chance—Jim Nashe (Mandy Patinkin) is a mixture of tough guy and wandering spirit. On a country road he picks up Pozzi (James Spader), a gambler down on his luck. In one of the random, risky twists in which the film specializes, Nashe decides to help him out. They go to a lonely country house, inhabited by a pair of wealthy oddballs called Flower (Charles Durning) and Stone (Joel Grey), who trounce Pozzi at poker and then demand an unusual repayment: he and Nashe must build a stone wall on the grounds. From here on the movie becomes an unlikely fable about power and freedom, as Nashe and Pozzi are put through their paces like creatures of an author's cruel fancy. Philip Haas does well to curb the threat of whimsy in all this; he cuts Paul Auster's original novel back to the bone and toughens the progress of the plot. There's nothing he can do about Spader's silly, unconvincing Pozzi, but Patinkin is a great help; he looks so grave and laid-back that you almost end up believing in the whole thing.—A.L. (6/7/93) (Paris.)



Joel Grey, Mandy Patinkin, James Spader, and Charles Durning in "The Music of Chance."

DAVID MAZZUCCHELLI

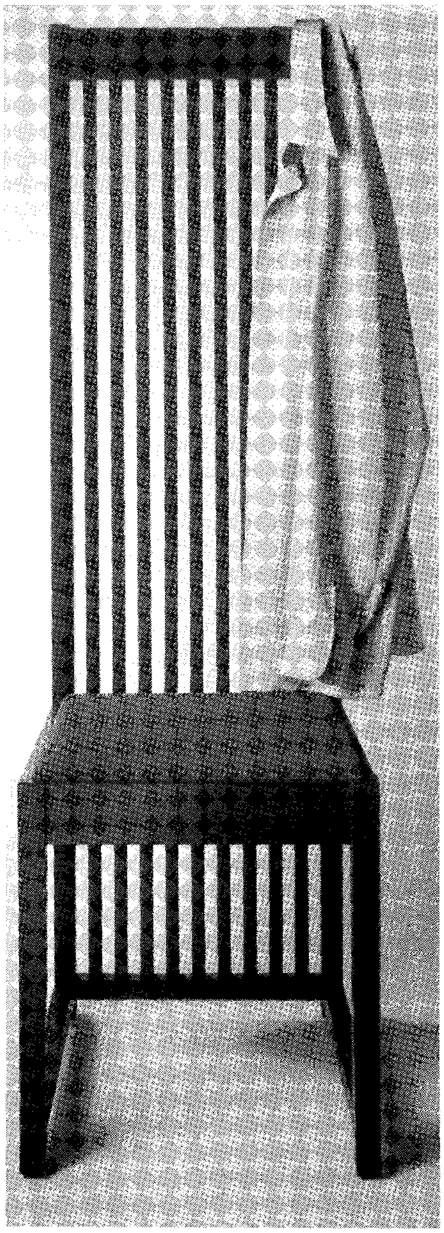
Orlando—With Tilda Swinton, directed by Sally Potter. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Angelika Film Center, and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas; starting June 11.)

Pixote (1980)—A shockingly lyrical Brazilian film about the life of abandoned children. Thrown into the reformatory, the ten-year-old Pixote breaks out, and he and three others snatch enough purses and wallets to make their way to Rio de Janeiro and begin dealing cocaine. The kids buy an aging, drunken prostitute from a pimp and go into business with her: she brings men home, and they rob them at gunpoint. As the whore Sueli, dusky and aquiline-faced Marília Pera has an Anna Magnani-like presence—horrifying and great. Her display of passion wipes the little non-actor kids off the screen, and in her scenes the movie achieves a raw, garish splendor. With Jorge Julião. Directed by Hector Babenco. In Portuguese.—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 11-12.)

Posse—This revisionist Western is multicultural to the max; also bloated, muddled, and anachronistic. The only reason to root for the (mostly) black heroes is that they stand up for African-Americans, Asian-Americans, and Native Americans against white predators. Their leader, Jessie Lee (Mario Van Peebles), fights in a black Army unit in the Spanish-American War until a cruel, capricious white officer (Billy Zane) pushes him to the breaking point. He escapes from Cuba to New Orleans with a chest of gold and some b-a-a-a-d lieutenants; then they head West. After forty minutes of seemingly random shooting and riding and glaring, it turns out that he intends to wreak havoc on the enemies of a utopian all-black frontier town named Freemanville. This chaotic pastiche climaxes with a mammoth showdown punctuated by cries of "No justice, no peace!" and "Can't we all get along?" (The title, too, is anachronistic: it refers not to sheriff's deputies but to the gang solidarity of the valiant black outlaws.) Zane and Richard Jordan (as a villainous Anglo lawman) swallow the scenery without even chewing it properly; Stephen Baldwin gives the liveliest performance as the sole white person in the posse (which also includes Tone Loc, Big Daddy Kane, Charles Lane, and Tiny Lister, Jr.). As director and star, Van Peebles contracts a bad case of pulp megalomania—he assumes epic postures as he photographs himself against the sky. With Blair Underwood as the two-faced sheriff of Freemanville; script by Sy Richardson and Dario Scardapane.—M.S. (19th Street East 6, Manhattan Twin, Orpheum VII, Olympia, and Criterion Center. . . . ¶ Art Greenwich Twin; through June 10.)

Sliver—Sharon Stone goes cold in this botched thriller—maybe from the effort of pretending that her character, a beauteous book editor, would fall for the preening young computer wizard played by the vacant-and-proud-of-it William Baldwin. The producer, Robert Evans, hired Philip Noyce to direct and Joe Eszterhas to adapt Ira Levin's best-seller; if Evans had assigned the whole thing to Brian De Palma, they both might have scored comebacks. It should have been a breeze to make an entertaining suspense film out of Levin's perverse page-turner about electronic voyeurism in a chic Manhattan high rise. But the movie has been fatally Eszterhased. The wicked lure of audiovisual bugging and the snatches of "Rear Window," "Peeping Tom," and Levin's own "Rosemary's Baby" recede before a single reductive question: whether it's Baldwin who is killing off the tenants in the high rise, or the only other suspect—a police-procedural novelist (Tom Berenger) who spouts defenses of sexy, violent pulp that sound like the screenwriter's own apologia. Eszterhas has one wad—the "did he/she or didn't he/she?" plot—and he shot it in "Jagged Edge" and "Basic Instinct." All that makes the movie watchable is Vilmos Zsigmond's sensual cinematography; all that makes it listenable is Howard Shore's inventive score, with eerie vocals echoing the flat black-and-white images on the voyeur's video monitors.—M.S. (Village Theatre VII, 34th Street Showplace, New York Twin, Orpheum VII, Chelsea Cinemas, and Astor Plaza. . . . ¶ 84th Street Sixplex; through June 10.)

Susan Lenox, Her Fall and Rise (1931)—This was Garbo's only film with Clark Gable. With Gable she wasn't a goddess; she was sex-hungry, just like Crawford in the early Gable-Crawford movies. Garbo plays a young Swedish-American farm girl who runs away from the brute (Alan Hale) she is being forced to marry and takes refuge in the cabin of a construction engineer (Gable); they fall in love, sleep together, and plan to marry. But when unlucky circumstances separate them, and she has an affair with a carnival owner (John Miljan), her engineer won't forgive her. Over the years, she does very well as the mistress of rich men, but she keeps locating her true love and begging forgiveness until, at last . . . Still, one can sit through all this without too much pain, because of Garbo's beauty and the raw heat that she and Gable generate. Directed by Robert Z. Leonard. The novel by David Graham Phillips was adapted by Wanda Tuchock, with dialogue provided by Zelda Sears and Leon Gordon.—P.K. (Film Forum 2; starting June 15.)



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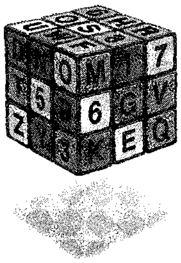

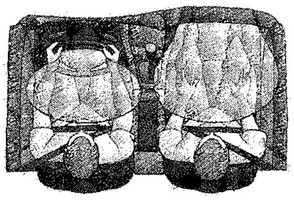

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

STATES OF UNDRESS

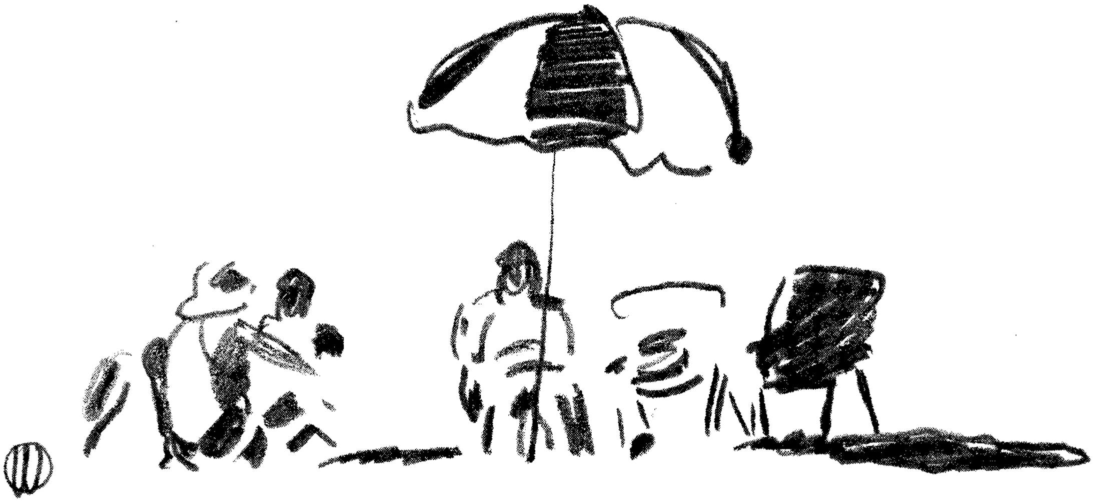
REGULARS at Gunnison Beach, out at Sandy Hook, like to say that on a clear day you can barely see Manhattan. But on Memorial Day weekend—eighty-one degrees on Saturday, skies blue—the city's skyscrapers were in plain view across the whitecaps of New York Harbor. The dunes along Gunnison were covered with goldenrod, and an airplane buzzed the length of the beach, towing a freshly minted summer sign. "Dump Florio, Not Dioxin," it read. Two lifeguards sat in their chairs looking languidly out to sea. The ocean was still cold, and few people were swimming, but many people—more than a thousand, we reckoned—were sunbathing or tossing Frisbees or playing gin rummy, and most of them were buck naked.

"For me, this place is like paradise," said Lotus, an amiable nudist from New Jersey. The southern part of Gunnison is one of the oldest nudist haunts on the East Coast, but nobody knows how the habit got started there. Last summer, after some discreet lobbying, it became the first stretch of federal shore where what the Park Service calls a "clothing-optional life style" is tolerated and where signs to this effect have been erected. If nudists, or "naturists," have their way, other public beaches will follow. For now, though, Lot G at Gunnison is where nudists (clothed) park their cars. To get to the actual beach, the nudists (still clothed) follow a splintery boardwalk, past the public bathrooms and across several hundred yards of sand, to a huge sign saying "Attention. Beyond This Point You May Encounter Nude Sunbathers."

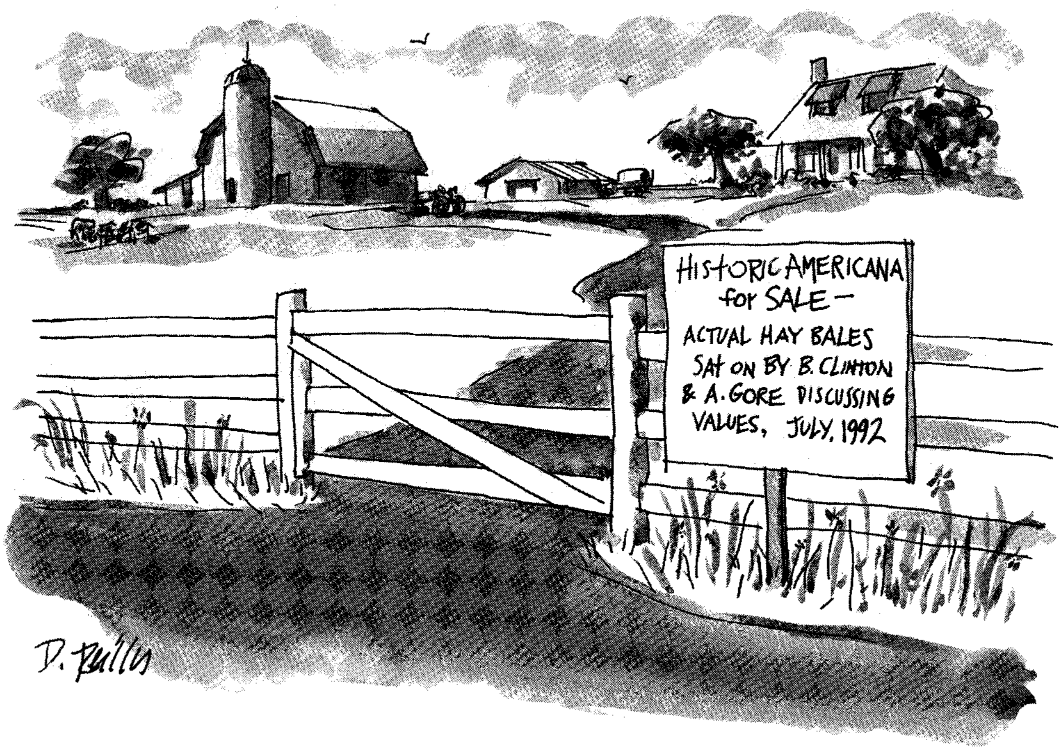
Lotus makes that trek all the time. She is a heavyset woman in her early forties, and she has about her the deep-baked serenity of a veteran beach bum. She is the secretary of a naturist club called the Sandy Hook Suns, and takes her duties seriously: she keeps track of coastal weather patterns and edits a naturist newsletter called the *Gunnison Gazette*, which is distributed free upon request along the beach. "It's hard to recognize people by their clothing, because they're not wearing any," she said. "People kind of get known by their windscreens and their flags. You see that screen by the huge 'Welcome' sign over there? That's Artie. And the one with the P.O.W.-M.I.A. flag is where Zack sits."

A nude Rastafarian weight lifter flexed his muscles in the sun. Four pale-faced bikers stood nearby drinking Budweisers and scratching green tattoos. So many fluttering windscreens were up that the nudist enclave looked like a crowded North African bazaar. Lotus had planted an American flag in the sand. She said it had flown over the Capitol, in Washington, D.C. Her windscreen, a sprightly affair patterned with multicolored zebras, occupied a central spot near the lifeguard stands. "The people here are the friendliest people you'd ever want to meet," she said. "The pretenses are taken away. When you're not wearing anything, there's nothing to hide behind."

Some nudists call people who wear clothes "textiles." There was some tension between the two groups in the old days, but the Suns have done a good deal to alleviate it. Naturists who lobbied for the openly nude zone at Gunnison participated in "sensitivity classes" with Park Service rangers on how this might work. Signs delineating the area were essential, since families of textiles often



OLIVER WILLIAMS


HISTORIC AMERICANA for SALE—
ACTUAL HAY BALES SAT ON BY B. CLINTON & A. GORE DISCUSSING VALUES, JULY, 1992

stumbled onto the nude beach unexpectedly. Now leaflets outlining proper beach etiquette for naturists and textiles alike are available. Overt sexual activity is frowned on, the leaflets say ("Beach Romeos must learn to take no for an answer"), and photographs shouldn't be taken without permission.

Park rangers usually ride among the nudists in all-terrain vehicles or else on horseback. "We don't condemn nudity, and we don't condone it," said Skip Cole, who is the superintendent of the Sandy Hook unit of the Gateway National Recreation Area. He pointed out that mere nudity was not against the law in New Jersey, so the Park Service could not make arrests, even if it wanted to. "We take the position that nudity exists, and it's got to be managed," he said. However, he added, the naturists could have their credentials revoked if they didn't behave themselves.

Lotus is well aware of that danger. "This beach is still very much on trial," she said, decorously slipping into a big beach shirt. "We're out here every day, making sure it works. This is the only place we've got."

SCARLET LADY

At the end of the first day of the American Booksellers Association's ninety-third annual convention, in Miami Beach, Knopf was throwing an extravagant party in downtown Miami for one of its authors, Oprah Winfrey. Naturally, other publishers were offering keen competition that night. Among scores of other parties at clubs and restaurants up and down Miami Beach, Harcourt Brace was giving one at the Club Cabana for Larry King and his new book, "On the Line: The New Road to the White House" (written with the appropriately named Mark Stencel). But the Knopf party, in the Sky Lobby of International Place, a luxury office building, was perhaps the biggest attraction, although the guests were greeted by an alarming rumor that the star, Ms. Winfrey, had already left, Saigon-style—by helicopter from the skyscraper's roof. The rumor turned out to be false: Ms. Winfrey was in fact there, buried in the crush. However, Knopf had hung a photograph of her, ten times larger than life, at the entrance to the Sky Lobby, thus insuring that, even if she did vanish, her presence would be felt. Some guests took photographs of each other in front of the photograph.

Because of the huge advances that publishers have to pay, celebrity authors, rather than people who write books for a living, have come to dominate the proceedings of the A.B.A. Another of these celebrities was Margaret Thatcher, who has learned from long experience how to achieve permanent high visibility. In Miami to promote her book "The Downing Street Years" (like another former British Prime Minister, Anthony Eden, she is writing her memoirs in reverse, the second volume preceding the first), Lady Thatcher spoke at a book-and-author breakfast in the ballroom of the Hotel Inter-Continental, sharing the stage with William Styron and Margaret Atwood. In fact, she so dominated the scene that earlier in the program, when Ms. Atwood told the three thousand booksellers seated in the ballroom that the anti-heroine of her new novel, "The Robber Bride," was at her most destructive in the nineteen-eighties, the eighties Prime Minister was seen to cast an unsettled glance at the Canadian author before returning to the notes of her own speech.

As Lady Thatcher, wearing a scarlet suit, took the lectern, the audience rose to greet her. She talked of her admiration for "Winston's" maxim "Trust the people"; of the writers she admires—Orwell ("sheer genius") and Burke ("quite marvellous")—and of how it is the duty of every government to tell the truth; and, of course, of her book, which is due in the fall. It includes a long section on Africa and why she resisted the imposition of sanctions on South Africa, and much about her special relationship with Ronald Reagan. How right he was about S.D.I., she said, because without it, there would never have been the Gorbachev revolution.

After her speech, Lady Thatcher showed up at the convention and toured the stand of her publisher, HarperCollins. On being told of the other books her publisher was launching this fall, she seemed particularly interested in a children's book by Maurice Sendak, "We Are All in the Dumps with Jack and Guy." At that point, a man dressed as the superhero Spider-Man, who was at the convention to promote Marvel Comics, broke through the ranks of security officers and announced himself to her. Lady Thatcher, a little uncertain of the stranger's credentials, asked him, "Are you from New York?" and then bustled off to inspect the rest of HarperCollins' autumn delights.

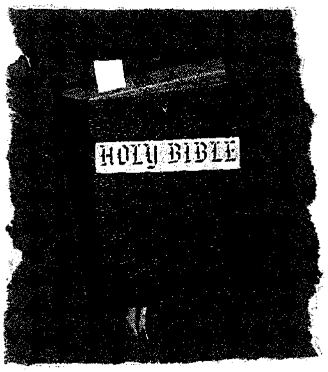
PEN PALS

IN Bethany, a little town in Connecticut, nine miles northwest of New Haven, there lives a little girl named Charlotte. Charlotte is nine years old, and until recently she had been corresponding for nearly four years with another little girl, whose name is Widad. Widad is ten years old and lives in a mud house in a village called Oliab, twenty-one miles northeast of Khartoum. Widad is Charlotte's "partner child," chosen for her by a charity called Childreach, and Charlotte's grandparents, when they made the arrangement, as a present for Charlotte on her sixth birthday, agreed to contribute twenty-two dollars a month to Widad's family. Every year, Charlotte would send Widad a photograph of herself with a letter asking how she was. Every year, Widad would send a photograph back with a reply, supposedly dictated to a social worker, which would contain formal statements such as "thank you for accepting me as your partner child and be sure that your help to us will be useful." But she also occasionally revealed something more of herself, by enclosing drawings she had made; two arrived last year—one of a gnarled tree, and one of three African snakes. But now the correspondence between the two girls has ceased, because the Sudanese government has banned all direct communication between Sudanese and Western children. In the light of the ban, PLAN International, the charity of which Childreach is the United States member, has decided to pull out of the Sudan altogether. It has announced that its work there will stop completely by June, 1994.

Richard Thwaites, PLAN's regional director for Eastern and Southern Africa (PLAN runs aid programs from eight donor countries to twenty-seven developing countries), says that he was informed of the Sudanese government's decision in July of last year. The justification, he was told, was that the West was using the correspondence among children as a way of undermining Islam. "We are dealing with a government that has been

STEPHEN KRONINGER

SUBWAY MYSTERY



ONE afternoon, at about four o'clock, as I was on my way out of the subway at Grand Central, I spotted a black object lying on one of the turnstiles. As I went through the turnstile, I picked the thing up and found that it was a new-looking King James Bible, bound in leather. "Did anyone lose a Bible?" I shouted, but no one responded, so I took it with me. Later, as I was leafing through it, a white card fell out. The card was an announcement of graduation ceremonies at Thomas Edison High School, Tulsa, Oklahoma, dated June, 1960. A second card named the graduating student as Judith Ann Keegan.

I called all the Keegans in the Manhattan phone book, then Keegans in every other New York borough, but none had heard of her. So I called Edison High School in Tulsa, only to learn that its records didn't go back so far, and, after that, Tulsa information, which at the time had two Keegan numbers listed. The first didn't answer, and when I called the second the phone rang and rang and was finally answered by an elderly-sounding man. He, too, said he hadn't heard of Judith Ann Keegan, but added, after a pause, that he had a terrible memory, and why didn't I call back when his wife got home? Two hours later, I did.

"Oh, my gosh, am I glad you called back!" the man said. "My wife came home, and, yes, she does remember. It's a very strange story. I didn't remember, because it was such a long time ago. You see, Judith was a cousin. I never really knew her. It was terrible. She's dead. She threw herself in front of a subway train in New York City. About twenty years ago."

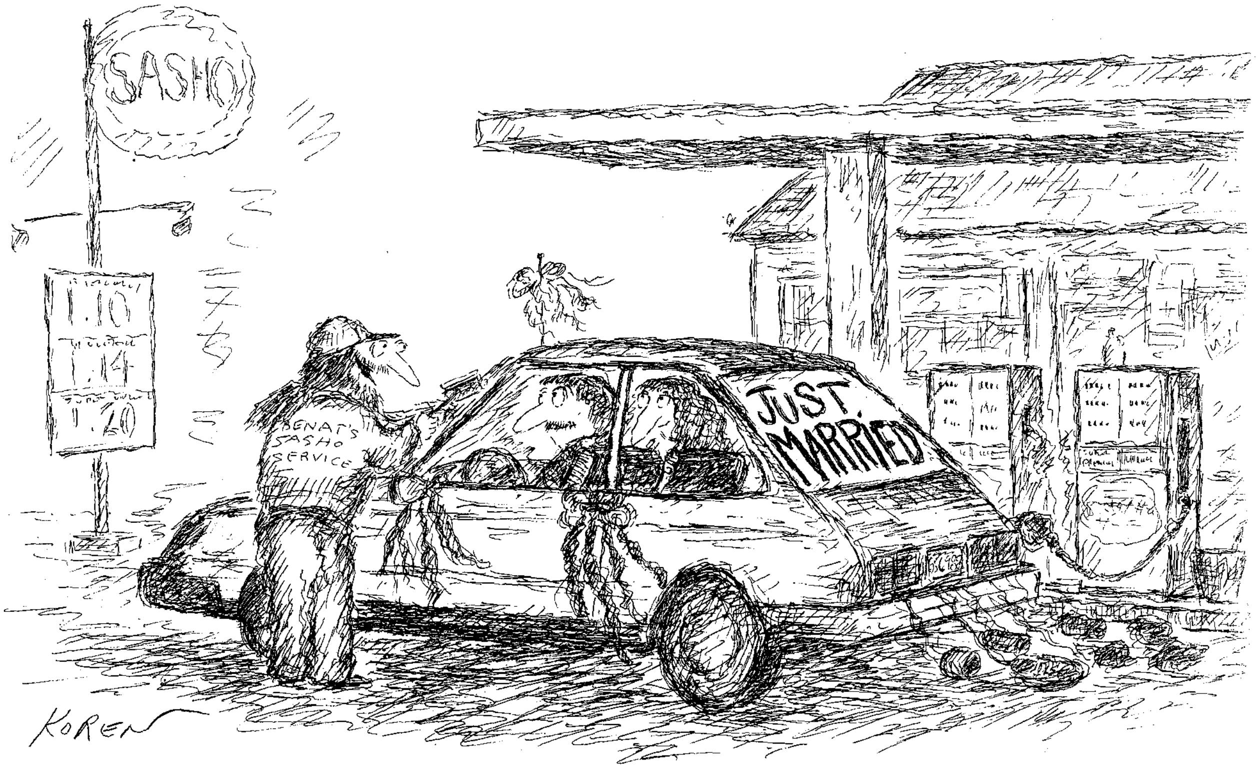
He put me in touch with one of Judith's two sisters, Mary Claire Holloway, who lives in Tulsa, and later I called the other sister, Marcia Keegan, who lives in Santa Fe. From them I discovered what happened.

In 1971, the year of her death, Judith was twenty-eight and was living in New York. She was a painter and a poet, and when she died one of her poems had been accepted, but not yet published, by *Seventeen.* Although she had a history of treatment for schizophrenia, to her family she seemed relatively happy. Then, in late 1970, her marriage broke up, and soon afterward she was attacked by a man in Central Park, with the result that she began to fall apart again. She returned to Tulsa to stay with her parents.

While she was in Tulsa, her sister Mary Claire gave her a Bible. During the weeks that followed, Judith seemed increasingly optimistic. But in February of 1971 she returned to New York, and dropped out of contact with her family. Six weeks later, the police called on her parents in Tulsa with a message from New York. Judith had met her death in the Grand Central subway station. On a March afternoon, at about four o'clock (the same time of day that I found the Bible), witnesses had seen her climb down from the uptown platform onto the track and lie down in front of an oncoming train. The motorman did not see her in time.

"I always wondered what had happened to that Bible," Mary Claire said after I sent it back to her. "I suppose she had it with her that day." But nobody has been able to provide any explanation of how the Bible appeared on the turnstile, in pristine condition, more than twenty years after Judith Ann Keegan's death.

—HOWARD COALE



"So how's married life?"

• •

and is a fundamentalist Islamic government and is also a military government, and what we have had to learn is that politics and religion are completely intertwined," Mr. Thwaites says. In the Sudanese leaders' view, he says, "We are committing treasonable acts. Their view is that to facilitate direct communications and to take photographs of children is 'un-Islamic.' " Another view, expressed by a PLAN official in an internal memorandum, is that the religious justification is a cover for political objections. "Perhaps a strong anti-Western feeling has grown, more as a result of the Gulf War rather than truly caused by religious conflicts," the memorandum said.

PLAN had always tried to make its sponsors aware of Islamic sensitivities. At the time Charlotte became Widad's sponsor, she was sent a pamphlet entitled "Understanding Islam," which explained, for example, the Islamic attitude toward dogs. "Listing your dog as a member of your family or sending a photo of you hugging your dog may offend and shock your Foster Child," the pamphlet said. (The word "partner" later replaced "foster," because the word "foster" aroused fears among some Sudanese that Americans wanted to adopt their children.) The pamphlet also warned, "Sending your Muslim Foster Child a beach postcard or photograph with adults in bathing suits would not be appropriate. It would certainly distress your Foster Child and family." Apart from such qualifications, however, the sending of photographs had been actively encouraged until the Sudanese government's sudden clampdown on communication between children.

"We have felt, as an organization, that if we can't send communications and pass them on, and we can't take photographs, then we can't do our job," Mr. Thwaites says. "This direct communication is, after all, one of the aspects that we consider important in terms of fostering relationships between peoples of different cultures and countries. And so, for that reason, very, very sadly indeed, I have, with my colleagues, had to recommend to our board of international directors that we say goodbye to the Sudan as far as our work is concerned. That means saying goodbye to some twenty thousand individual sponsored children and their families."

Late last year, Childreach wrote to Charlotte—as to all other American sponsors of Sudanese children—offering the option of switching to another partner child, in another country. Charlotte was indignant. "How would you feel if someone dropped you because she couldn't look at your picture?" she asked her parents. So, for the time being, the money gets paid, though the letters and the photographs have stopped.

FALCON FOOTNOTE

The people who work for the Bank of New York, down at 48 Wall Street, called with some happy news the other day. The two peregrine falcons that roost on the top of the building have produced four chicks. The bankers had read our recent report on city peregrines, in which we described their birds as sporty, undomestic types that liked to wing around the big buildings downtown. They wanted us to know that their birds have entered a new life phase; because of the couple's decision to settle down, the peregrine population in New York City has increased significantly. The chicks will be banded (christened, almost), on Wednesday of this week, by a man from the city's Department of Environmental Protection. The bankers say they plan to watch. ♦

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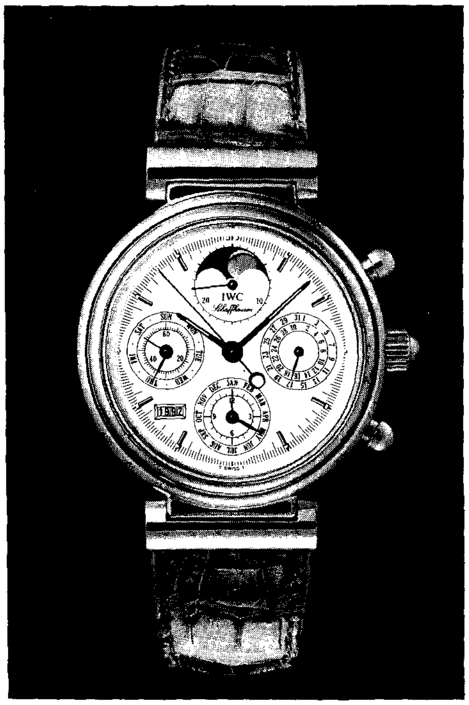

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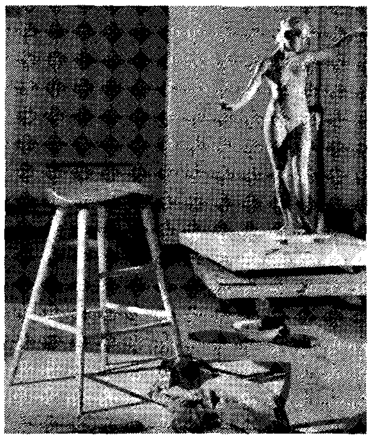

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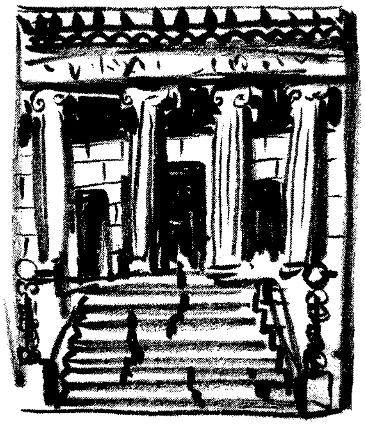
AROUND CITY HALL

CHANGE PARTNERS

David Dinkins fights alone in the mayoral race, while Rudolph Giuliani, the "Stealth candidate," steals Democrats to revive the fusion ticket.

BY ANDY LOGAN



JOE DAVIS

WHILE the news out of Washington is full of pictures of new or barely familiar faces—some coming, and some, dramatically, going—and everyone is urged to keep up with rapidly moving developments (as in "the incredible spinning President"), the political scene here, at least until very recently, has resembled pages out of a faded photograph album in which all the faces are only too familiar. In this municipal-election year, Mayor David Dinkins, who, beginning in the mid-nineteen-sixties, had held one or another, usually minor New York office until his election four years ago as the city's first black mayor, is hoping to maintain the tradition that no first-term black mayor of a major American city has been defeated for reëlection. Yet even when his chances are seen as diminishing, as has been the case lately, his manner is stately. He does not spin. Late last month, a few of the figures on the local scene did shift out of their still-photo mode and move downward or sideways. Up in Albany, Mario Cuomo has given what are widely interpreted as signals that if he has his way the scene will not significantly change there, and he will be running for a fourth term as governor. No one has ever been elected to that office four times except Nelson Rockefeller, and he did not serve out his last term, which began in 1971; he quit to get ready for what turned out to be an unavailing race for the Presidency—an enterprise that Cuomo has rejected, along with a possible Clinton appointment to the Supreme Court. Last month, at the annual political lampoon by the Legislative Correspondents Association in Albany, Brooklyn District Attorney Charles (Joe) Hynes, Cuomo's fellow-Democrat and longtime friend, declared that the political dictionaries now have a new word, "Cuomostasis," defined as "the state of desperately wanting a job and being unable or unwilling to go through the process of actually seeking it." (Hynes, who had planned to run for governor if Cuomo moved to the Supreme Court, also made fun of the Governor's celebrated getting-even propensity: he said that when Cuomo was asked by his draft board whether he would be willing to kill, if he had to, his answer was "I don't know about strangers, but friends, definitely.") As for the New Yorkers in the United States Senate, the Republican, Alfonse D'Amato, was elected to a third term last November, and the Democrat, Daniel Patrick Moynihan, who, as head of the Finance Committee, is one of the Senate's major powers, has left no one in doubt that he will be running next year for a fourth term—moving fearlessly ahead, even though the Reverend Al Sharpton, who has been a familiar face here for nearly a decade now, has announced that he will be Moynihan's opponent in the Democratic primary. "The Democrats need Al Sharpton," the *Daily News* columnist Earl Caldwell announced recently, endorsing the opposite of stasis and noting how unexpectedly well Sharpton did (a hundred and sixty thousand votes) in last year's Senate primary. "Believe it or not, Moynihan is in trouble," Caldwell, one of the city's few black columnists, added, hopefully.

Also strongly favoring change is the Republican mayoral candidate, Rudolph Giuliani, another familiar face. The forty-nine-year-old Giuliani was Dinkins' opponent in 1989, when he lost by only two per cent of the vote. Until last month, it seemed that the Mayor's two major opponents in the Democratic primary would be Herman Badillo and Andrew Stein. Badillo, the first Puerto Rican elected to the House of Representatives, in 1970, lost three successive races for mayor, the last in 1977, and later served briefly as the city's first Hispanic deputy mayor, under Dinkins' predecessor, Ed Koch. Stein, beginning in 1968, held a series of minor elective offices until 1985, when he was elected president of the City Council, one of the three city posts for which election is citywide; the others are mayor and comptroller. As a result of city-charter revisions, Stein's present office, whose name will be changed in January to "public advocate," has become a largely vestigial post—though its occupant still takes over the Mayor's office if a vacancy occurs there. (However, this is not the only reason Stein has been referred to as New York's Dan Quayle.) Recently, there have been informal proposals that such a vacancy be arranged for prematurely. For over a year before Dinkins defeated Koch, in the 1989 mayoral primary, the Harlem-based *Amsterdam News* each week ran, beginning on its front page, an editorial under the headline "KOCH MUST RESIGN," or a variation thereof. Jim Dwyer, of *Newsday*—the only local daily that endorsed Dinkins in the 1989 primary—made a similar suggestion a few weeks ago in a column that must have caused pain to the Mayor, who speaks often of the virtues of civility. Dwyer complained that Dinkins "whines constantly about federal money, then dresses for that night's party," and was failing to take care of many of the city's critical problems, because he "couldn't be bothered with government." The headline was "HEY DAVE: DON'T WHINE, RESIGN." Politesse isn't always the way to go in this city.

At the beginning of last month, it seemed that the mayoral campaign would stretch ahead only too predictably until the primary, on September 14th. During the seven weeks between that date and the November election, the hostilities between Dinkins and Giuliani in the rerun of their 1989 near-standoff were sure to be caterwauling, big-headline stuff, but the sniping carried on over the summer by the Mayor and his two main challengers, Stein and Badillo, would get only perfunctory attention, because of the polls. They showed Stein as much as thirty-six points behind the Mayor, even though Stein—with considerable help from his multimillionaire father—had raised almost five million dollars for the race and had spent about three-quarters of it, mainly for television commercials stressing his mayor-worthy qualities. And Badillo's campaign, despite his position as the local Latino eminence (though he has long been out of office) and elder statesman (though he often points out that, at sixty-three, he is "years younger"—two, actually—than Dinkins), attracted so little money or public interest that his ratings in the polls were in the single digits. There is no Republican primary this year, in contrast to 1989, when a Giuliani rival, Ronald Lauder, spent nearly fourteen million dollars in a television campaign whose tone was so savage that many political commentators considered it a major factor in Giuliani's loss to Dinkins. Giuliani's 1993 summer promised to be more placid. On May 2nd, the *News* described his weekly schedule in the next months. Under the headline "RUDY'S PLAN: HIDE, THEN RUN," it called him the Stealth candidate, who, while the Democrats squabbled among themselves, would surface only once in a while, when he felt like it.

Last month, a *Times*-CBS poll of New York voters showed them to be feeling a great sense of dreariness about the mayoral election. Forty-three per cent of them, representing all parties, said they wished there were some other candidate in the race. Though Stein is Jewish, the Jews who were polled were more unhappy with the choice of candidates than any other large ethnic group. Even among blacks, who gave Dinkins ninety-five per cent of their vote four years ago, one in three now wished there were someone else to vote for. By Memorial Day weekend, however, the number of mayoral candidates, far from expanding, was down to two—or three, if one counted Roy Innis, the head of the Congress of Racial Equality, who had the support of only five per cent of New Yorkers consulted in a mid-May poll, and who many believed would be unable to muster the

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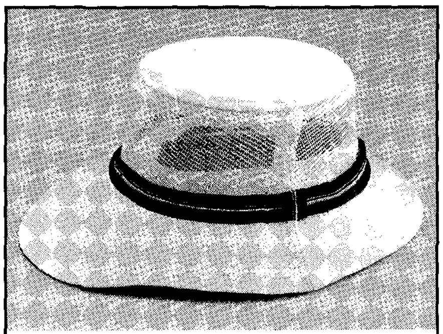

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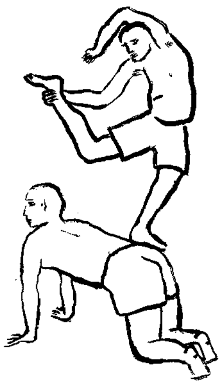
On May 13th, Badillo announced that because of his inability to raise campaign funds he was dropping out of the mayoral race and considering a race for comptroller—and not necessarily just on the Democratic line. In 1989, Dinkins' winning of more than seventy per cent of the Hispanic vote, along with a third of the Jewish vote (which, by all predictions, may be sharply lower this year, as a result of the controversy over his role in the Crown Heights disturbances), had made the difference for him in the close election. It was now apparent that the theory that blacks and Hispanics—the so-called minorities—could be counted on to vote more or less alike would have to be revised. A poll of Latinos in the city released on May 18th showed that more than eighty-four per cent of them believed that in Dinkins' time at City Hall race relations had been "not so good," and the "quality of life" in the city had deteriorated. Most alarming of all, perhaps, was the word that nearly two-thirds of the Latinos came down on the side of the many Italian-American and Irish-American New Yorkers who do not think that public schools should teach tolerance of gays and lesbians, thus opposing one of the policies, supported by the schools chancellor, Joseph Fernandez, and by his champion, the Mayor, that had brought the bitter divisions among members of the Board of Education whose result will be Fernandez' involuntary departure from the school system at the end of this month. Over all, the poll showed that Dinkins' Latino support was down from the seventy per cent of 1989 to forty-three per cent. Suddenly, Badillo, who, a few days earlier, couldn't even get his phone calls returned, was under siege from both the Giuliani and the Dinkins camps. As a candidate for comptroller (a post for which, with both law and accounting degrees, he has the credentials), he would be the only Latino most Latinos had ever heard of in the running for a citywide office.



The news that Badillo might be available to run as the Republican nominee for comptroller put a quick end to the Stealth candidate's plan to lie low, in favor of launching a revival movement: a fusion ticket. Until a couple of decades ago, when the powers of the clubhouse bosses fell into a decline, candidates for the three citywide offices ran as part of ethnically balanced tickets that were named by the bosses and usually included an Irish-American, an Italian-American, and a Jew, those being the significant voting blocs of the time. Anyone calling Democratic headquarters in 1965, for example, would hear a singsong voice respond with "Beame, O'Connor, Procaccino," the candidates—Abraham Beame, Frank O'Connor, and Mario Procaccino—for mayor, president of the City Council, and comptroller, respectively. Since then, tickets, balanced or not, have been out of style. Giuliani got to work not only to bring back the balanced ticket (in response to local demographic changes, it would include the Hispanic Badillo) but to revive the fusion movement, which would also have the advantage of associating his candidacy with the colorful and energetic Fiorello LaGuardia, who in election years is everybody's favorite mayor. Beginning in the early nineteen-thirties, LaGuardia—like Giuliani, a Republican running in a Democratic city (the Democratic margin here is five to one)—not only ran but was elected three times as part of what he called a fusion movement, made up of Republicans, Democrats disillusioned with Tammany Hall, and members of a party of which the present Liberal Party is a descendant.

As Giuliani waited for Badillo to decide which way to go, he stunned the Dinkins forces by making his first move toward a fusion slate. On May 21st, he signed on Susan Alter, a Democratic City Council member from Brooklyn, who is an Orthodox Jew and is married to a rabbi, to run as part of his ticket for the new job of public advocate. She was one of Dinkins' first important Jewish supporters four years ago, and she won last year even though her district is heavily black. Ms. Alter is known as a fierce campaigner. Democratic State Assemblyman Clarence Norman, who is Brooklyn's first black county chairman, has described her as a "pit bull," a description that may have appealed to her more than an animal-world comparison made by Chris Owens, the chairman of the Kings County Democratic Coalition: after her switch to Giuliani's side, Owens said that she had "the political integrity of a hamster." On May 27th, Badillo joined Giuliani's slate as a candidate for comptroller; he would also be a candidate on the Liberal and the Democratic lines. "This is not a fusion ticket. It is a confusion ticket" was the glum comment of Bill Lynch, who is Dinkins' campaign manager this year, as he was in 1989.

On the morning of May 27th, Andrew Stein, having announced twelve hours earlier that he was absolutely not going to drop out of the mayoral race, announced that he was dropping out of the mayoral race. He had made a 6:30 A.M. call to Cuomo, who commended him for his decision, which Stein said had been made in the interests of party unity. He did not have much choice, really. Despite all his money, he was at least thirty points behind Dinkins in the polls. "Victory has a thousand fathers and defeat is an orphan," said his twenty-two-thousand-dollar-a-month political consultant. "I went to the mountaintop," said Stein, who is forty-eight and may run for mayor again next time out. Meanwhile, he endorsed Dinkins for reëlection. The Mayor did not reciprocate when Stein announced that he would now be running for reëlection to his present job, under its new name of public advocate.

As the mayoral race has cleared out, getting close to one against one, the contests for the two other citywide posts have grown increasingly crowded. The Democratic primary in the comptroller's race includes, in addition to Badillo, State Assemblyman Alan Hevesi, of Queens, and the incumbent, Elizabeth Holtzman, to whom Hevesi lost four years ago, and who is another political old familiar. First elected to the House of Representatives in 1972, she ran successfully for Brooklyn district attorney in 1981 and 1985 and unsuccessfully for the United States Senate in 1980 and again last year—two very bitter races from which D'Amato emerged the win-

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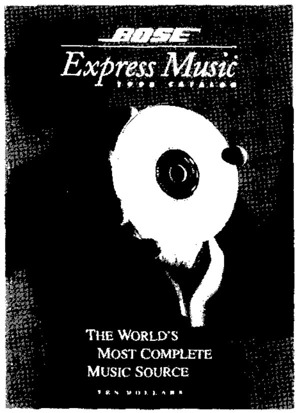

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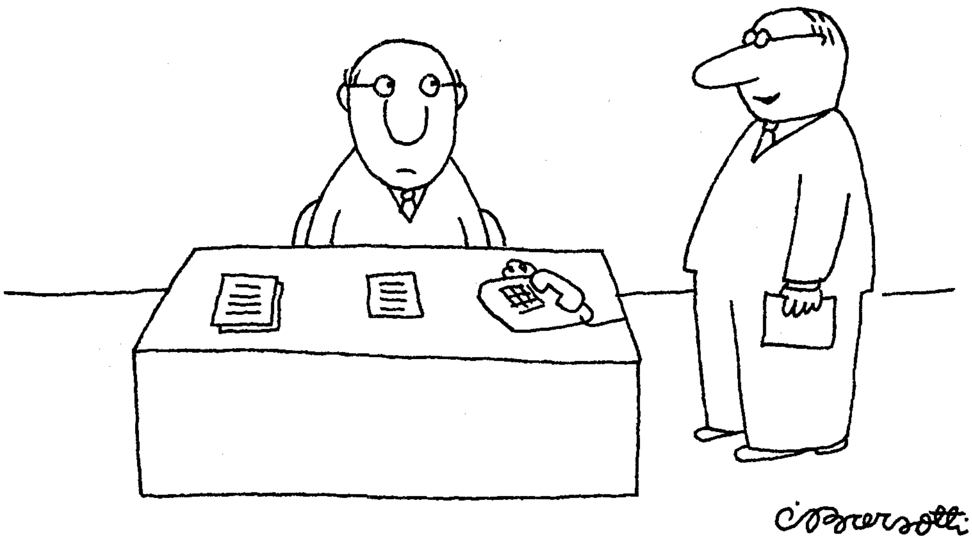

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ner. The name that will crop up most often in the campaign for comptroller, however, is that of the candidate who came in third in last year's Democratic senatorial primary, ahead of Holtzman, Al Sharpton—if others don't mention this aspect of her record, he will do so himself. Despite frequent suggestions that the office of public advocate be abolished, six people besides Stein have announced plans to run for it. Among them is Dinkins' former Consumer Affairs Commissioner, Mark Green, who has lowered his political sights considerably since 1986, when he was the candidate for the United States Senate against D'Amato. After Stein ducked back into the public-advocate race, and Green was urged to drop out, in the interests of party unity, he said that only one thing would persuade him to withdraw: "death" (in case anyone should tend not to think of municipal politics as a serious enterprise). Jimmy Carter, in fact, gave the same answer when he was asked, in 1976, if there was any development that would cause him to drop out of the Presidential race—which, Green may happily recall, Carter won. Another announced candidate for advocate, State Senator David Paterson, has said that he will not withdraw, although some of the Mayor's campaign advisers are said to have expressed dismay over the possibility that there might be a second African-American on the Dinkins ticket. Paterson's father, Basil, for decades an influential political figure on the local scene (in 1970, he was the Democratic nominee for lieutenant governor), supported his son's decision, although he has been one of Dinkins' longtime friends and political allies. He expressed concern over the black establishment's policy of insisting that younger blacks wait their turn for decades, until members of the older generation got out of their way. Paterson pointed out that his son is thirty-eight, and that there are few young blacks in the city's political leadership—a circumstance that may explain the prominence and popularity in many less traditional black circles of the thirty-eight-year-old Reverend Al.

The divisions in this year's election are not only between generations. They are also, inevitably, racial and ethnic, and will probably involve references to moral values—references that were memorably in evidence in the seven-member Board of Education's decision last February not to renew Fernandez' contract. Besides the objections of the four-member majority to his so-called Rainbow curriculum (which, among its other elements, would be more culturally diverse, in acknowledgment of the fact that the student population is now less than twenty per cent white), the vote was seen as being partly racial: Fernandez is Hispanic, and of the votes to let him continue his work two came from black members appointed by Dinkins (whose political base is Manhattan)—one of them Carl McCall, the board's president—and one from a Hispanic, appointed by Manhattan Borough President Ruth Messinger. The conflict was also geographic: all the losers were from Manhattan, and those on the winning side were from Brooklyn, the Bronx, Queens, and Staten Island. And partisan politics played a role: two in the majority are open supporters of Giuliani. Religion had a part as well: the four in the majority—who inevitably became known in black and Hispanic neighborhoods as the Gang of Four—were Roman Catholics. After the vote, John Cardinal O'Connor, who had come out strongly against the Rainbow curriculum, commended the four, from the pulpit at St. Patrick's, for what he called their wisdom and courage, demonstrating to many New Yorkers once again that, no matter who is elected in any November, he is the city's most powerful politician.

THE year 1993 could turn out to be a learning experience for the Mayor. He has certainly revised his views of New Yorkers, who on at least one occasion he divided into two categories—his people and the other folks—according to what kind of ship their forebears travelled here in. The conviction among not only white but Hispanic and Asian voters that blacks, who account for a quarter of the city's population, have been getting the breaks in the Dinkins regime has been turning up in polling data on the mayoral race which have crossed Cuomo's desk, and which he discussed recently with Fred Dicker, the *Post's* Albany bureau chief. The data also showed that the Mayor is seen as "too Manhattan-oriented." Cuomo's advice was to "work with the borough presidents, stay close to their agendas, work with Queens, work with Brooklyn, the Bronx. And don't give up on Staten Island." The Governor said that the Mayor had to demonstrate his interest "in the whole city," in order to avoid losing what promised to be a very close election. During his early days at City Hall, in the euphoria over being elected New York's first black mayor, Dinkins seemed not always to have the whole city on his mind—not in unreflective moments, anyway.

In September of that first year, as the Mayor marched at noontime in the annual African-American Day parade, Marie Brenner, a *Vanity Fair* reporter who had been spending several days with him, asked as she walked beside him if he planned to go to the opening of the newly refurbished Ellis Island that evening, which she herself would be attending. At the ceremony, several hundred awards were to be handed out to Americans whose forebears had disembarked there, and also to some others, such as the Mayor, who had been invited to the event. He said that he had declined the invitation, explaining, "I don't want any part of that! Ellis Island is for the people who came over on the ships! My people came over in chains." This view seemed to be a long way from what Cuomo had cited a year earlier as the reason people should vote for Dinkins: "He will bring us together." The discrepancy caught several people's attention, and the comment was published in newspapers and magazines. Ed Koch, whose parents landed at Ellis Island, printed it in his newspaper column. ("That's bringing us together?")

Last December, Raymond Harding, the head of the Liberal Party, included the Dinkins quotation in a letter sent to the Party's members asking whether this was the kind of philosophy they could support in a mayoral candidate this year. Dinkins did not at that time disavow the 1990 quotation to Harding, any more than he had to others who had reported his remarks. It wasn't until the first day of last month, when he was being interviewed by Liberal Party leaders for their possible endorsement in the election—they endorsed Giuliani instead—that he complained that he had never said such a thing. Last month, too, his press secretary, Lee Jones, told the *Times* that the reason Dinkins had not attended the opening ceremonies at Ellis Island in 1990 was that he was marching in the African-American parade that day. Since the Mayor may participate in eight or ten events each day, stretching from morning to late at night, and since back in 1990 the reporter had easily made the two events, this seemed to be an example of pushing the envelope of plausibility—which is what a candidate's staff is expected to engage in in an election year.

Earlier this spring—possibly after Giuliani made a campaign film showing him and his family visiting Ellis Island, where they were able to find a record of his grandfather's landing there—it occurred to someone in the Mayor's campaign that Ellis Island would be a wonderfully convenient place for a fund-raiser. One was held there, at a thousand dollars a plate, on May 11th. Holding such events at Ellis Island, one member of the campaign staff explained, would underline a campaign theme of "inclusiveness . . . that we're all one people," and another described the island as "quintessentially the symbol of the city's diversity in the best sense." In appreciation of these sentiments, the Dinkins campaign treasury was rewarded with a million dollars from the May 11th fund-raiser, the Mayor's first visit to Ellis Island. ♦

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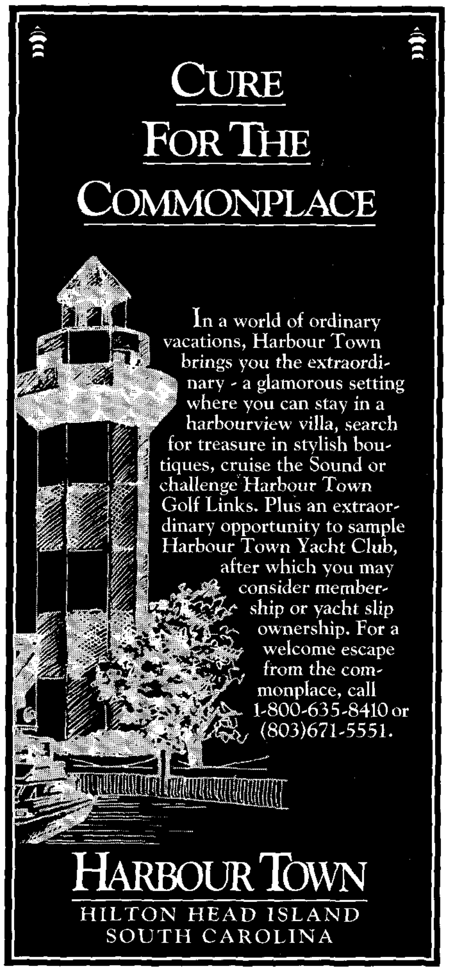

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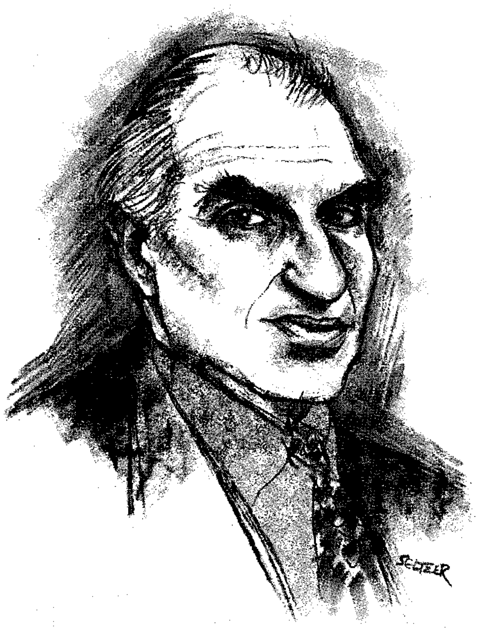
ONWARD AND UPWARD WITH THE ARTS

THE MAN FROM BAM

The Brooklyn Academy of Music is America's foremost venue for daring and experimental performance, but twenty-five years ago no one thought it could survive—except Harvey Lichtenstein.

BY BEN BRANTLEY

WHEN Harvey Lichtenstein talks about his twenty-six years as the head of the Brooklyn Academy of Music—the slumbering nonprofit arts center that he transformed into America's most visible showcase for experimental performance—it tends to be in imperatives. "You've gotta make choices," he says, in his raspy Brooklynese. "And I did what I hadda do. In fact, I hadda do it. If I was going to be able to accomplish what I've accomplished, and reach the state that I've reached, I mean, I just had to do it, and do it that way." Though the voice is purely a product of an urban New York childhood, the sentiments it expresses echo the cowboy movies that Lichtenstein says "played in me" throughout his first, struggling years at the Academy, which was then widely perceived as a moldy anachronism. The films were "High Noon" and "Shane," Westerns in which strapping, isolated men stoically take on tasks no one else is willing to tackle.



"Theatre is the meeting place between two sides of life, the ideal and the practical," the director Peter Brook says. "Harvey's an extreme example of that."

ISADORE SELTZER

Today, Peter Brook and Ingmar Bergman—European directors whose theatrical work has been memorably presented by the Academy—have replaced Gary Cooper and Alan Ladd in Lichtenstein's pantheon of personal heroes. But he describes them in language that is curiously similar. Bergman and Brook, as Lichtenstein sees them, are also bold, purposeful individualists who will do whatever is required "to get what they need, to do what they have to do."

At sixty-four, Lichtenstein doesn't look like a cowboy. With large, jagged features, thundercloud eyebrows, and a predilection for dark shirts and frantically patterned ties, he looks like a German Expressionist's idea of an American gangster. His manner shifts between steely concentration and rattling impatience, but it is leavened by a hopeful, eager smile, which exposes almost all his upper teeth. When Lichtenstein, who began his professional life as a dancer, talks of performance-anxiety dreams he used to have, in which he found himself onstage without knowing his part, it seems surprising, because it's difficult to imagine him ever not knowing his part. A more recent nightmare he describes seems far more appropriate: he's driving a car and can't find the accelerator.

This month, Harvey Lichtenstein celebrates a quarter century at the Academy—which since 1973, in a marketing-department nod to its increasingly explosive nature, has been referred to by its acronym, BAM—with a party on June 15th at the BAM Majestic Theatre, a former Brooklyn vaudeville and movie palace that he renovated expressly for Peter Brook's nine-hour "Mahabharata." There will be testimonials from choreographers, composers, directors, and performers whom Lichtenstein introduced to mainstream audiences at a time when few other American producers were willing to gamble on them, and also from city politicians and the heads of corporations and foundations from whom Lichtenstein has tirelessly wrangled money in order to keep BAM breathing. The press notices for the gala do not mention that, technically, it should have occurred last year, since Lichtenstein took over BAM in 1967. But in 1992 he was otherwise engaged, furiously doing what he felt he had to do. That was the year when Lichtenstein decided, unequivocally, that BAM would present "Les Atrides," the French director Ariane Mnouchkine's epic (ten-hour, four-part), expansively multicultural retelling of Aeschylus' "The Oresteia" and Euripides' "Iphigenia in Aulis." The production had already been booked to play in a stadium in Montreal in September, and when Lichtenstein learned that it was crossing the ocean he knew he wanted it in Brooklyn.

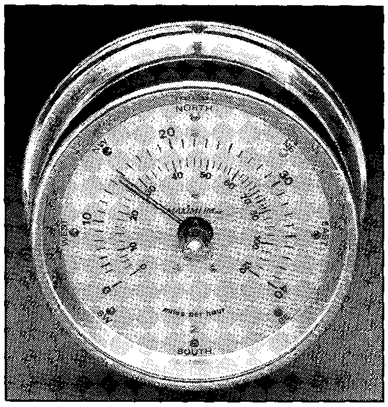
The timing was not ideal. "It was sometime like May or June, after we had really made our final decisions on what we were going to do for programming for the season," Lichtenstein recalled recently, seated in the same vast office he took uneasy possession of back in 1967. "So there was no room to go any further in our budget. And here we are, taking on this million-dollar budget. And we figured out, in terms of performance, the most we could gross in ticket sales was around three hundred thousand dollars. It was one of the two or three riskiest things we've ever done, financially. I knew that artistically it made sense." Also, none of BAM's four theatrical spaces could adequately contain the production; the Academy would have to lease, and transform, the Park Slope Armory, an arena larger than a football field.

Lichtenstein took the idea to Karen Brooks Hopkins, the executive vice-president and chief fund-raiser of BAM, who told him he was crazy. She and her staff had just finished putting the money in place to bring over the National Theatre's production of "Richard III" from London, and they were all exhausted. "Doing 'Les Atrides' was insane—totally insane," Hopkins says. "I begged him—we fought bitterly. We'd worked on the 'Mahabharata' fund-raising for two years. And here was something coming in with the same kind of need, and we were working on it for about thirty minutes."

With extensive help from Annie Cohen-Solal, then the French cultural counsellor in New York, who rounded up a weighty consortium of French business patrons, BAM secured roughly half a million dollars in advance funding. But there were other problems along the way, some stemming from what Lichtenstein saw as Mnouchkine's insistence on excessive autonomy and control. "She's absolutely, totally focussed on just one thing," he says—a strange criticism, coming from him.

Nonetheless, "Les Atrides" was triumphantly produced, over a ten-day period, to sold-out houses. But as a result BAM began its next season with a deficit of two hundred and twenty thousand dollars. "We've been playing catch-up the whole season," said a weary-sounding Hopkins, who observed of her employer, "The thing that is key to understanding Harvey is that his greatest attribute is also his greatest flaw—and that is he will bet the ranch every time on what he believes in."

WITH the exception of the late Joseph Papp, the head of the Public Theatre, no single figure in New York culture in recent years has been as inextricably and enduringly identified with an institution as Harvey Lichtenstein has been with BAM. But in 1967, when the thirty-seven-year-old Lichtenstein, with a scant three years of experience in arts administration behind him, took charge of the hundred-and-six-year-old Academy, few people expected him or the institution to last more than a few more years. The Academy had a glorious history as a center for opera, theatre, and classical music. Among the performers who had appeared there were Caruso, Bernhardt, Duse, and Booth, and the musicians ranged from Rubinstein to Heifetz. It had survived a 1903 fire, which levelled the original building. (The formidable Neo-Italianate structure that houses the Academy today was completed in 1908.) By the nineteen-sixties, though, in the light of the borough's economic decline and the mass defection of much of its middle class, the Brooklyn Academy seemed destined to disappear, like such apparently indestructible local mainstays as the Brooklyn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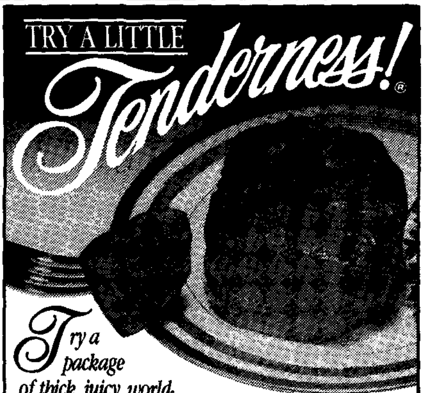
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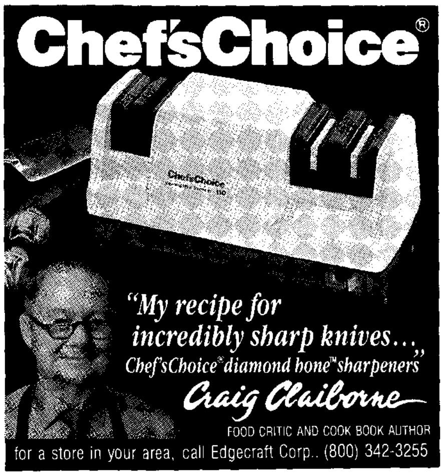
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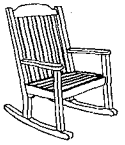
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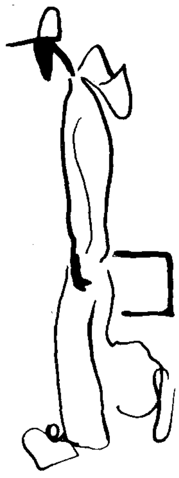
Eagle and the Brooklyn Dodgers. The neighborhood around it had degenerated, and the Academy, whose cultural schedule was emphasizing travelogues and dramatic readings, had taken to leasing space to a karate class and a small prep school. "Everybody was expecting it to die," I was told by Seth Faison, who became the chairman of the Academy's board in 1966. "And nobody wanted to be involved with something that was dying."

Lichtenstein, who had successfully helped create a subscription program for New York City Ballet, saw in the job a singular opportunity to try out his own ideas about programming. He knew that in order for the Academy to survive it would have to attract a Manhattan audience, and in order to attract that audience it would have to provide something that wouldn't be available on Broadway or at Lincoln Center. So he looked to what was still, in those days, referred to unapologetically as the avant-garde. In his first season, he booked Alban Berg's haunting, atonal masterpiece, "Lulu," performed by the American National Opera, under the direction of Sarah Caldwell, for its New York première, and gave the maverick choreographer Merce Cunningham his first major New York season. The two succeeding seasons saw the return from European exile of the Living Theatre of Julian Beck and Judith Malina, the choreography of Twyla Tharp, and one of the first full-scale productions of the calculatedly disorienting, time-splintering theatre of Robert Wilson, "The Life and Times of Sigmund Freud." Lichtenstein was regularly running deficits, but critics were increasingly paying attention, particularly to the innovative dance that was being staged there. Though attendance figures were erratic, the Academy was once again being talked about in the media as a national mecca of the arts. It was as if, *Dance Magazine* noted in 1968, Queen Victoria had donned a miniskirt.

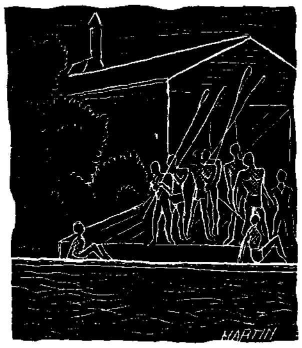


Ever since—amid such crises as the 1977 flooding of the opera house and the near-bankruptcy that followed the failure of a BAM repertory company in 1980—Lichtenstein has walked a tightrope between artistic enthusiasm and fiscal responsibility, arduously seducing performers to whom playing Brooklyn was once anathema, and prevailing upon patrons to finance risky work they have never heard of. Philip Glass, a composer whose work has appeared regularly at the academy since 1981, feels that Lichtenstein is unique in his ability to assemble the "four elements" essential to non-mainstream entrepreneurship: "He gets the talent, the audience, the place, and the money. If one of them is missing, it's not going to happen. And he can do all four."

This balancing act has been most fully realized in BAM's Next Wave Festival, which, with the substantial patronage of Philip Morris, was inaugurated in 1983 to represent, Lichtenstein wrote in the festival's promotional magazine, "the current generation's quest to extend the boundaries of artistic expression." Built around such stylishly subversive performers as Laurie Anderson and the choreographers Bill T. Jones and Arnie Zane, and ushered in with dinners that were chaired by celebrities such as Bianca Jagger and Diane Keaton, the Next Wave attracted what BAM had previously lacked—a large core subscription audience. Joseph V. Melillo, the Next Wave producer, says, "There was a young, vibrant audience in New York City made up of those entertainment/cultural types, all wearing black, who inhabit the East Village–SoHo time period back in 1983. And they were mixing with all these yuppies who were making beaucoup bucks downtown, and BAM became a scene." The heartening demographics of that audience—trendy, young (by theatre- and concertgoing standards), and with a large disposable income—inspired Manhattan's mainstream cultural institutions to take another look at their repertory. (No one doubts that Lincoln Center's current Serious Fun festival is a direct descendant of the Next Wave.)

But the Next Wave Festival has also provoked resentful cries from critics who, as Jedediah Wheeler, the co-producer, with Jane S. Moss, of Serious Fun, put it, "want their avant-garde put in a particular kind of box—as soon as it gets wrapped in Bloomingdale's tissue, they don't want it." Others see in Lichtenstein's increasing emphasis on large international theatre productions—the works of Brook, Bergman, and London's National Theatre, and also William Christie's Les Arts Florissants, a Paris-based Baroque music ensemble—a move away from grittier, homegrown stuff.

Lichtenstein seems only slightly nettled by criticisms of slickness. "I still think we encourage a kind of roughness," he said on a shuttle flight from New York to Boston, on his way to see rehearsals at the American Repertory Theatre, in Cambridge, of Glass's new opera, "Orphée" (based on the Jean Cocteau movie), which will be coming to BAM this fall. "We did a piece of Bill T. Jones's a couple of years ago, 'Last Supper at Uncle Tom's Cabin.' Boy, that wasn't slick. It lasted two and a half hours. And it involved lots of people who weren't dancers. It was very confrontational in lots of ways—with his ideas about racism and homosexuality, and so on. And I think it was one of the best pieces we've ever done. And I absolutely loved it. And the audience loved it."



This is the sort of cheerleading statement that Lichtenstein makes often, with unconditional sincerity. No one who knows him seems to doubt his unwithering enthusiasm for the work he presents, or his respect for the individual artist. "I've never distrusted his involvement with—shall we say the bad word?—the avant-garde," Bill T. Jones says. "I've always assumed that he has a kind of gleeful appreciation of it, like a person watching something from the sidelines that he knows is important. There's something very humble in it."

Accordingly, Lichtenstein, when his administrative schedule permits, continues to scour the world, in three-cities-in-four-days trips, seeking out productions to import. His concentration as an audience member is famous. During the "Orphée" rehearsals in Cambridge, he seemed to turn to stone, with only the tip of one shiny brown shoe, which bobbed tentatively to the rhythms of the music, betraying any sign of animation.

His response to such work is, Joe Melillo says, more "kinetic, intuitive" than intellectual. His wife, Phyllis, says, "He reacts with his gut, not his mind." When he talks about performances, his language is distinctly non-academic, consisting largely of adjectives like "astonishing," "extraordinary," and, above all, "terrific," which he used seventeen times on our brief flight from New York to Boston. Here, for example, is Lichtenstein talking about "The Black Rider," a new piece by the often arcane Robert Wilson which—initially delayed because of city budget cuts in 1991—will finally be part of BAM's Next Wave this November: "It's a terrific piece. I saw it in Germany and France, in Hamburg and at the Châtelet. It's gonna surprise people, because it's a very, in a sense, in quotation marks, commercial piece. It's fast, it's funny, and the score, by Tom Waits, is wonderful and enjoyable. It has a lot of jokes in it. It's got a lot of vaudeville shtick in it. It's a terrific piece, a piece anybody could enjoy."

Lichtenstein has sometimes antagonized the performers he presents. Working from a rigorously circumscribed budget, he has been known to talk about larger sums of money than he can deliver and to insist contractually that artists cover certain costs themselves—particularly those involving extra rehearsal time on BAM's union stages. He speaks regretfully of his controversial decision, in 1990, to cut short the run of "Endangered Species," Martha Clarke's surreal series of animated tableaux featuring an extensive menagerie, after it received scathing reviews. But he is back in touch with Clarke, and sees no reason they shouldn't work together again. "You can't not like the guy, because he keeps coming back and wanting to do more," Glass says.

While some critics have objected to the "greenhouse" collaborations between performing and visual artists, which BAM has fostered since the late seventies, none of the performers I spoke to felt that Lichtenstein had ever tried to dictate the nature of their work. Bill T. Jones, who described Lichtenstein as "fatherly but not paternalistic," said, "He always asks us, 'What do you want to do?' I have to give that to Harvey. I think it pays to know beforehand what he's inclined toward, but I don't give a lot of attention to it." Jones also talked about Lichtenstein's visit to Arnie Zane, Jones's collaborator, in 1988, when Zane was dying of AIDS in

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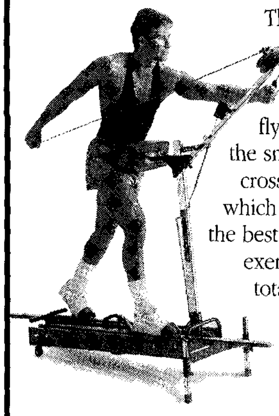

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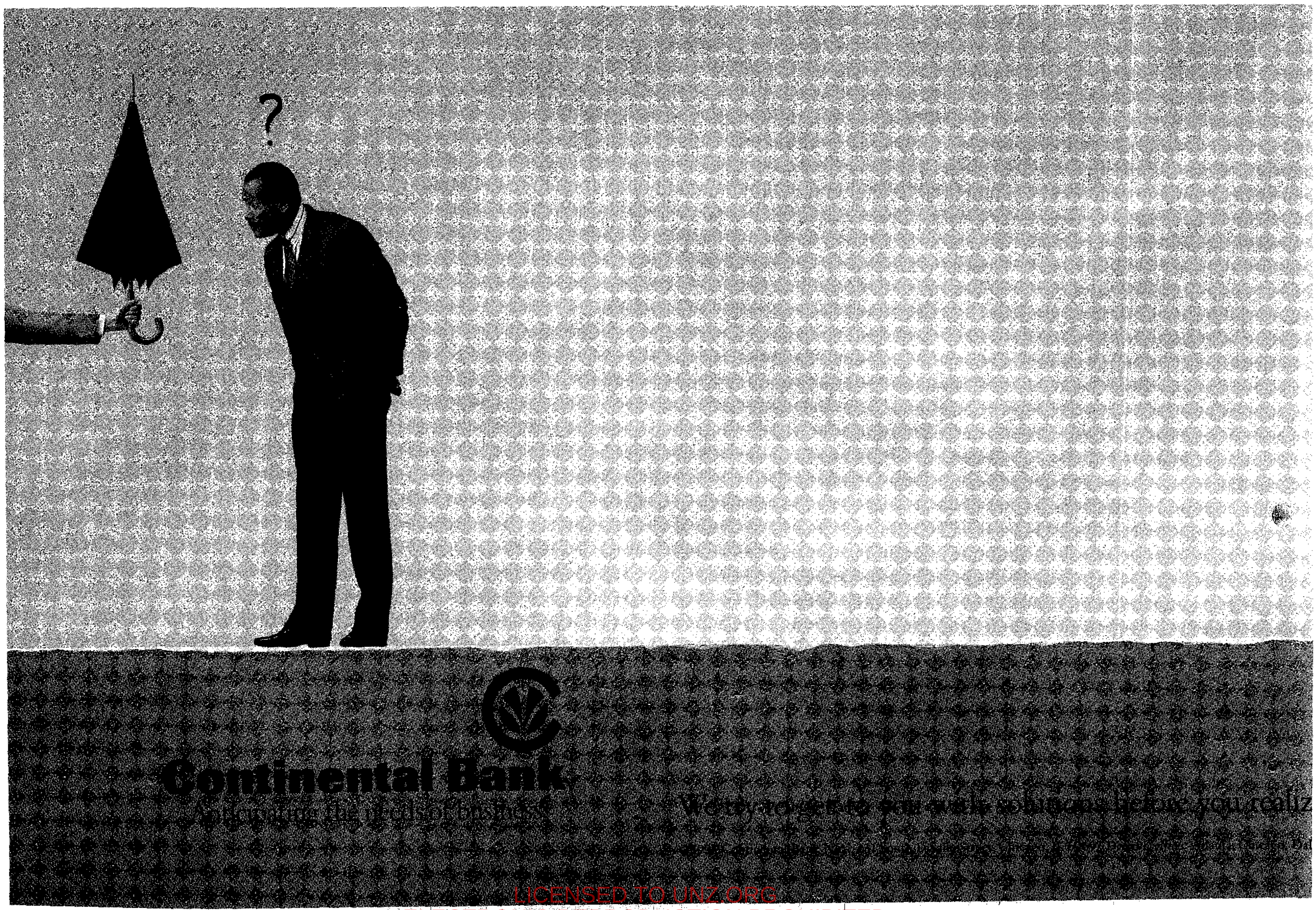
St. Luke's–Roosevelt Hospital Center. He recalled Lichtenstein, "with his big hands, sort of patting Arnie's cheek and saying 'How ya doin', kid?' " "We sat there," Jones went on, "and Arnie, with my help, outlined our next project, that was going to involve fifty-two naked people, and so forth. Harvey said, 'O.K., we'll do it.' " That was "Last Supper at Uncle Tom's Cabin," performed two and a half years later.

For the man Lichtenstein describes as a "mentor"—the nomadic English director Peter Brook, who first worked at BAM in 1971, when his groundbreaking "A Midsummer Night's Dream," for the Royal Shakespeare Company, played there—he created a new theatre. After "The Mahabharata" opened in Avignon, in 1985, Lichtenstein—who had lost Brook's "La Tragédie de Carmen" to Lincoln Center several years earlier, because none of the BAM facilities provided appropriate space—was determined, Brook recalls, that "come what may, 'Mahabharata' would not come to Broadway." Brook and his designer flew over from Paris to see about converting BAM's opera house, but felt that it was impossible. Shortly afterward, Lichtenstein excitedly called Brook, who was back in Paris, to announce that he had just investigated an abandoned movie house, two blocks away from BAM, that he thought would serve Brook's purposes splendidly. So, at a cost of five million dollars—and with the Borough of Brooklyn (in what Karen Hopkins says was one of "the fastest passed-through contracts in city history") providing four million two hundred thousand of it—the Majestic Theatre was painstakingly restored, to Brook's specifications. Like Les Bouffes du Nord, Brook's own theatre in Paris, it deliberately retained a feeling of decrepitude and had hard, sleep-preventing benches, which inspired the director and critic Robert Brustein to dub it "the theatre of pain." (Lichtenstein maintains that the seats are truly comfortable.) "Theatre is the meeting place between two sides of life, the ideal and the practical," Brook says. "Harvey's an extreme example of that."

The practical Lichtenstein is the man who maintains a BAM lobbyist, Gordon Davis, in City Hall. On the day I travelled with him to Cambridge, planning for the new city budget was in its final phases, and during the intervals of the "Orphée" rehearsals Lichtenstein was on the phone to New York, monitoring, to the nickel, what BAM could expect for the coming year. His mood changed visibly with each call. "I had thought the budget was set yesterday," he said anxiously after the rehearsals, as he dialled his office from a pay phone on Brattle Street. "It wasn't." But by the end of the day, several calls later, he was smiling. "If the commissioner says it's O.K., I guess it's O.K.," he said.

An urgent sense of contingency still floods Lichtenstein's weekly meetings with BAM's vice-presidents. One I sat in on, last month, had the pace of a Howard Hawks comedy, as Lichtenstein exchanged financial data with his various executives—balancing ticket sales, anticipated budgets, and projected donations—and fired a fusillade of questions: How many tickets still had to be sold for Bergman's "Peer Gynt," which would



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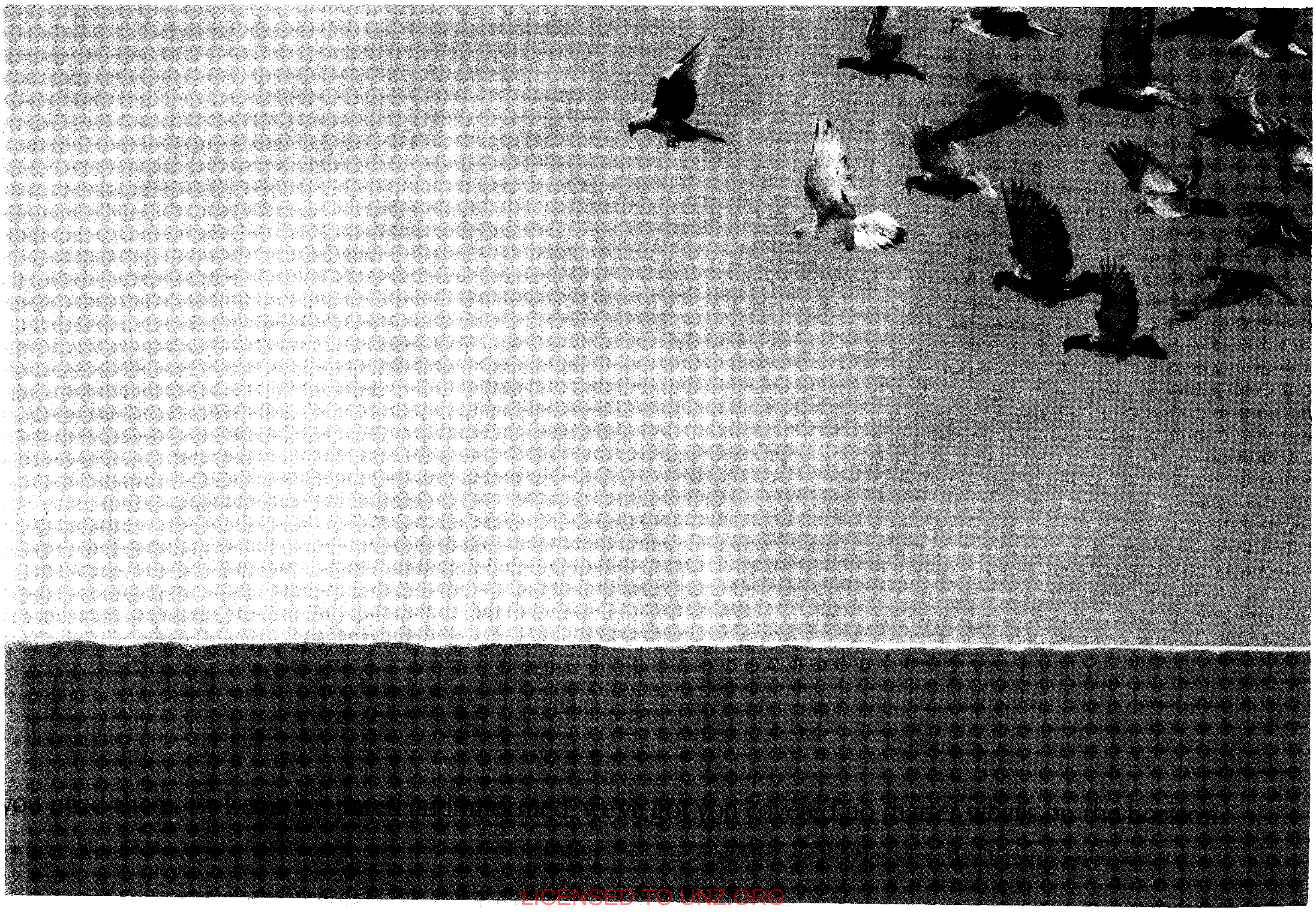
open the following week, in order to meet projections? Did it make sense financially to add extra performances of the other Bergman work, "Madame de Sade," since it had got a stunning advance notice? Would the choreographer Mark Morris donate enough extra performances of his iconoclastic "The Hard Nut" to allow BAM to re-stage it for this Christmas season? Would Les Arts Florissants be able to secure the international financing to allow BAM to import its production of Charpentier's "Médée"? Why hadn't the details been set on Duke Ellington's unfinished musical "Queenie Pie," which the Brooklyn Philharmonic Orchestra (also under Lichtenstein's aegis) would be performing this fall? Lichtenstein said, "Let's talk about a tap dancer; let's talk about a conductor; let's get it *down*."

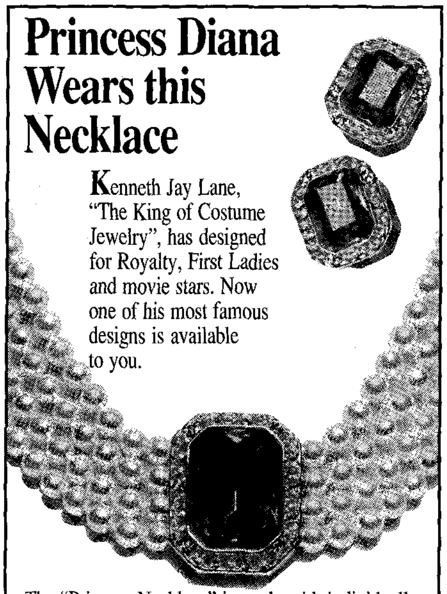
A few days later, Joe Melillo said, "When I look at Harvey Lichtenstein, I'm looking at a thirty-year-old man. The heat of the battle, the heat of the pursuit that I'm feeling—he sends off those juices." Then, less reverentially, he observed, "You know that Harvey was a brat as a kid. I totally know this. He was totally impatient. He wanted gratification now: 'Give it to me now! I want it now!' "

LICHTENSTEIN'S own account of his childhood doesn't suggest this at all. When he describes his upbringing, his language becomes disconcertingly tentative, and he is unsure about dates and places. He was born in 1929, and grew up mostly in Brooklyn, an only child and a loner, plagued by asthma. His father, Samuel Lichtenstein, who immigrated from Poland when he was seventeen, was an atheist in rebellion against his family, who had wanted him to become a rabbi. He worked—unhappily—in a millinery factory and later ran a stationery store with his wife, Jennie, who had come to this country from Russia as an infant; he found refuge in chess and in playing classical music on his violin. "He was somewhat morose, also very much alone," Lichtenstein said. "I felt very competitive, I guess, with my father. So we used to have enormous arguments when I was a teen-ager. It was difficult for me to feel that I could ever beat him in chess and everything. That was a real obstacle for me to overcome, and he didn't help a lot."

His mother came from a large family, Lichtenstein says, and was in many ways a nurturing and generous-spirited woman. "When people were ill at the end, she was the one who came in and helped take care of them," he told me. With her own child, however, she was "very distant," he said, adding, "And she was very, kind of— I don't know if you'd call it daydreaming, but I felt very often that she simply wasn't there, that she was very much absorbed in her own thoughts. And that upset me. I felt I couldn't get her attention." To this day, he says, he is most affected by works of art that are about "family and loss and connection, which is something that I deeply felt I really hadn't experienced."

Lichtenstein attended Brooklyn Technical High School, whose building he can see from BAM, and went on to Brooklyn College, where he majored in history and English literature. From adolescence, he found himself increas-





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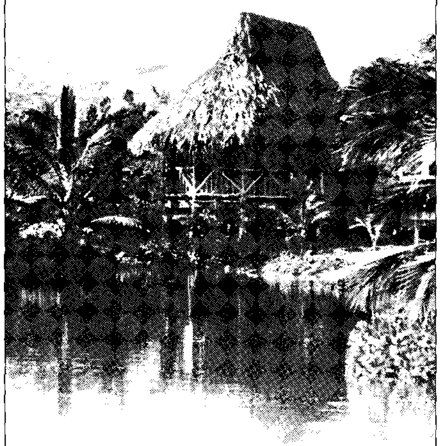

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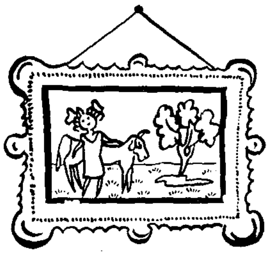
ingly drawn to the new art forms that were flourishing in this country—in poetry, painting (his cousin was married to the Abstract Expressionist Jack Tworkov), and, especially, dance. A college girlfriend introduced him to the work of Martha Graham, which, he said, completely "knocked me out." He began taking dance classes while still in college, and spent a memorable summer at Black Mountain College, in North Carolina, where he met Merce Cunningham and the painters Franz Kline and Robert Rauschenberg. He went on to dance professionally—supporting himself with jobs as a soda jerk and an elevator operator in Manhattan—for about five years, with the companies of Sophie Maslow and Pearl Lang, among others.

What he found in dance, he said, was a discipline that he felt he had previously lacked and also a sense of "camaraderie and family." One of his former dance instructors, Benjamin Harkarvy, who now teaches at the Juilliard School, recalled Lichtenstein as a pupil who had "this wonderfully obsessive quality about everything," and he went on, "He was strong, but he certainly lacked the flexibility and natural gifts that you hope a dancer might have. But, of course, he had a wonderful mind and that ability to really focus in on what he was doing." Lichtenstein offers a similar assessment: "I was somewhat stiff. But I had a lot of energy, and I had a lot of feeling. And much of that feeling that had been bottled up inside of me as a loner could come out in this kind of arena."

He wanted to become a choreographer but found that in composition classes "I'd get all tied up in knots—I just couldn't get it out." He still dances for himself, at home, when the mood strikes him. "When he starts to dance, it's fabulous," Phyllis said recently. "Because he doesn't carry himself like a dancer—he's lazy about himself that way. But, for example, one of his favorite musical groups is the Chieftains. And when we put them on he can't keep still. He gets up and he starts to dance. And all of a sudden the presence is there—the steps and the imagination."



The death of Lichtenstein's father, in 1958, signalled a revolution in his life. He remembers walking with his mother after his father's funeral and "feeling, all of a sudden, a tremendous sense of relief—like I was finally the man in the family. It was crazy. I was twenty-nine years old." At about that time, he quit dancing and got married.

In the early nineteen-sixties, he worked in the fund-raising department of Brandeis University, in Waltham, Massachusetts, and later he accepted a fifty-per-cent cut in salary to take on a paid internship (sponsored by the Ford Foundation) with New York City Ballet, during which he wrote program copy, painted toe shoes, and helped to book a tour. The following year, he was given a staff position with the subscription program for the ballet and, subsequently, the New York City Opera. The programs were conspicuous successes. In February of 1967, the Brooklyn Academy board asked Lichtenstein to take over as director.

At the same time, his relationship with his first wife, Evelyn Johnson, with whom he had had a son, Saul, in 1964, was unravelling. "It was tough," he said. "I mean, I, being who I was, was very much kind of locked away, and I think she was similar in that way. And gradually we became estranged from each other." In 1969, they divorced.

The same inhibitions seemed to shape his management of the Academy. "In those early years, I was a lone ranger," he said. "I mean, I ran this place out of my hip pocket. And I wasn't really a good manager, didn't know how to delegate, didn't have a lot of good people around. . . . It was partly fear—a fear that if I had other people around they'd realize how much I didn't know. . . . Part of the process I've gone through here has been learning to get beyond that and learning to have a terrific staff of people and deal collegially and work with them and admit what I don't know."

In 1970, he met Phyllis Holbrook, and they were married in November of the following year. She had been an assistant to Gian Carlo Menotti, the head of the Spoleto Festival, the fabled Italian performing-arts program, for which Lichtenstein was moonlighting. Phyllis Lichtenstein is a lean, handsome woman of patrician poise and dry, lucid wit. The daughter of the president of a large New York insurance-brokerage firm, she grew up in rebellion against "a very conventional upper-middle-class background," she says, and had no interest in golf, bridge, stockbrokers, or lawyers. She did have "a passionate interest in the arts." And in Lichtenstein she found "an extraordinary solution to what I wanted with my life," she says. "I was very excited by what Harvey was doing. Now, that, of course, leaves out the personal and the chemistry. However, this had a powerful effect."

The full extent of that effect soon became obvious, says Phyllis, especially after the birth of their son, John, in 1973. Life with Harvey was life with BAM. "We constantly had people at our house, and a lot of deals were put together over the dinner table," she recalls. "I was just learning to cook, and I had to learn fast. Because Harvey just—and I don't know why I took this, to tell you the truth—he just announced at least twice a week that So-and-So was coming to dinner. And when the companies came from abroad we'd have huge parties, which I organized, paid for, and gave. And they were kind of glorious days. In retrospect, I think I was exhausted, too, and more than a little bit resentful."

Phyllis Lichtenstein also points out that, although "there's nothing sunny about Harvey as a person," there remains in him "an extremely strong streak of optimism that has enabled him to do what he has done." The optimism was tested most rigorously in 1980, when he was forced to close down the BAM actors' repertory company, which had been directed for its two years of existence by David Jones, formerly of the Royal Shakespeare Company in London. Lichtenstein still speaks lovingly of the company, which he feels was unjustly sabotaged by the critics, and as he is describing its first season he seems to be trying to sell it all over again. Its failure left the Academy with a debt of nearly two million dollars and sent Lichtenstein into what one associate says was "great depression, serious depression."

Leonard Garment, a lawyer and a former adviser to the Nixon White House, who was the Academy's chairman of the board at that time, remembers going with Lichtenstein to City Hall to try to raise money to keep the in-

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stitution alive. "I still have this picture of him—I think we were waiting for a cab—wheezing with asthma," Garment says. "He was standing in the rain with drops of water dripping off his nose, and staring fixedly at the object of his temporary ardor—namely, a municipal building. And I thought, My God, this fellow's going to die in the process of raising the money."

Lichtenstein did raise the money, though—starting with a loan of half a million dollars from a consortium of banks—and he paid off the debt, he said, within four years. Since that time, he has made a point of sticking to budget (with the exception of the year of "Les Atrides") and has risen to increasing prominence as a hardheaded public spokesman for the arts in general—most conspicuously as a member of the advisory council to the National Endowment for the Arts, on which he has served for over six years. During an open council session that I witnessed, Lichtenstein was an animated, outspoken presence. When two other council members suggested that the endowment could not expect to have more money to distribute in the near future, he took the microphone and said, "Very quickly, I'm a fighter. When I hear people say they don't think anything's gonna happen in the next year, it gets me angry. . . . You can say it's realism. I say it's baloney!" When, later that day, Laurie Anderson appeared, to discuss the relationship between performers and audiences, and to ask the panel "to recognize that art can be and often is about politics as well as sex and violence, and to celebrate that in a way that accepts anarchism and creativity as well as more accepted politically correct truisms," Lichtenstein was jubilant. He rose to stand close to her for the latter part of her speech, hugging himself and grinning like a stage-door fan. "That was a very courageous thing for her to do," he said later, over dinner, adding that, although the council had given Anderson a standing ovation, he wondered how her remarks had really gone down. "I would have loved to go around that room and ask, 'What did you really think of that?' "

In fact, his own role with the council has been a source of some conflict for Lichtenstein, especially in the face of intensifying pressures from right-wing groups who feel that American tax dollars are being used to support work they consider "indecent." Though Lichtenstein was one of the few council members to openly support the confrontational work of Karen Finley—whose 1990 grant was revoked, as were the grants of three other controversial performance artists—and was the only one to publicly ask John Frohnmayer, the endowment's head at the time, to reconsider the rejections, he is perceived by at least one member of the New York arts community as a traitor to the cause of artistic freedom. Martha Wilson, who runs the Franklin Furnace, an arts center in Tribeca, says that Lichtenstein was "a participant in a collaborationist mentality," because he was one of seventeen of eighteen council members who voted to overturn an N.E.A. panel's recommendation for a grant to the Furnace in January of last year. The rejection was prompted largely by the viewing of a brief segment of a seventy-minute video that Wilson had sent in (part of a larger package of visual material) which showed a performance artist named Scarlet O asking a member of the audience to rub ointment on her thighs. Wilson describes Lichtenstein's vote as "an act of cowardice that shouldn't go unremarked."

"I really don't feel I betrayed her," Lichtenstein said recently. "I feel she betrayed herself." He added, "For the most part, I really felt I had to stand for the artist's right and really stand for the panel." He described Wilson's submission of the Scarlet O tape as deliberately provocative. He admitted, though, that the whole imbroglio had raised questions about compromise. He said, "I'm a survivor, in my years at BAM. But I've survived doing what I want to do, that's for sure. I haven't survived by giving away what's important. We've got to try to figure it out, to keep it going, but not by giving the store away."

"I was on Clinton's White House staff, but I got reshuffled."

LICHTENSTEIN continues to plot BAM's expansion. He has big plans for revamping the affiliated Brooklyn Philharmonic Orchestra, for strengthening BAM's offerings in opera, and for inaugurating a workshop program in which visual artists would be the initiators of performances, rather than mere collaborators in them. Accordingly, he finds little time for things that are not BAM-related. When I visited him on a recent Saturday morning at his apartment, on Gramercy Park, we sat in a den beneath framed photographs of BAM productions and drank coffee from BAM mugs while he talked to representatives of two French music groups about working at BAM. His chief form of relaxation, his wife said, is to watch football and basketball games on television. "And," she went on, "he sits in front of the TV just the way he sits in front of 'The Mahabharata.' At which point, I don't think there's a thought in his head."

Phyllis said that she shuddered to think what her husband would do if he ever retired from BAM. She pointed out that he "doesn't have an easy time relating to people when it doesn't have to do with BAM," and that he is at his most articulate when he is speaking about the Academy. The only time he seems to turn to introspection is when they go on vacation, she said, and that is also the only time he has to read. Often, he'll take a novel by Saul Bellow, whose moody, self-lacerating heroes he says he identifies with. "He'll read it on the beach, or wherever we are," Phyllis said. "Then he is so struck by what he is reading, on a profound level, that he becomes impossible to live with, because he gets so depressed."

"Why is that?" Lichtenstein echoed, when I brought this up. "I'm not sure why I get depressed, or sort of removed. I don't know what's going on." He said he identified particularly with the hero of Bellow's "Henderson the Rain King," a monumentally dissatisfied fifty-five-year-old man who—propelled by an inner voice that bewilderingly chants, "*I want, I want, I want*"—undertakes a self-examining odyssey through the jungles of Africa. "It haunts me, in a way—the idea of taking time off and doing that," Lichtenstein said. "It's something I find hard to allow myself to do. But there's a part of me that would love to do that—go on a journey of discovery and just sort of be away from everything and really seek inside yourself. There's a part of me that thinks of dealing with the process of meditation." There's only one problem. "I can't sit still for it," he said. ♦

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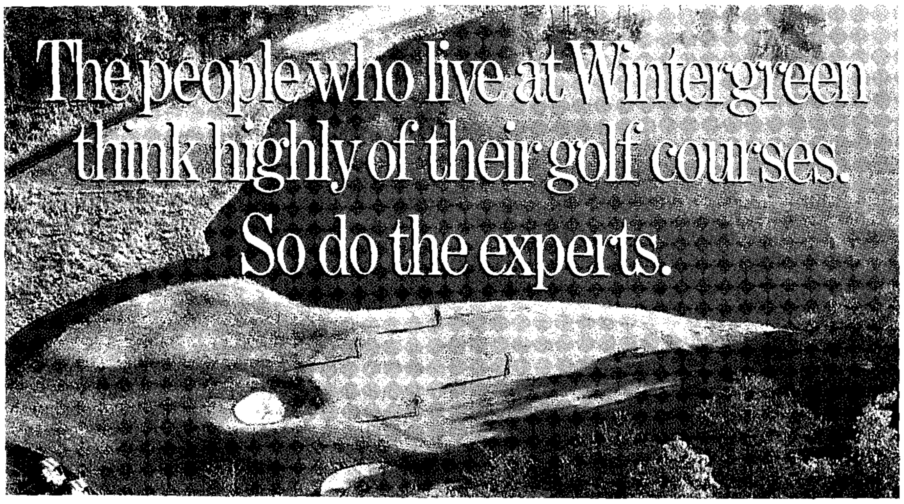
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LETTER FROM EUROPE

NEO-NAZIS: A CHAOS IN THE HEAD

Germany still defines citizenship by blood, and despite the six and a half million foreigners who live and work there it officially has no immigrants. And while everyone has a theory about the skinhead youth gangs that have emerged since unification, no one is sure where the politics of the "respectable" far right will lead.

BY JANE KRAMER

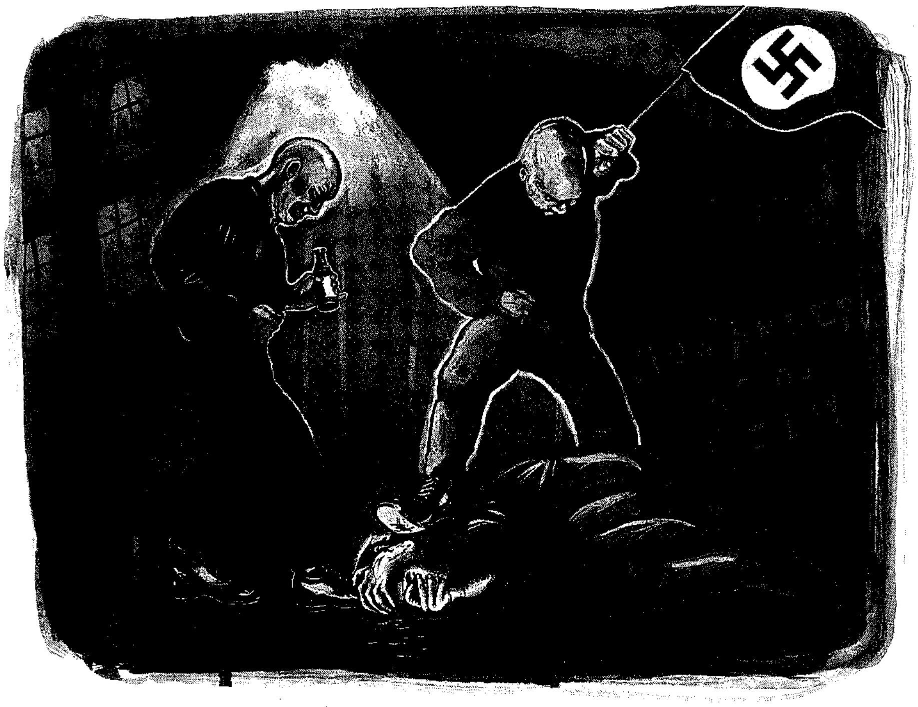
JUNE 4

A COUPLE of months ago, in the west of Germany, Hans Jürgen Ladinek of the Ludwigshafen criminal police called the mother of a skinhead named Gerhard Horn, who had just done time for what the skins call "sidewalk cracking," which means that on New Year's Eve of 1989, two months after the Wall came down, he and a friend had found a foreigner, kicked him to the sidewalk, and jumped on his head with their steel-tipped Doc Martens until they heard the bones crack. Detective Ladinek was checking up, making a friendly, unofficial call to see what life was like at the Horns' house now that Gerhard had served his year and a half and was out of prison and, presumably, in a job. Ladinek runs a special youth unit of the Ludwigshafen police, and he had been in charge of the investigation in the Horn case. It was Ladinek who had coaxed a confession from the "little butcher"—Horn was a butcher, "a rather small guy you wouldn't notice, but very fast, very brutal," Ladinek says—and had got him to name names and places and attacks in such detail that fifteen neo-Nazi skinheads, from as far away as Heidelberg and even Frankfurt, were rounded up and indicted for a series of previously unrelated crimes that ran from assault and battery to attempted murder.

Ladinek had been thinking about Horn that day because the New Year's Eve sidewalk cracking had been the first discernibly neo-Nazi crime in Ludwigshafen's history. He was curious about Horn, who had confessed after four hours of interrogation, saying that Ladinek was "the first person who ever listened to me talk," and, while Ladinek admits that it's hard to sit and listen to a man like Horn unless you're a cop looking for a confession or a Nazi enthusiast yourself, he wondered what Horn was thinking about his life on the skin scene after a year and a half in jail. Besides, he took an interest in the foreigner Horn had cracked—a boisterous young Turkish worker named Ender Basaran, who had somehow survived the cracking and was trying to get on with his life, despite the nerve damage to his face and a white scar next to his left eye and a lot of trouble seeing. Ladinek was helping Basaran with a problem of his own, the problem being a German girlfriend who claimed that Basaran had assaulted *her*, after she took a job in a local bar where, according to Basaran, the girls were served along with the drinks instead of pretzels. He felt sorry for Basaran, who had lived in Germany since the age of one and still couldn't tell a hooker from a nice, open, loving German girl. He liked Basaran. What he liked most about Basaran was that he spoke the Ludwigshafen dialect—Pfälzisch, people in Rheinland-Pfalz call it—like a native, and, in fact, as well as Ladinek himself. He often said that the two things that helped him most when he dealt with skinheads and their families were his Pfälzisch and his macho manner—the skins, in his opinion, were marginally more intimidated by a big, bearded cop in jeans and boots, a cop with a stud in his ear and an old red sweatshirt on his back, than by a stiff policeman in a suit. He slipped right into Pfälzisch when he got on the phone with Gerhard Horn's mother. He was happy to hear that Gerhard now had hair and a job and normal clothes. "*Alles ist normal!*" Frau Horn told him. "*Wunderbar! Das ist wunderbar!*" he kept saying.

His German was thick. It was booming and coaxing and full of Pfälzisch sentiment. When Frau Horn lied and gave him the wrong address for Gerhard, and the wrong phone number, he called her back, laughing. You could hear him charming Frau Horn up and down the station-house hall. Ladinek does not put much stock in the notion of rehabilitating Nazi skinheads. He may have charmed Frau Horn, but when he got to Gerhard Horn, Gerhard told him, "*Leck mich am Arsch!*"—"Lick my ass!"—and that was one of the mildest things he said. Ladinek knows as much as any cop in Germany about what turns bored or bitter or disappointed boys into killers who crack Turks and set refugees on fire. Admittedly, he says, it is not much, but he does know that "they have chaos in their heads," and the idea of putting a therapist or a social worker, or even a cop, into a room with a skin and trying to solve his problems or raise his consciousness, or even scare him, amuses Detective Ladinek as much as it amuses the other Ludwigshafen detectives, who tend to agree with Ladinek that "there is no way to recover these kids."

People in the west of Germany who are not policemen arresting skinheads or foreigners avoiding skinheads have always assumed that the benign services of the welfare state could be applied successfully to any social problem, including the problem they have now. But the teen-age skinheads, with their swastika tattoos and their alarming brutality and a pathology that Ladinek describes as "having no natural moral borders of yes and no," elude them. The skins today have nothing in common with the skins the West Germans thought they knew—the left skins, whom everybody here calls Redskins because the laces on their combat boots are red, for revolution. To a stranger who doesn't know the codes of earrings and insignia and tattoos, the right skins are indistinguishable from Redskins except that *their* shoelaces are white, for "white power." But the fact is that until the right skins discovered foreigners they were interested mainly in attacking Redskins (who are usually less interested in being menacing than in looking menacing) and in attacking punks (who are not menacing at all, unless you consider green hair or purple T-shirts or tipped-over trash cans menacing). Their ideology, if that is the word, is primitive. No one in Ludwigshafen can remember encountering an intelligent right skinhead, or even an articulate right skinhead. The skins say "*Heil Hitler!*" but they know nothing about Hitler, or the war, beyond the fact that Hitler exterminated people who were "different," which is what they like to do themselves. They do not even know about the "ethnic cleansing" going on a few hundred miles away in Bosnia now. They do not read newspapers. They read killer comic books and listen to Oi music, which is a kind of heavy-metal rock about the pleasures of genocide. Some of them think that Oi comes from the British skins, the Paki (for "Pakistani") bashers, whom they admire as the first skins; they think that it means "original idea." Some of them think that it comes from "joy." And some of them think that it comes from the "oi" in "Doitschland." They go to Oi concerts. They do not know that other people think of Oi as a Yiddish word. They do not know Jews or anything about Jews, but Jews are certainly on their hit list, along with Turks, refugees, and asylum seekers, anybody "foreign." They try to attack Jews when they can find them. The last time skins in Germany attacked a Jew—they killed him—it turned out that the Jew may have been a Christian. They said later that he "looked" Jewish.



The city of Ludwigshafen's first incident of neo-Nazi violence occurred three years ago, when a young Turkish worker was "cracked" by two skinheads. A local detective says, "There is no way to recover these kids."

SUE COE

EVERYBODY here has a theory about skinheads. The skinheads are scrutinized and analyzed and categorized with what amounts to a touching German faith that with enough money, with enough attention and expertise, you will always arrive at an explanation. The Bundeskriminalamt, which is Germany's F.B.I., has put together a profile of the skins for policemen in places like Ludwigshafen, and so has the Verfassungsschutz, which is a special federal police for "protection of the constitution," and investigates crimes against the state—Nazi crimes, terrorist crimes, crimes by groups that want to overthrow the government. Every policeman reads these profiles, except those policemen—there are a lot of them in Germany, but not in Ludwigshafen—who think that the skins are doing something useful. None of the profiles teach you much beyond statistics, because everything you learn from real skinheads contradicts some of the official wisdom. This much is known: there are about six thousand "right extremist" skins in Germany, meaning skins who identify themselves by Nazi jargon and carry Nazi tracts and sport Nazi paraphernalia they order from catalogues in Britain, Canada, and the United States. About thirty-five hundred of these skins live in the five new German states that everyone still calls East Germany, and the twenty-five hundred others live in the eleven states that everyone still calls West Germany. Last year, they killed seventeen people; this year, they have already killed nine. The government holds them responsible for three thousand attacks—five a day, lately—characterized by what Detective Ladinek and his friends at the Ludwigshafen police station call "extreme brutality." About forty per cent of those attacks took place in East Germany, but there are so few East Germans—a quarter of the number of West Germans—that the majority of skinhead crimes could be said to be East German crimes. For a while, this pleased—or, at least, appeased—West Germans, who do not like East Germans now that they own East Germany, and who often say that today, two and a half years past unification, "the wall in the head" is much higher than the Wall between them ever was. The Germanys still tend to blame each other for everything terrible that happens, including the violence they are suffering now.

East Germans like to remind West Germans that the violence started in the West, in the nineteen-sixties, when the first Turkish workers were recruited to replace the cheap labor that, before the Wall went up, had crossed freely into the Federal Republic from East Germany and Poland. But the truth is that the violence that can properly and consistently be called neo-Nazi gang violence dates from the fall of the Wall, in November, 1989, and from a virtual flood of refugees through East Germany, which had never really known any foreigners except the requisite Third World students who came for a Marxist-Leninist education and the ninety thousand conscript workers, from places like Cuba and Mozambique, who were quarantined, like the slave labor that, in effect, they were. No one anticipated the fall of the Wall, no one anticipated the xenophobia that followed. No one reasoned that if East Germany had never had a "foreigner problem" it was very likely because East Germany had had so few foreigners with whom East Germans might have tried (and failed) to get along.

East Germans had learned in school that their parents and grandparents were never Nazis. It was a myth that held East Germany together for forty years—the myth that East Germans had had nothing to do with Hitler, that East Germans were closer to socialism than to National Socialism. They never had to look at the past as something that involved them, and that may be why, when racism came out of the closet in East Germany, it proved to need nothing but a light dusting to look new. The skinhead style, which was taken up in West Germany as an English fashion, travelled fast to East Germany, where anything Western, and especially anything West German, became the last word in attitude and comportment among children with no sense of who they were or what they wanted to be or why the freedom they had inherited on November 9, 1989, carried such frustrations and disappointments.

It was clear that nearly everyone in East Germany shared those frustrations and disappointments. The skinheads who attacked Vietnamese and Mozambican workers in a housing project in Hoyerswerda in the fall of 1991 were joined by their parents, their neighbors, and maybe even a few of their policemen, who shouted and cheered while they chased the foreigners through town. The skinheads who attacked Gypsy and Vietnamese refugees in Rostock last summer were cheered by *their* neighbors, and by a lot of people who weren't neighbors—people who had driven to Rostock from towns all over Mecklenburg for the entertainment. Those were daytime spectacles, public spectacles—"a theatre of grievance," someone in Rostock called them—and, in fact, the Rostock attack was announced in advance, like theatre, in one of the local papers. It was easy for West Germans to explain them—at least, until somebody thought to ask why other East Germans, with the same frustrations and disappointments, hadn't taken to tormenting strangers. The attacks seemed at first to have nothing to do with West Germany, although it was known that right-wing organizers from Hamburg and Berlin had been in Rostock watching the attacks, like talent scouts at a high-school soccer game.

West Germans talked about the malaise in East Germany. They pointed out that the shipyards that used to support Rostock were nearly shut down after the Wall fell, that a third of Rostock was out of work, that the only foreigners the Rostockers had ever seen were students from Providence who arrived each fall for a junior year called Brown in Germany, and that now, suddenly, there were thousands of refugees camped in their back yards and on their sidewalks—Gypsies, mainly, who picked their pockets and stole their groceries and shit in their gardens. They said that East Germany was "unprepared" for foreigners, unenlightened about foreigners, uneducated in democracy. They wrote pamphlets for the Gypsies, telling them not to shit in gardens. They revised their plans for distributing the refugees who were pouring into Germany. They allowed that it was foolish to expect East Germany to take its share of those refugees, especially when those refugees were Gypsies (the official word is "Romanian ethnic minority") whom the West Germans didn't want in *their* gardens. They talked about inadequate infrastructures and inadequate institutions. They made much of the fact that the Minister of the Interior in Mecklenburg hadn't commandeered the Rostock police until a refugee hostel was bombed and hundreds of foreigners were on the ground, getting oxygen. They said that maybe the minister hadn't known he was in charge of the Rostock police, and when that turned out to be true they said, "What do you expect in East Germany?" They said that it wouldn't have mattered anyway, since when the police did come they arrested the wrong skinheads—Redskins coming down the road to Rostock to defend the refugees.

The West Germans ignored the attacks that were starting at home. They called them isolated crimes, because they happened at night and never involved a cheering crowd, like the crowd in Rostock, or a rear guard, like the Hoyerswerda parents. The crimes in East Germany were deplorable but "understandable," they said, given the trauma of change in East Germany, whereas the crimes in West Germany were aberrant and had nothing to do with West German attitudes. The West Germans were not overly alarmed when a group of teen-age skins in a West German village called Hünxe got drunk on the eve of Unification Day—it falls on October 3rd, the anniversary of the day the two Germanys voted to unite, and has come to be something of a skinhead holiday—and put together a couple of Molotov cocktails and threw them into the house of a Lebanese family that had been living peacefully in the village for two years. The people in Hünxe pointed out that Hünxe was not a Nazi town. It was not even a Christian Democratic town. The mayor was a Social Democrat; the parents of some of the skinheads were Social Democrats. Hünxe had won a prize as "the nicest village" in Germany—though "nice" is not a word that many people would use for Hünxe if they saw the gentle Lebanese child who was

A FOX

Down in the Jersey woods
a fox considered our progress.
A shopping center cleared its throat.
A truck buckled and evaporated.
Several tree frogs leapt out
of a thirteenth-century monastery
but were not injured.
A salesperson declared that
everything must go: the fox
said "Never." The clerk
started sweeping the aisles.
On the road to the beyond
the inhabitants are at
our disposal, cooking and cooking.

—James Tate

burned in the fire and is horribly disfigured now. No one in Hünxe but the schoolteachers and the social workers thought that there was anything wrong with Hünxe. People said, "The boys were drunk, you know how young people are." Or they said, "Every boy has his own style." Or they said, "The boys were proud to be German. Who isn't?" It turned out that the father of one of the skinheads had decorated his basement bar with Nazi memorabilia and threw a big party every year on Hitler's birthday. "Everybody collects something," the skinhead's mother said. Some people in Hünxe collected teacups. She said, "My husband just collects something else."

LATE last year, skinheads in a town called Mölln, thirty miles east of Hamburg, bombed the house of a Turkish woman, and the woman and her niece and her small granddaughter died. The woman had lived in Mölln for thirty years, and her granddaughter was born there—they weren't refugees or asylum seekers or "guest workers" but as close to being "German" as you could get in a country that still practices "blood citizenship," and this seems to have shocked West Germans as much as the attack itself. It was after Mölln that people in West Germany started worrying about *their* skinheads. The social workers had a theory that the West skinheads came from what they called "disordered families"—violent, abusive, "collapsed" families—or from broken homes, and had "no positive experience" and "no positive relationships"; it was not a theory that accounted entirely for the Gerhard Horns or for the skins whose parents did in fact collect teacups. The economists had a theory that the West skinheads were a Lumpenproletariat, an underclass with no "access" to the society or, indeed, to jobs in the society, and they said that the problem was economic; the truth was that most of the West skins were apprentices out of technical high schools or were workers with salaries. The sociologists came up with a theory that the skinheads were something "new" in Germany—they were "the children of industrialization," and represented "the isolation of the individual in the industrial world"—and then the psychoanalysts said no, the skins were really in "intergenerational conflict" and were identifying with their grandfathers and with the *Heile Welt*, the safe, stable, orderly Germany that those grandfathers, in their dotage, remembered as the Third Reich. A psychoanalyst I know in Frankfurt is treating a teen-age skin who dreams about being a hero of the Reich—the skin "goes out and shoots some Russians," and then he sits alone by a campfire with his rifle, feeling heroic—and a psychoanalyst I know in East Berlin is treating a teen-age skin who has the same dream, except that in his dream he has been shooting Americans.

The two analysts could count as experts, because not many people besides policemen get to have a conversation with skinheads—except, of course, other skinheads. The skins are not articulate to begin with. "Really stupid" is the consensus at the Ludwigshafen station house. Most of them are not capable of—or interested in—explaining why they find foreign people or homeless people or handicapped people or any of the other people they kill unpleasant, or why they seem to enjoy killing those people; their favorite song is a piece of Oi called "Türken Raus" that goes "Turkish cunt shaved naked, Turkish cunt shaved away." They like to think of themselves as independent, and even the politicians from right-wing parties like the German People's Union and the German National-Democratic Party, which often try to recruit them as bodyguards, have trouble getting more of a response than Detective Ladinek got from Gerhard Horn. No one knows how long they will want to be independent (though it is worth noting that one of the Mölln skinheads had joined the National Democrats, "for the free beer"). The experts keep publishing their theories, and the government keeps publishing its profiles, but no one really knows whether the skins are "Germany" or a lunatic criminal fringe you could find in any Western country—something terrible but "normal." No one knows whether they are aberrant or symptomatic—today's anomaly or tomorrow's Storm Troopers. Germans who had spent the winter marching in *Lichterketten*—candle vigils—to protest the violence never expected that late last week, six months after Mölln, skinheads in Solingen would kill five women and children in another Turkish family, a family that had been living in West Germany for twenty-three years. The German writer Hans Magnus Enzensberger says that the skinheads' ideology, such as it is, is an

"Philip! Nice to see you still at large."

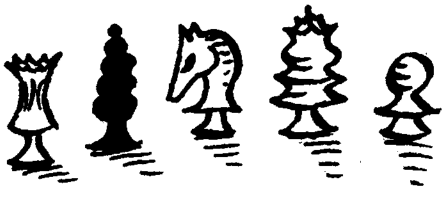
"effective masquerade," but no one knows what, if anything, lies behind that masquerade. Skinheads are not very interesting.

ENDER BASARAN didn't know Gerhard Horn or the other skinhead who tried to kill him. The skinheads lived in projects, on the edge of town, and Ender lives in the middle of Ludwigshafen, on a street where the Turks and the Germans get along—a street where people talking about "foreigners" usually mean the Ghanaian refugees camped around the corner in an old barracks. Ender is twenty-five now. He looks no different from most young Germans on his street. He has the latest German haircut—long in back, and short and spiky on top, like his friend Detective Ladinek's haircut—and, with his haircut and his Pfälzisch Deutsch, and his baggy jeans and the pack of Marlboros sticking out of his shirt pocket, it is hard to think of him as "foreign." He says that maybe it is his "Turkish gold" that makes him look foreign to a skinhead. He likes gold. He wears a shiny gold watch and a shiny gold ring and a gold chain around his neck. They represent his capital—all he can afford by way of conspicuous display to let the world know that Ender Basaran is not simply a *Gastarbeiter* living off his German hosts but a prosperous and productive member of the Kehl window-washing company. He describes himself as the man who keeps the windows in Ludwigshafen clean.

Twenty-five thousand of the hundred and seventy thousand people in Ludwigshafen work for B.A.S.F., the chemical company. The city courts the company, and in large part *is* the company. When B.A.S.F. arrived, in 1865, there was not much more to Ludwigshafen than a Rhine fortress and a pub for the soldiers whose job it was to defend the people in Mannheim, just across the river, from the soldiers in a French fortress a couple of miles to the west. B.A.S.F. built the city. It began with a grid of brown brick workers' houses, hidden, in proper nineteenth-century factory-town fashion, behind a ring road of big white houses for the managers, and eventually it moved north along the river to build a neighborhood called Hemshof, where seven thousand foreigners—nearly a quarter of the foreigners in the city—live now.

Ender rarely goes to Hemshof. It amuses him that Detective Ladinek prefers to meet him in a Hemshof bar—a Turkish bar—rather than in the German bar in Ender's own neighborhood. He thinks that Ladinek has a weakness for "folklore." The Turkish bar has a huge gold watch on the wall, with a clock for a face, which is really an outsized version of Ender's watch. He admires the clock, but he prefers places where men and women drink together—"European places," he calls them. He likes to say that his family is "more of a European family," although his father goes to the mosque every day, and sits with the men after prayers and listens to the gossip. Ender gets *his* gossip from the right-wing tabloid *Bild Zeitung*, which is the journal of record of German workers. "Hey, I'm a worker!" he tells people who wonder what a foreigner like Ender is doing reading a newspaper devoted to the cause of sending foreigners home. He carries a snapshot of his mother, a pale, beautiful woman in a scoop-neck sweater and a strand of pearls who works in the kitchen of one of the Ludwigshafen hospitals. He wants you to know that his mother is nothing at all like the squat, ruddy Turkish women you see on the streets of Hemshof, wrapped in the bulky coats and gabardine head shawls that they brought from Turkey. He likes Turkey, but he doesn't think that either he or his mother belongs in Turkey. It is as hard for Ender to imagine his beautiful mother in a chador as it is for him to imagine his father, who worked for twenty-five years at the Halberg Metalworks, tending sheep in a tribal village near the Bulgarian border—though that in fact is what his father did.

His father never intended to come to Germany. It was his uncle who got the job at Halberg, and the German work papers; his father "borrowed" the name and came instead, and that was the beginning of the Ludwigshafen Basarans. His father is a small, humorous, courtly man, a family man—someone you would call a good German citizen if Turks who had lived and worked in Germany for thirty years were citizens. But Enver Basaran is not a citizen, and neither is Ender or his brother, Osman, who is sixteen and was born in Ludwigshafen; the fact that Germans are citizens by "blood," not birth, means that a boy like Osman, born and raised and living in Germany, will in all likelihood remain a foreigner. The definition is specific. Ender is a foreigner, and not an immigrant, because officially there are no immigrants in Germany—only contract guest workers. There are no laws about immigrants (the word "immigrant" does not appear in the German statutes), although in reality there are six and a half million foreigners here who think of themselves as immigrants. The ethnic illusions of Germany, it must be said, embarrass most Germans. They do not embarrass Ender. Ender likes to say that being a non-person is "no problem," because people who don't exist can't have problems.

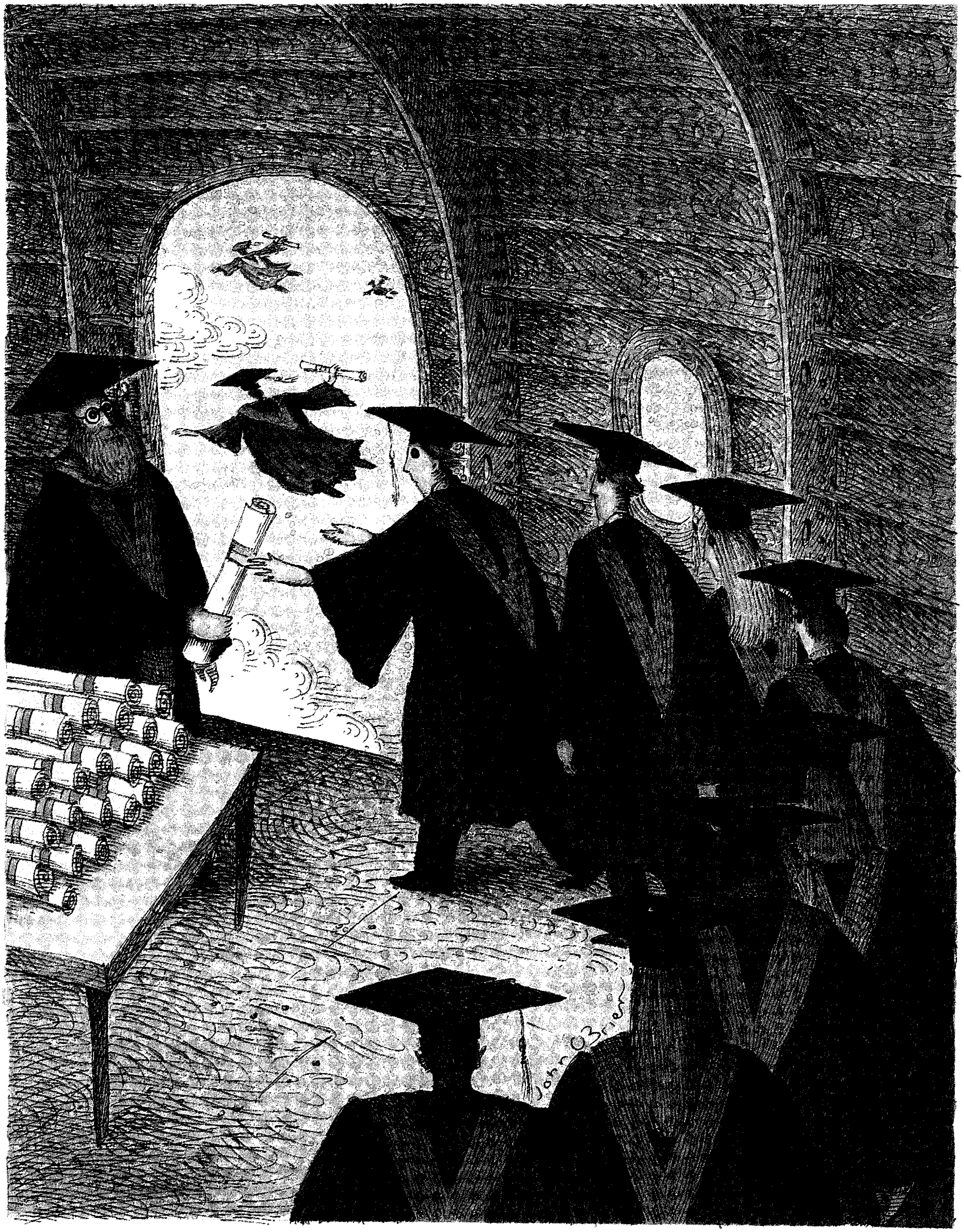


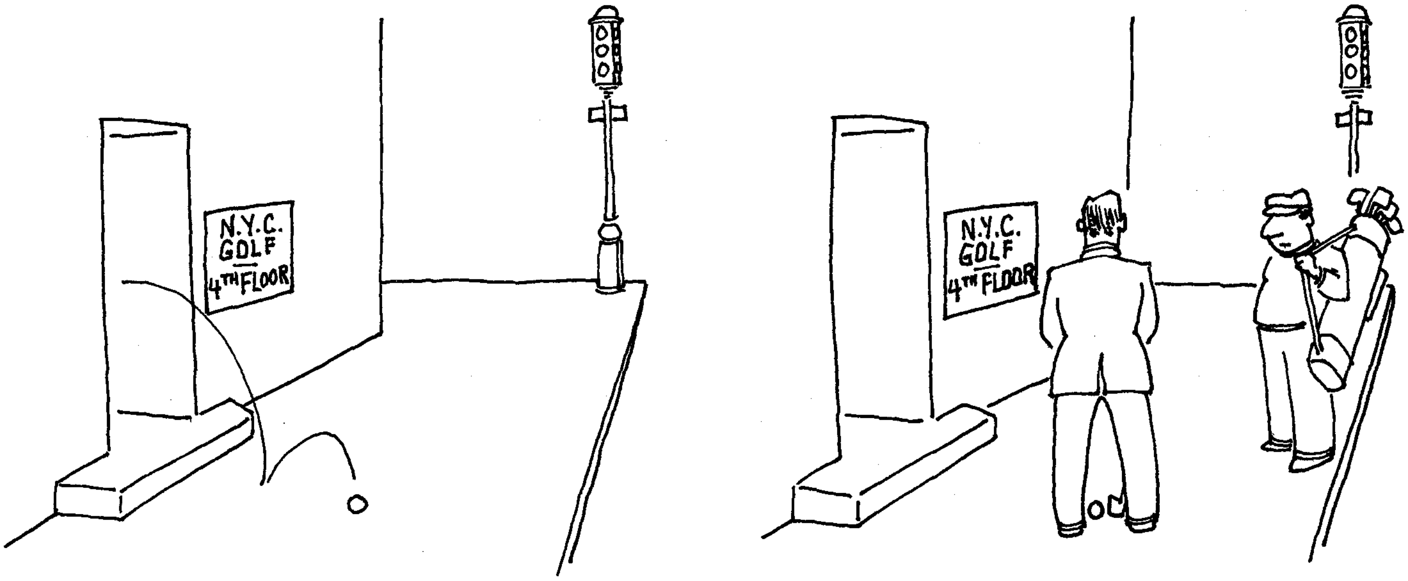
Nearly two million of the foreigners in Germany come from Turkey, and there are, of course, some ways for some of those Turks to get to be German citizens. The process is so elaborate and so contingent and so long—you have to have worked in Germany for fifteen years before you can even start the process—that only about thirteen thousand of them have managed to "become" German, or even bothered to try. Most of them came here with the understanding that if they lived quietly and demanded nothing Germany would leave them alone. It was an understanding they passed quickly to their children, who saw Germans diligently making money, and took it to mean that money, and an enthusiasm for money, was another kind of citizenship. That enthusiasm became their most effective camouflage, the quality they thought would make Germans comfortable about them. "Money, I love it," Ender says by way of an introduction, mixing his Pfälzisch with the English he learned at school. "Turkey's fine, but there are nix bucks in Turkey." He says that money is his politics, by which he means that to survive as a *Gastarbeiter* in Germany you leave politics to the Germans.

It upsets Ender to think that the skinheads who attack Turks in towns like Ludwigshafen may be confusing the Turks with refugees. Half a million refugees, from as many as forty countries, entered Germany last year, demanding asylum (a quarter of a million entered the year before), and the state houses them and feeds them and, from the point of

ARTIST AT LARGE BY JOHN O'BRIEN

LEAP OF FAITH


John O'Brien

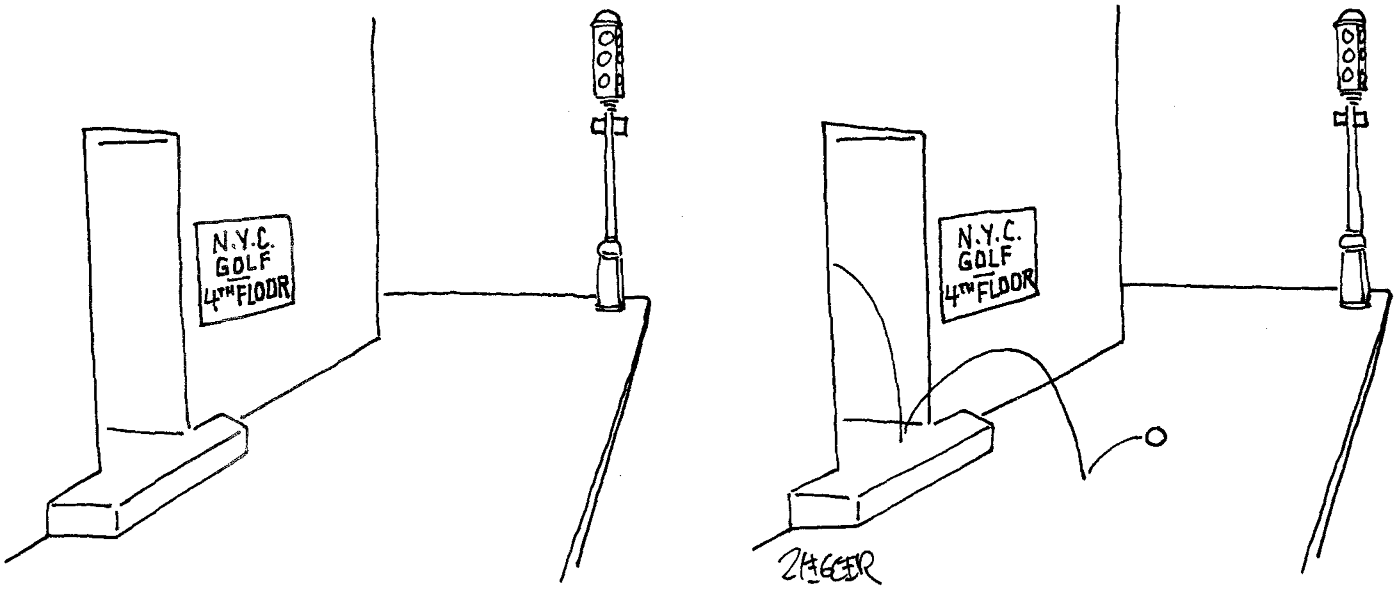


view of a young, hardworking Turkish man, indulges them with a life of charity. Ender once read in *Bild Zeitung* that people on the right want a referendum on the question of foreigners, like the referendum the Austrians called. He says that maybe, if he had a vote, he would vote with them, and then he adds, "Of course, if I could vote I wouldn't be a foreigner." He thinks that people on the right vote the way they do as a kind of protection against people they don't know and don't understand, and this is how he feels about the seven hundred refugees camped right now in the Ludwigshafen barracks and in two big riverboats near the old Rhine bridge, guarded by policemen day and night and taking up the time of nine social workers from the mayor's office. He does not feel much solidarity with the refugees. He may not be an "immigrant," or have an immigrant's access to citizenship, but he has an immigrant's suspicion of newer immigrants, and wonders sometimes whether they are giving the "good" foreigners like him a bad reputation, and whether life would be better in Ludwigshafen if they all went home. It is a classic sign of assimilation.

The first skinheads Ender knew were foreigners—Yugoslavs and Africans whose parents worked in Ludwigshafen, and who came to high school in combat boots and bomber jackets, trying to look as tough as the German skins they saw at the Saturday soccer games. There was always trouble after the games in Ludwigshafen, although at first people thought of it as "Mannheim trouble," since it was usually Mannheim's team playing in Ludwigshafen's stadium. Mannheim skins would march through town on their way to the train station, frightening the foreigners they passed. In those days, Ender says, the foreigners ran away. Now—it started when he was cracked—the foreigners jump right in and fight back. "I'm not Hulk Hogan, but come on, if you need a fight, it's an eye for an eye," he likes to say when he is speaking English. When he is speaking German, he quotes an old Turkish proverb: "The snake that doesn't bite me shall live a thousand years."

He does not talk easily about his beating. He must have been in shock when the skins were jumping on his head, because he can't remember the worst of it anymore, or, reasonably, he doesn't want to remember. The family was home celebrating New Year's. "We celebrated a lot and drank a lot of alcohol, and after a while the men got bored," he says now. "They wanted to see something else besides the women in the apartment, so we went out"—to the friendly "European" bar across the street that Ender prefers. There was already trouble on the street. The skins were out, kicking down doors and throwing firecrackers. They were not looking for the Basarans. They were looking for *Aussiedler*, which is the word used here for ethnic Germans from Eastern Europe. They thought of those Germans as just as foreign as the Basarans—which, it could be said, was true. Five of the skins were drinking in a corner of the bar when Ender and his father and one of his uncles got there, but it was dark and the Basarans didn't see the skins. They went straight to the counter and asked for drinks, and when the bartender wouldn't serve them—he said it was too late, but it may be that he was worried about a fight—they left. Ender and his father were crossing the street when the skins came out and started running toward them. Ender screamed. He says that the whole street must have heard him screaming, but no one helped him. He remembers someone slashing at his face, and he remembers running, and after that "it's like a dream, and the next thing I remember is lying in a parking lot, and the police were there and my mother was there, and she kept saying 'Where are your shoes?' and I kept saying 'Where's my father?' " One of the policemen tried to pull him up by the collar. His mother rushed between them, but not before Ender hit the policeman. He managed to stand then. He said to the policeman, "Now, hit me!" and then he collapsed, and woke—he doesn't know how much later—in the hospital where his mother works. Gerhard Horn described it this way: "We thought he was dead, so we left him."

HELMUT KOHL, the German chancellor, was born in Ludwigshafen, and he likes to say that the problems in Germany are not so terrible if you look at the rest of Western Europe—if you look at the South of France, where the Front National gets thirty per cent of the vote, or the North of England, where there is violence against foreigners all the time. The question, of course, is how "German" is the German version. Eike Geisel, a Berlin writer who has been working on Jewish archives from the



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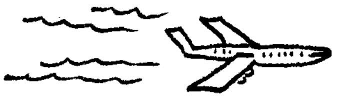
nineteen-thirties, is convinced that the real problem in 1933, when Hitler came to power, was not the eight hundred thousand Nazis but the indifference of millions of working-class people to those Nazis—the indifference of people who should have made an opposition. He calls this indifference their *Deutscher Blick*—which means a kind of German gaze, a German regard that is really a disregard. It is something you see on the faces of old people in the Berlin subway—people who have survived the war, and may even have fought in the war—when someone shoves a foreigner aside or starts shouting at a foreigner to stand up and give a "real German" his seat. They watch, and even stare, but the exchange does not concern them and they are not moved. Geisel thinks that what is "different" about Germany is that Germans have had "so little experience in defending the rights of others," and that maybe it makes no difference who those "others" are.

Many Germans do protest the violence. Three hundred thousand people marched in Berlin last year, on the anniversary of Kristallnacht, and the President of Germany, Richard von Weizsäcker, marched with them. He was pelted with eggs and tomatoes, though not by right skinheads. He was pelted by Redskins, who claimed that he was there as the official "good German." Kohl, who has the power, put in an appearance in Berlin (and left fast, for "reasons of security"), but he avoided any promises after Berlin. There were regrets about Mölln from Kohl's office, but not much in the way of reassurance beyond the fact that he instructed the Attorney General to "interpret" his jurisdiction broadly—it covers crimes against the state, which are not usually crimes against grandmothers—and send in federal prosecutors to investigate. Kohl is not any more reassuring now. He refused to go to Solingen, or to memorial services for the Turks who died in Solingen, or to their funerals, in Turkey; he even refused to go on television and talk to other Germans about them. He wants Germans to believe that the killings today are "ordinary" crimes, something the police can handle—not something to alarm a German chancellor.

It isn't surprising that the Berlin march had very little effect on policy, but the demonstrations after Berlin had nothing to do with policy. They were candle vigils. Somebody called them "the triumph of the good will," and a lot of Germans shared that sentiment, because the vigils were disturbingly like the peace vigils of the sixties and the disarmament vigils of the seventies. They had less to do with offering practical political solutions than with what one West German described as "middle-aged Christians saying to God, 'Look at us! We're the good Germans, out for a head count.' " The first of the vigils took place in Munich, in December, and a month later Ludwigshafen had its own vigil. People in Ludwigshafen walked east to the old Rhine bridge, and people in Mannheim walked west to the bridge, and they met in the center, and formed a chain of lights across the Rhine. It was by all accounts a beautiful sight, and perhaps for this reason the asylum seekers stayed in their riverboats and watched, instead of lighting candles and marching themselves. Not many of the Ludwigshafen Turks marched, either. Ender Basaran said what many of them said—that the violence in Germany was "Germany's affair." The first time Turks took to the streets in protest was just this week, after the Solingen murders. They marched peacefully at first; then they started rioting. Someone compared their anger to "a dam bursting"—which was accurate, since they are still rioting, six days later, and downtown Solingen is in ruins.

THE principle (if that is the word) of jus sanguinis is not something the Nazis slipped into German law (although the Nazis certainly used it). It was there before there was a Germany—when "Germany" was a language and an ethnic stock spread through Europe by peasants working the land that Germans owned. Bismarck, constructing a real Germany for a Prussian king, recognized two ways of being German—*Deutsche*, for people who were German by blood, and *Reichsdeutsche*, for people who were German by virtue of living in the new nation. ("Bismarck was multicultural," the Green politician Joschka Fischer says.) But in 1913, fifteen years after Bismarck died, Germany looked back and instituted jus sanguinis, and after the Second World War it looked back even further, and added *Volksdeutsche*, for Germans born or living outside the country, who were guaranteed a "right of return." By then, there was no real notion of Germany as a nation of citizens, like the French notion. Germany was not simply a community bound by com-



mon rights. Germany was blood, it was "culture." Fischer calls it "the terrible old idea," and Werner Bohleber, the psychoanalyst with the patient who shoots Russians in his sleep, calls it "the old, romantic, collective fantasma," but it persists today in what the philosopher Jürgen Habermas describes as "the new reference point of the old Bismarckian Reich," by which he means that even in his own circles there are people who talk about the new Germany as the beginning of the recovery of the "greater Germany" of Bismarck's project—a kind of *rassemblement* of the German *Volk* from Poland to Croatia. No one argued in 1949 about incorporating jus sanguinis and the right of return into the West German constitution. Liberal Germans wanted Germans everywhere to share in the responsibility for the war, and for the moral recovery from the war, and conservative Germans wanted more Germans for the economic recovery. Twelve million "ethnic Germans" arrived in West Germany between 1945 and 1962, when the Wall effectively stopped any emigration. A million have arrived since the Wall came down, and there are still two and a half million "Germans" outside Germany, about a million and a half of them Germans whose families went east in 1744 with Catherine the Great, and who are waiting now in what used to be the Soviet Union, trying to calculate just how German they will seem to a gang of skinheads out looking for *Aussiedler* on a dark night in Frankfurt or Cologne. The truth is that Germany will not be rid of its blood fantasies as long as those fantasies are part of official definitions of identity—"until the political culture moves from Reich to Republic," as one German writer put it, or, as Habermas says, "until we stop defining ourselves as an ethnic state and start defining nationality in legal terms." The only other democracy with a right of return written into its laws is, of course, Israel. It is an irony lost on most Germans, who also talk solemnly about "the German diaspora" and "the German homeland." A Hamburg comic called this "German Zionism: the theocracy of the blue eyes and the blond braids."

West Germans have lived for forty-five years with a fairly healthy ambivalence about loving Germany. The country of jus sanguinis, the country with six and a half million foreigners and no immigrants, was also the country with the most liberal asylum laws in Europe, if not the world. Not anymore. Those laws were changed in the Bundestag last week, under pressure from the right, and Article 16 of the German constitution no longer carries its famous guarantee of the right of asylum to "any politically persecuted person"—which means that Germany will stop taking in anyone who makes it to the German border and demands asylum, and giving him the right to stay until his status is decided. Now Germany will do what most Geneva Convention countries do: instruct its border guards to turn back refugees who come through other Convention countries, or from border countries, or from "safe" countries, or, indeed, from countries other than their own.

The idea of Germany as an asylum country was part of the project of a moral recovery—though practically (and propagandistically) speaking it was a function of the Cold War, and was not much of a problem for West Germans as long as there were Communists in the East who could be counted on to keep refugees from leaving. There was always a certain amount of refugee dumping by the East into West Germany, but it never seriously upset the balance of East-West provocation. And not many refugees got to Germany through Western Europe. The countries they stopped in either let them stay or (more likely) sent them home, and West Germany went on with its recovery and got to be unimaginably rich, and, slowly, people in Pakistan or Sri Lanka or Nigeria thinking about a safer (or a better or a more lucrative) place to settle stopped thinking about Los Angeles and Paris and started thinking about Munich and Cologne.

Last year, two hundred and thirty thousand *Aussiedler* came "home" to Germany. Two hundred thousand Bosnians came, and a hundred thousand Romanian Gypsies. They found Germany in the middle of the recession that is usually referred to here as "unification blues." There was no money to pay for East Germany and at the same time absorb so many people (or so the government said). There was nowhere to put so many people. Thousands of refugees went into old American Army barracks (a hundred thousand American troops in Germany had gone to the Gulf to fight, and never came back), and the rest were scattered, city by city, *Land* by *Land*, throughout the country, at the expense of whatever town happened to (the official word) "receive" them. They lived in boats like the Ludwigshafen riverboats, or in tents or containers or defunct hotels that were sold, at a huge profit, to town councils with a refugee-housing problem. They were given food, shelter, and minimal welfare. The asylum seekers I met at the Gelnhausen barracks got eighty-one marks a month, which is worth, at most, five beers and a carton of cigarettes.

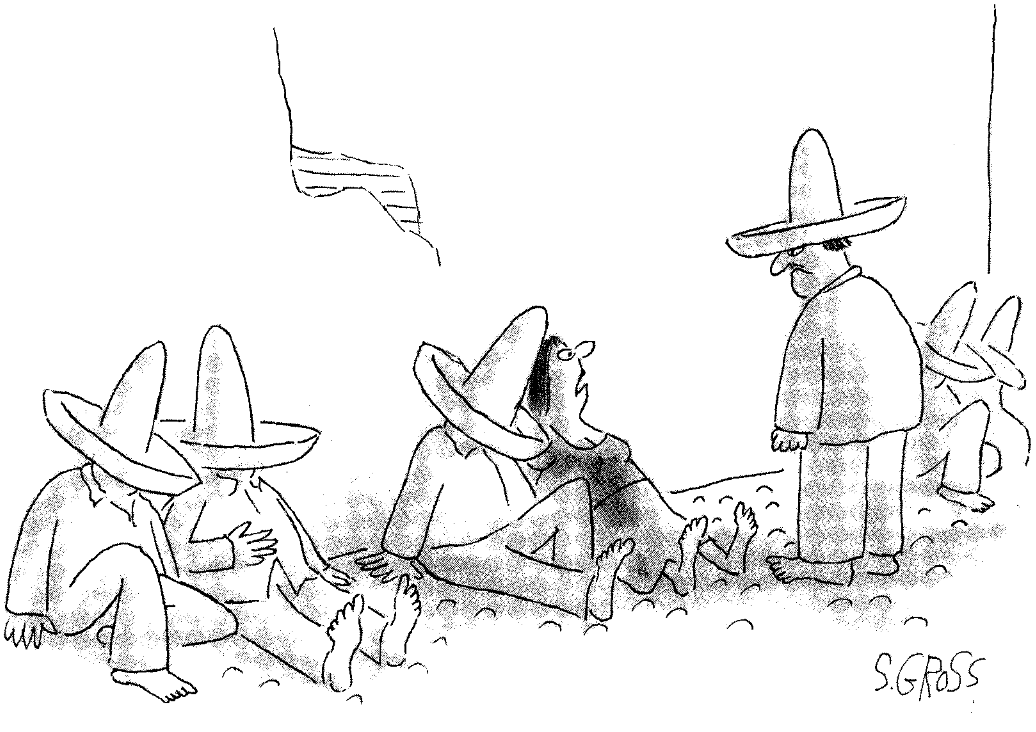
Kohl had never told the Germans, East or West, how cruel and costly unifying Germany would be. He was happy to let the foreigners take the blame for the unemployment and the special taxes and the impossible resentments—that is, until the killing started, and Germany suddenly looked like "Germany" to the rest of the world. Germans complained, with reason, that they were getting more than their fair share of refugees—they like to point out that while four hundred and fifty thousand refugees applied for asylum here last year four hundred and fifty refugees applied in Poland—but the fact remains that refugees don't want to go to Poland. There is no way for Germany to avoid its reputation as a prosperous country, or a free country, or a country where the hospitals work and the schools are open and nobody starves, without turning into Poland. Some of the Greens here think that the problem has been words like "foreigner." They never use them. They use the Green term "world person." They are sure that once Germans start thinking in terms of world people they will love the world people, and pretty soon everybody in the world will love everybody else. Maybe. Right now, Germany's refugee problem can't really be separated from its problem with all the foreigners who live here. Germany has to admit, finally, that they *are* here. Spiros Simitis, who teaches law at the University of Frankfurt, and who worked for months to keep Article 16 from being dismantled, says that now that it *is* dismantled it is more important than ever for Germany to develop an immigration policy and draft immigration laws and let a certain number of people enter each year as immigrants, with reasonable access to citizenship—and, especially, to acknowledge children born and living in Germany as German. The cracking of Ender Basaran began with the fiction that Germany was "German"—and the conviction that Germany should be "German"—and ended with a young man lying in a parking lot on the main street in Ludwigshafen with his head cracked open while the neighbors who heard him screaming opened their holiday champagne.

The mayor of Ludwigshafen is a Social Democrat from Westphalia. His name is Wolfgang Schulte, and the Party sent him to Ludwigshafen in 1985, to run for the city council and become a deputy to the old mayor, who was getting on, and then to take over when the mayor retired. His job in Ludwigshafen was Social Affairs—which meant that, for all practical purposes, any problem having to do with skinheads or foreigners was going to be *his* problem. He remembers 1985 as the year the third big wave of foreigners (the Turks came first, and then the Vietnamese) began to hit Ludwigshafen. He likes to say that he arrived "in time for" the Iranians, the Afghans, the Kurds, and the Somalis—for refugees fleeing from wars and revolutions and regimes that some people in Ludwigshafen had never heard of. All told, eleven hundred refugees came to Ludwigshafen in the next five years. The city housed them and fed them, and paid for more German classes and more sewing circles and social workers, and, eventually, rented the riverboats. They were hotel boats, and easier to guard than an asylum house on a busy street, or a Turkish store. The only time anyone tried to attack the riverboats—it was "a spontaneous attack by a group of young people," Schulte says—the guards stationed at the boats were able to stop them by brandishing a couple of ordinary water hoses.

Schulte is proud of the Ludwigshafen police. He knows that most of them are progressive and humane, and look at Ludwigshafen's "foreigner problem" as a problem having mainly to do with the people who want the foreigners to go. Two years ago, when thirty very young skinheads stoned an asylum house that Schulte had built for some new refugees, the police invited the skinheads' parents to the station on Wittelsbachstrasse, and they say that now only four or five of those skins are active. They are the hard core, the ones Detective Ladinek describes as having "chaos in their heads." Ladinek himself thinks they would be in trouble with or without the foreigners, and this is probably true, since one of them went to the World Cup soccer games in Italy in 1990 and was arrested and deported within a few hours. The skins who stoned the asylum house had actually set out looking for Redskins; they couldn't find any Redskins, but they were worked up, and boozed up, and seem to have needed to attack somebody, and the refugees were "visible"—they knew where refugees lived, because refugees usually lived together. Schulte says, "It's not just a problem of violence against foreigners, it's a problem of violence against everything," and in many ways that problem is the same all over Germany. The skins in Mölln were on their way to an asylum house when they killed the Turkish family. The skins in Hünxe, one of them told Esther Schapira, a young Frankfurt television journalist who made a remarkable movie about the village, were looking "for Jews, for anybody not German."

Ludwigshafen has always been a fairly open, tolerant town. There are no old Ludwigshafen families talking about maintaining traditional "German" values, for the obvious reason that there are no old Ludwigshafen families. Schulte says that being a foreigner and a worker is probably the only "old" Ludwigshafen tradition. The town is still solidly a workers' town, where everybody belongs to the Gewerkschaftsbund, and the Social Democrats never get less than fifty per cent of the votes, and even the cops will go out on a candle vigil against racism. It is not a beautiful city, or a city with the money or the clout to choose its refugees, the way some West German cities can. (I know a rich town near Frankfurt that negotiates for Asian and European refugees, and then "invites" them for a two-week trial.) But it is a city that lives easily with foreigners. There was never much violence against anybody in Ludwigshafen. Seven or eight homicides a year—fewer than in most German cities. Schulte says that until this year his work was mainly to "create a balance" between the demands of the foreigners who came and the needs of the people who were there before them.

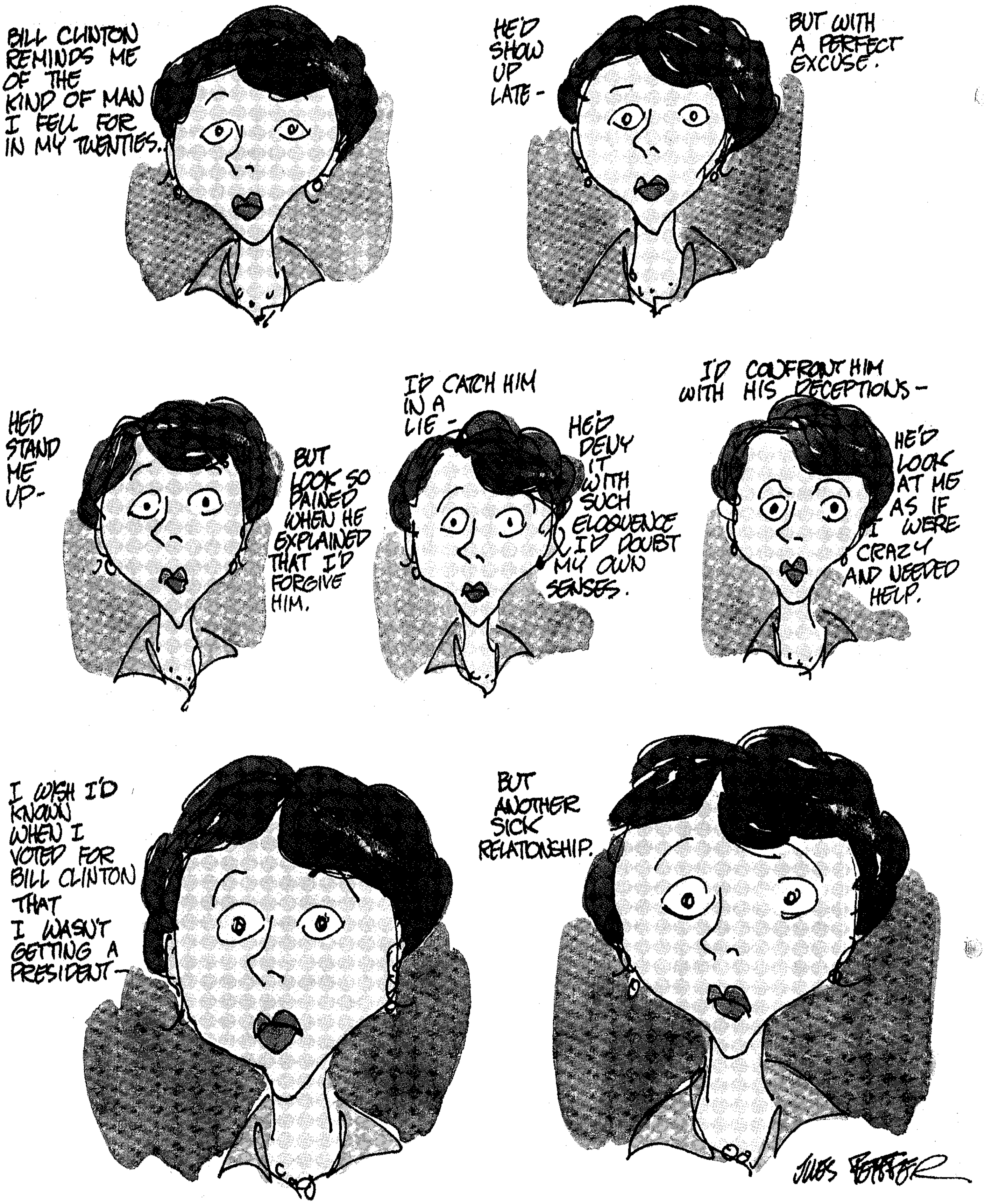
Now, suddenly, that balance is in question. Schulte thinks that two things are changing Ludwigshafen: the number of refugees, which has doubled in the last few years, and, more important, the arrival in Ludwigshafen of fundamentalist Islam. The Mayor does not have much political patience with orthodoxies. He thinks they get in the way of assimila-



"There's absolutely nothing going on between us, Manuel. I'm just sleeping with him."

STORYBOARD BY JULES FEIFFER

THE BOYFRIEND


BILL CLINTON REMINDS ME OF THE KIND OF MAN I FELL FOR IN MY TWENTIES.
HE'D SHOW UP LATE -
BUT WITH A PERFECT EXCUSE.
HE'D STAND ME UP-
BUT LOOK SO PAINED WHEN HE EXPLAINED THAT I'D FORGIVE HIM.
I'D CATCH HIM IN A LIE -
HE'D DENY IT WITH SUCH ELOQUENCE I'D DOUBT MY OWN SENSES.
I'D CONFRONT HIM WITH HIS DECEPTIONS -
HE'D LOOK AT ME AS IF I WERE CRAZY AND NEEDED HELP.
I WISH I'D KNOWN WHEN I VOTED FOR BILL CLINTON THAT I WASN'T GETTING A PRESIDENT-
BUT ANOTHER SICK RELATIONSHIP.
JULES FEIFFER

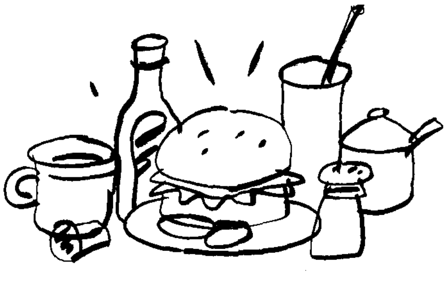
tion, and Social Democrats like Schulte believe in assimilation. When he came to Ludwigshafen, the problems between the local kids and the Turkish kids were mainly what he calls "males going off." The German kids and the Turkish kids would meet at the youth clubs and insult each other and occasionally fight each other. "They were both minorities, in a way," Schulte says. They were scrambling for the same housing, the same jobs, and the only time they really got together was when an institution—a kindergarten, a classroom, a soccer club—got them together. But they were not scrambling to be different. Schulte worries that what he calls the "Islamization of Ludwigshafen" is going to complicate the very ordinary problem of there not being enough to go around. He is a realist, and knows, as he puts it, that "some Germans do not deal well with other cultures." He thinks that when Turkish families start sending their girls to the market in chadors and their sons to Koranic schools they feed the fear that the skinheads enact so brutally and the right exploits.

The asylum laws and the politics of the Middle East have opened cities like Ludwigshafen to all kinds of militants and fundamentalists, who use them to recruit the Muslim workers already there as a kind of vanguard—visible and vocal. "We don't know who's in the city," Schulte says. "There are Turks, Kurds, Pakistanis. People come and go. It's the price of an open society." Now he is not so sure it's a price that the city can pay. He says sometimes, "What will happen to Ludwigshafen when the whole Red Army comes, and asks us to support it?" He worries that fantasies like that are giving the parties on the right their issues.

Four years ago, two German nationalists were elected to the city council on a platform having mainly to do with foreigners. One was expelled for hitting a local punk on the head with a baseball bat because he didn't like his hair, and the other eventually resigned, but Schulte assumes that right-wing politicians like them will be back after the next elections. People in Ludwigshafen are learning to blame the foreigners for whatever crime they have. They know all about the Turkish mafia and the Kurdish mafia. They know all about the African who was caught collecting welfare from eight Rheinland-Pfalz villages, and about the local Thais who have been importing Asian children as prostitutes. But they tend to ignore the German crime, a lot of which is linked to the neo-Nazis. The bar where the skins who cracked Ender Basaran had their headquarters—it's called the Crazy Corner, and it's painted with black, red, and yellow stripes, like the German flag—was owned by a local criminal who sold drugs and had a houseful of Nazi paraphernalia. He turned up, murdered, in Luxembourg last year, and maybe because of this the skins have not been much in evidence in Ludwigshafen lately. Ladinek saw a group of them not so long ago, hanging out at a demonstration, and he sent them packing. He says, "I'm not a law-and-order person, but they have to know you mean it."

The word is out that the Ludwigshafen police "mean it." The master sergeant of the uniformed police is a chubby paterfamilias named Jakob Falk, but his cops refer to him now in English as "the skin hunter." He is deceptively benign when he says, "When the skins attack, it hurts me personally." He has made it clear that "here they are not welcome," but he is not under the illusion that they have disappeared. The fifteen skins who were rounded up after the attack on Ender have, if not an organization, then a network. They know hundreds of other skins from Oi concerts and soccer games, and they get together with those skins to "celebrate" on holidays like New Year's Eve and Unification Day. They are what Ladinek calls "actively connected."

The Crazy Corner skinheads moved on after the attack. They tried meeting in a Saarland bar, and when the bartender threw them out they went to a bar in Kaiserslautern. Now they have their meetings in Frankenthal, ten miles from Ludwigshafen. Falk, who tracks them, says that it's always the same skins, the same bars, the same concerts, the same soccer games, the same pattern. There is not much more he can say, because there is no over-all government file on skinheads. The government claims, with reason, that a file on people with shaved heads and bomber jackets would violate its data-protection laws, but this makes it almost impossible for local police to trace a skinhead meeting to the kinds of crimes that often follow those meetings. A couple of months ago, eighty skinheads met in Cottbus, which is in East Germany, near the Polish border. Five nights later, there were skinhead attacks all over Germany—four attacks on refugees, three on Jewish cemeteries, one on a Turkish restaurant in an asylum center—and no one knows, or presumably will ever know, whether they were random attacks or attacks planned at that Cottbus meeting. The closest thing to a skinhead file that Germany has (besides a Verfassungsschutz file on "right extremists") is a record of hooligan crimes in the data bank at the Bundeskriminalamt, in Wiesbaden. It tells them a lot about the people who start fights at soccer matches—one of the Solingen skins was one. But those are not always (or necessarily) the people who listen to Oi and get drunk and then go out and try to murder foreigners.



LATE last year, the leader of an Oi band called the Böhse Onkelz—which, if it were spelled right, would mean the Bad Uncles—got in touch with Daniel Cohn-Bendit about performing in a Frankfurt concert called Rock Against the Right. Most people do not think of Daniel Cohn-Bendit as someone involved with concerts. They think of him as Danny the Red, the Paris student with the curly red hair and the Little Red Book who led the occupation of the Sorbonne in May of 1968 and was expelled to Germany (the rumor being that he made the trip in Jacques Lacan's Jaguar). But Cohn-Bendit is German, and Jewish, and when he came home to Frankfurt he worked in a bookshop and started a radical review and got into German politics. He was a Sponti (for "spontaneous"), and then a Green, and four years ago he ran for office and ended up as a deputy mayor of Frankfurt, in charge of a bureau of his own creation called the Office of Multicultural Affairs. Frankfurt has more foreigners for its size (and apparently fewer skins) than any other German city, and it was considered a typically "Frankfurt" idea to try to court the boys and girls who might otherwise go to Oi concerts with a great concert about loving foreigners.

The problem was that it is almost impossible to have a great rock concert in Germany. Apart from a couple of Hamburg groups, German rock is terrible. The Onkelz, who were responsible for the song about shaving away Turkish girls, were no worse, musically speaking, than the groups like Tote Hosen (Dead Trousers), whose heart was in the "right left place"—only, the Onkelz' message was hateful, and maybe because of this they had always had a certain celebrity in Frankfurt, which was where they lived. The murders in Mölln changed that. Their record "Heilige Lieder"—an ambiguous piece of Oi about Germany conquering the world with a "holy-appearing song"—had been fifth on the charts for months in '91, after Germany united, and was still popular with kids in East Germany, but it was considerably less popular in West Germany after the murders in Mölln, with millions of people lighting candles and going on vigils in memory of the Turks who died. The Onkelz were nearly thirty years old and hurting. No one would rent them a hall or book them a concert, or even stock their records in a store. It was said that with "Heilige Lieder" they had written the hymn for the violence—hundreds of attacks on foreigners—that the skinheads claimed as their personal celebration of German unification on the eve of October 3rd last year.

The Onkelz said they had "changed." They said they were not racists anymore and had never been Nazis, but they did not persuade the impresarios who were putting together the Rock Against the Right concert to let them into the Frankfurt fairgrounds to perform, and so they called Cohn-Bendit and complained, and Cohn-Bendit threw them a press conference and announced that the Onkelz were going to give their own concert and raise money for asylum seekers and "star" in the city's ad campaign—"Don't give the right wing a chance."

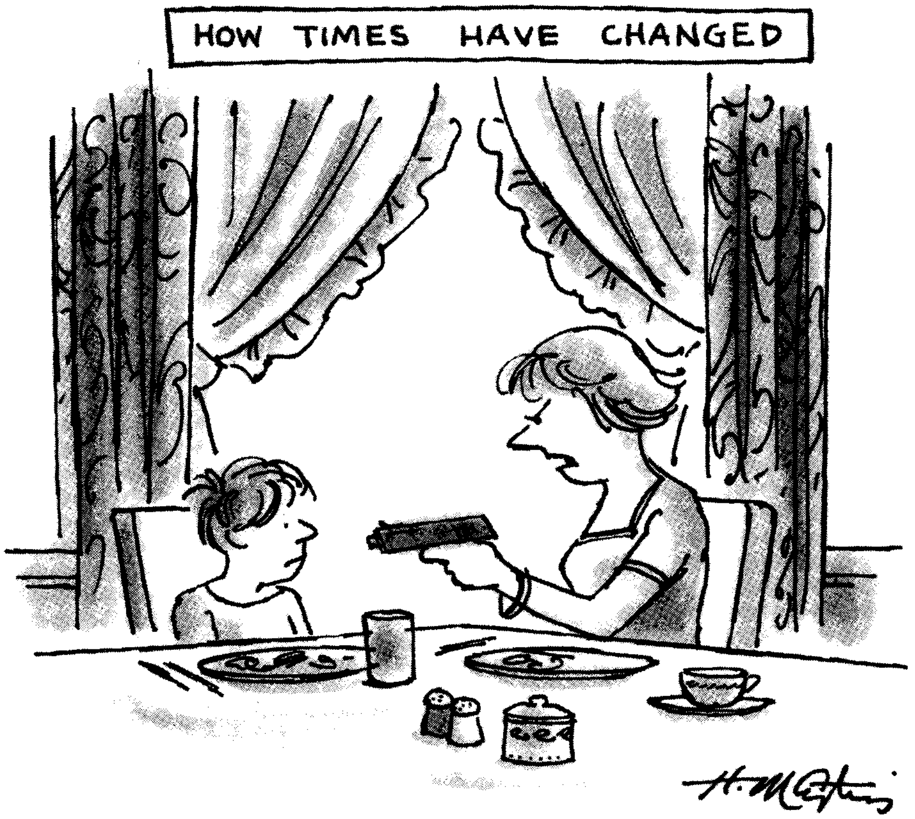
To a lot of Germans, the idea of the Böhse Onkelz helping refugees was as ludicrous as the idea of the Ludwigshafen skinheads showing up for counselling. People said that it was clear Cohn-Bendit had never in his life been to a heavy-metal concert, let alone an Oi concert, and knew nothing about the violence of that sort of occasion—that he came from a generation of sixties and seventies people who were "stuck in the culture of radical bookshops and natural food and had no instinct for 'the culture of culture.' " (He said, "I won't say the Onkelz are clean, but the kids listen to these people, so I thought it was worth a try.") But the discussions in Frankfurt were instructive, because what *was* clear was that, while middle-aged, middle-class Germans like Cohn-Bendit, Germans who had "made their 1968," knew a great deal about kids on the left, and even violence on the left, they knew very little about kids on the right and *their* violence, and where that violence came from—that the lessons of Weimar they had learned so earnestly at school might just as well have been the lessons of some other country. Some of them looked at the skinheads as a kind of mirror image of the left-wing terrorists in groups like the Red Army Faction. They assumed that the skinheads were organized and efficient, that they had some sort of global master plan, that they chose their victims cold-bloodedly and carefully, the way the Red Army Faction had chosen *its* victims, who were always the bankers and politicians and industrialists, the people with the economic and political power. They didn't understand the "chaos in the heads" of the East skins—or, for that matter, of their own skins—or why the chaos in the music of groups like the Böhse Onkelz was familiar, almost soothing, to the skins, or even that it was chaos.

The skins in Ludwigshafen liked to listen to the Onkelz, and to a group from Cologne called Störkraft, and a group called Endsieg, and one called Kahlschlag (which describes, say, what a field would look like after a couple of days of napalm). The stores may boycott those groups, but their tapes circulate in the skinhead underground and are the more desirable for being boycotted. Skinheads follow the news about police raids on Oi studios and Oi producers—it's the only news they do follow, except the news on television about themselves. They know when "Türken Raus" was banned, although it's probably safe to say they do not know that the Onkelz started as a punk band, and that their own particular violence had nothing to do with Turks; it involved a mild amount of hippie bashing in the local flea markets. Klaus Walter, who writes about rock and produces the rock program at Hessischer Rundfunk, says that the Onkelz were "dumb kids who maybe got into the right without really wanting to." He means that the more abusive they were the more they sold, and that the more they sold the more attention they got—and they were not the kind of people to reflect about what kind of attention that was.

The lead Onkel—his name is Stephan Weidner, and he is the group "spokesman," being by all accounts the only Onkel capable of putting a sentence together—went off to India after his meeting with Cohn-Bendit and the Frankfurt press. No one knew if he went to find his Aryan roots, or what he would do in a country with nine hundred million people at least as dark as the Turks he wanted to shave away, but Walter, who doesn't think that groups like Weidner's should be allowed to perform in Germany, said when he left, "He's out of it. He's gone from dishwasher to millionaire, and now he's in India, chilling out, smoking grass, while people here are getting murdered."

In the end, it probably doesn't matter whether the Oi business is cynical or stupid or angry, or even ideological. What matters is that it is big business—business for the masses—and that it links the neo-Nazis surfacing in Germany now to millions of latchkey children looking for something to do, someone to blame, some way to pass the time in towns or projects with a parking lot, a pizzeria, a public phone booth, and not much else. The business belongs, in large part, to a man named Herbert Egoldt, who lives near Cologne and puts out an underground label called Rock-O-Rama. Egoldt used to have a record store. He specialized in punk music, and the Cologne punks would meet on Saturdays at the store and talk about what was wrong with Germany, and eventually they started fighting about what was wrong with Germany. "The scene split, left punks and right punks," Walter says. Egoldt went with the right and liked it.

Nazi language is illegal in Germany. It falls under the category of *Volksverhetzung,* which includes incitement by "negative propaganda," and is the reason you don't find Oi in the big chain stores in cities like Frankfurt and Cologne. You find it in little record shops in towns in East Germany which nobody bothers to monitor—or, perhaps, wants to monitor. East Germany is Herbert Egoldt's best market. The Onkelz' most vicious tapes are still sold openly there, although the Onkelz themselves claim that they wanted to sue Egoldt to get those tapes out of circulation. They recorded "Heilige Lieder" not with Egoldt but with a small Frankfurt company, and tried to persuade the critics that they were ironists at heart, and that their lyrics were really a "double message," something on the order of Bruce Springsteen's "Born in the U.S.A." Groups like the Onkelz are not an easy subject for a young rock critic like Klaus Walter, because the subject of censorship is not easy for him. He says it's a question of weighing your feelings about freedom of expression against your feelings about protecting innocent people from hate. When his friends on the rock scene say that censoring Oi groups contradicts their basic principles, he tells them, "What about us? The Nazis are against *our* basic principles." It's a question of where you draw the line and start saying no. Do you say no to the Onkelz? And, if you do, do you also say no to the old Nazis in Berlin who are now out of the closet and dressed up as "volunteer policemen"? And to the men in Hünxe who put on *their* "uniforms" and sit on their horses at parade rest while the king of their yearly hunt talks about the German race (and says, later, that he was moved by thoughts of the brave young Hünxe men who fought and died in the war, and the brave young Hünxe women who had to leave their beautiful houses, but that he never thought of Zeinab, the little girl whom the skinheads in Hünxe burned)? People say, sometimes, that the skins and their music are a kind of revolt, because they break "the Hitler taboo," which is the only taboo left in Germany. Esther Schapira, after a year in Hünxe, doesn't think it's a revolt at all. It is no coincidence that Solingen skinheads set the fire that killed a Turkish family only three days after "respectable" German politicians had revoked asylum laws that so many people were the symbol of a new morality and a new responsibility and a new tolerance; their fire was a reflection, almost an acting out, of the mood around them, and Esther Schapira says that this was true of the fire in Hünxe, too. She says the most puzzling thing about Hünxe was that "if you were young and full of energy you couldn't love this village, these terrible people," and yet the skinheads who threw the fire bomb into Zeinab's house thought they loved the village—they thought they were just like their fathers and grandfathers, dressed up for the *Schützenfest* and making patriotic speeches. They talked like their parents, who referred to May 8th as "the day we lost the war," and not "the day Germany was free." They used the same language.



"Eat your carrots!"

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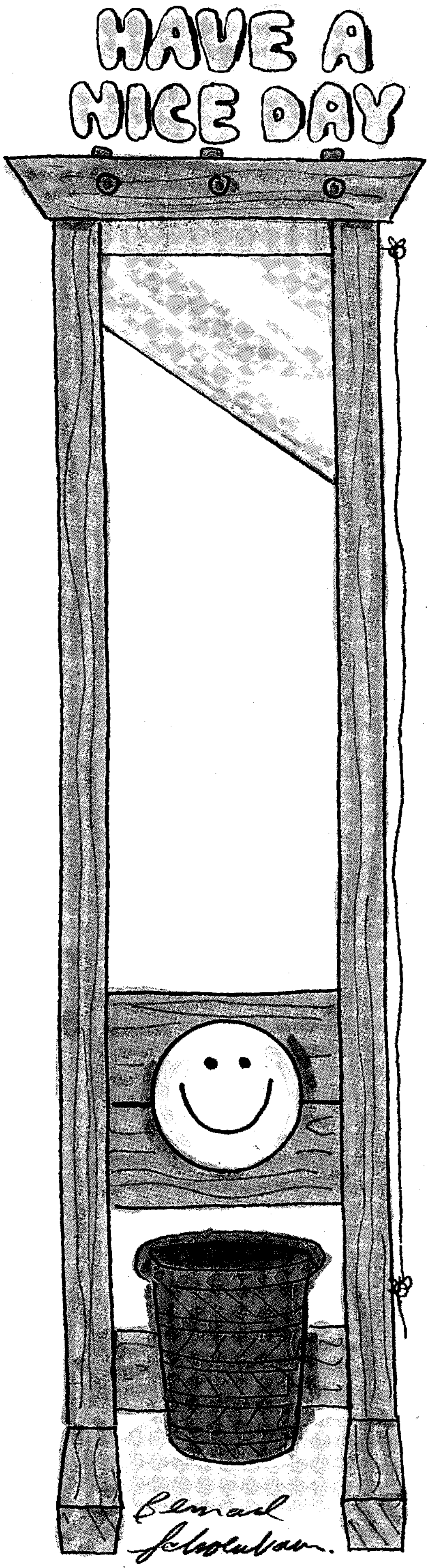
THERE were elections in Hesse this spring. They were the first important elections since the violence in Rostock and Mölln—since the left went out on its candle vigils and the right mobilized around a "foreigner problem"—and people in Ludwigshafen followed them as a bellwether for the elections in 1994, when Ludwigshafen and the rest of Germany will be voting. They were interested in how the Republican Party—which is Germany's latest "legitimate" right-wing party, something on the order of the Front National, or the Freedom Party in Austria—would do, and especially how it would do in Frankfurt, which, like Ludwigshafen, had always voted Social Democrat, and was even nicknamed "red-green Frankfurt," because a coalition of Social Democrats and Greens ran it. People were right to be interested. The Republicans got almost nine per cent of the vote in Hesse, and if it hadn't been for a big Green vote red-green Frankfurt could have fallen to a Christian Democrat who once remarked that she would not dismiss the idea of a coalition with the Republicans—at least, with the Republicans she knew. One of them was the Republicans' local leader. His name is Heinrich Frank, and he used to sell insurance. Today, he sits on the Frankfurt city council, along with nine other Republicans who won their seats in the election.

Heinrich Frank is fifty years old, a war baby who never saw his father, a self-made salesman with bad manners who doesn't shake hands with women and who thinks that refugees should be isolated in barracks, away from Germans, and get their allowance in coupons, to keep them out of German stores, and sent home as fast as possible. "We want to help them and then it's 'Out!' " he likes to say. "We don't want a Florida in Germany." He means by Florida "someplace where the Puerto Ricans move in and the whites move out, and it leads to multiculturalism and problems." He knows Florida, because his sister is married to an American. His sister lives in a



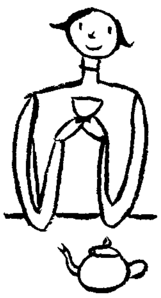
"nice German neighborhood" in Mobile, Alabama, a neighborhood where everybody speaks German, but he doesn't think of Mobile as "multicultural" because there are Germans there, living together and never speaking English. He describes himself as a "national conservative," by which he means a Christian Democrat who saw the light when the party of Helmut Kohl was "subverted by radicals." It puzzles him that the press treats Franz Schönhuber, the Republican Party chairman, as if he were a fascist when he is just another concerned, patriotic, democratic national conservative, someone who wants a clean, Christian Europe, with no minarets to spoil the scenery. Republicans are well advised, and most of them are careful to talk the way Frank does—about being democrats, being patriots, being Christians. They are never racist, only alarmist; never angry, only concerned; never right-wing nationalists, only national conservatives. They have built a following by avoiding the rhetoric of the National Democrats and the German People's Union and the handful of other right-wing parties that are legal in Germany but are often in trouble for "propaganda against democracy."

There are twenty-four thousand people in the German People's Union (a thousand fewer than the Republicans have) and about six thousand in the German National-Democratic Party, and the police believe that many of those people use the parties as a kind of cover, a way of staying in contact and staying legal when the real Nazi groups they belong to are raided and have to disband. There are a lot of groups like that—seventy-seven is the official count. Most of the groups are small. Some have fewer than fifty or a hundred members, though Alexander von Stahl, the German Attorney General, told me there were five thousand people in the three neo-Nazi parties he investigated, and banned, this year. Often, the groups are armed. They buy their guns from Russian soldiers who have been left behind in East Germany, and never get paid, and sell off whatever arms they can. The groups usually last until the police find them, and then they reappear under other names. Michael Kühnen, who lived near Ludwigshafen and founded two of the biggest neo-Nazi parties, was said to have thrown together a dozen other groups in the odd years when he was not in prison. His followers slipped into and out of clandestinity, and now they are busy recruiting in towns in East Germany, where the police are disorganized (if not members themselves) and the population impressionable and the symbols of salutes and swastikas appealing. They have been less successful lately in West Germany. The problem in West Germany is not old Nazis so much as young, educated people organizing on the fringes of the right, people who make money and live well and take their politics not from Nazi folklore but from the pages of a slick review, out of Freiburg, called *Junge Freiheit*—people like the twenty-two-year-old Düsseldorfer who managed Oi groups like Störkraft and became a millionaire and went into politics. "He's the future," Esther Schapira says. "He's much more dangerous than a crackpot shouting *'Heil Hitler!'* "

The Republicans make a point of having nothing to do with the neo-Nazis. They screen their militants for "Nazi affiliations" and "Nazi tendencies." They "purge" the Party every year. They like to say that they are not interested in the past, or in the problems of the past—they are interested in the problems of the people now. They try to sound like a Social Democratic mayor in Ludwigshafen, joking about what will happen when the Red Army arrives at his back door demanding asylum and jobs and beds. The big red hearts on their posters mean "I love Germany." They say, like Heinrich Frank in Frankfurt, that "you don't have to learn about your past in a humiliating way." They try to explain this to people they say might "misunderstand" them. (Ignatz Bubis, the head of the Jewish community in Germany, told me that Frank, whom he doesn't know, calls him on the phone, "speaking like an old friend," and asks to get together.) They lift their slogans as easily from the left as from the right when it serves their purpose. Their flyers in Frankfurt are out of Rosa Luxemburg—"Freedom is the freedom of people who think differently," the flyers say—though they do not, of course, credit Rosa Luxemburg. They say that National Socialism was a "mistake" for Germany. They concentrate on the "victims of Stalingrad." They never make the kind of mistake the National Democrats did when they tried to start a private army, or when they invited an American named Fred Leuchter to speak at a Party congress and present his "proof" that the Auschwitz gas chambers had been built by the Allies in 1945 to discredit Germans. The Republicans denounce the Holocaust. They say their models are not Hitler but Jean-Marie Le Pen and Franz Haider and Umberto Bossi, the man who wants to take Lombardy out of Italy, although they stay away from any official alliance, suspecting, rightly, that the other nationalists would give them a bad name. Right now, Schönhuber, in Munich, is the closest thing to a leader they have, and he is seventy years old, and the man he seems to want to succeed him is a Stuttgart intellectual who does better with the liberals who watch him debate on television than with the shopkeepers and salesmen who vote Republican because Schönhuber is a *Bier und Heimat* kind of person, just like them. Schönhuber, in fact, started out with the Waffen S.S. After the war, he became a journalist. He was a Communist journalist, and then a Social Democratic journalist, and, finally, a television talk-show journalist, promoting Franz-Josef Strauss (whom he knew from a Munich drinking club for people called Franz) and the Christian Social Union. Hans Sarkowicz, a young Frankfurt historian who has written a book about Schönhuber, says he will probably go down as one of the great opportunists of German postwar politics, but at home in Bavaria he is much admired for his opportunism and, of course, his guile. He likes to talk about "ethno-pluralism." He means, by ethno-pluralism, that it is cruel to take Turks out of their country and put them in Germany, where they lose their culture and become unhappy. He loves the Turks too much to see them unhappy. He says that his politics are about making Turks happy by encouraging them to stay at home. He has a summer house on the Turkish coast, and evidently it was the presence of so many happy Turks at home in Turkey that shaped his politics. He uses words like *Volksgemeinschaft*. He says, "No violence against foreigners. Vote Republican," and unless you knew the code you might easily think it was Abraham Lincoln saying that ballots are better than bullets.

It may be that the racism here *is* different—different from the racism you see across the Rhine, in France, or even in Switzerland, where the xenophobia is so exaggerated that some of the foreign workers are cycled in and out of the country every nine months, and few of them ever have a chance to call it home. Certainly the arguments about foreigners and economics now—about Germany not being able to afford its foreigners—are as suspect as the arguments about Weimar economics "causing" Hitler, and maybe they are just as bogus, too, since in the end the foreigners here are not very expensive. Most of them work, and Germany needs them, and sometimes needs more of them than it has: German farmers have to import two hundred thousand migrant workers a year just to keep up with their own labor shortages. And the refugees who don't work—most of them are forbidden by law to work—cost the country a fraction of what it costs to support the three and a half million Germans who are unemployed. They certainly cost less than the seventy-six million dollars that Germany is going to pay Poland over the next two years to take a few thousand of them back, and to build the fences to keep them from leaving.

Manfred Schiedermair, a Frankfurt business lawyer active in civil-rights circles, thinks that part of the problem is that Germany never really had to pay for anything until the Wall fell. "Democracy didn't cost so much," he says. "It was a present from the Allies, a box of candy, and there was always a honeymoon feeling about it." He means that as long as Germany was rich most Germans believed they were good democrats—that German democracy is much more fragile than any of those Germans thought, because the old Germany was always there, radical in its fantasies and not really very safe in its shiny new institutions and commitments. In the end, it doesn't matter if you trace those fantasies to Heine or Hitler, to the Black Forest or the blond pigtail. *Blut und Boden*—Blood and Soil—is not about jobs or public housing or food coupons. It is in the language, in the poetry, in the images of Germany received in childhood. It has to do with a kind of ethnic exaltation, located in race and place. It runs through the German canon from "Parzifal" to the fascist popular poets like Agnes Miegel, who were kept in the schoolbooks long after the war was over (while Bertolt Brecht was still excluded), to the playwright Botho Strauss, who has been publishing polemics on the collapse of "German" values of the sort that used to inspire Germans to give their lives for "identity." It even extends, sometimes, to the Greens. It is where left meets right, where the "good" Germans and the "bad" Germans still sometimes come together. It is comfortable with words like "purity" and "defilement," and, while the Greens and the racists mean very different things when they use these words, they are not words you usually expect to find in Western politics. This is why a lawyer like Schiedermair, talking about the democracy, or a professor like Spiros Simitis, talking about the constitution, or a philosopher like Jürgen Habermas, talking about the social contract, can sound like a voice from some other country, while Botho Strauss, talking about German values and German identity, sounds "German."



At six-twenty on the morning of February 14th, the phones in the pink stone police station in Ludwigshafen started ringing. People on Schulstrasse, about a mile from the station house, were calling to report that the Turkish grocery on their street—the store called Baskent—was burning. The firemen came, and evacuated the building. Then the ambulances came. Ten people who lived directly above the store—Germans, mainly, and a few Turks—were taken to the hospital. One child, who had inhaled a lot of smoke, was kept in the hospital. It was a Sunday morning, but the fire seemed to have awakened everyone on Schulstrasse. One woman said that the Baskent "exploded." Another woman said that she was sure she had seen two men running out of the burning store, and that one of the men had turned and thrown what looked like a "burning object" back inside, but she told the police that that was all she saw.

The Baskent was still smoking when the police found Nigar Ergeldi, the young grocer who owned the store, sleeping at his parents' house in Hemshof. By the time he arrived, the Baskent was gone. The sidewalk was piled with smoldering bedsprings and antennas from the apartments upstairs, and with twisted pieces of frame from Nigar's awning, and a television crew was down from Frankfurt, filming for the midday news, but all that remained of the Baskent was a little safe in what had been the back room, where Nigar kept some money, for change, and his receipts. The site was sealed, and Nigar worried about his safe. He kept telling the police, the reporters, the neighbors, "I don't have enemies, I have mostly friends"—which is what the police expected him to say. "Our experience is that Turks and Kurds don't give information to official people" is how Mayor Schulte puts it. "They think it's dangerous."

YOU'VE JUST BEEN TOLD

to move to
Wolfe Island:

a rounded island in a wide
river at the edge of a wide, dark lake.

You've just been told
to move to Wolfe Island. What

will you find there?
Wolves?

Traps for wolves?
You've

been told to move to Wolfe Island.
What can you take along when you go?

All the kitchenware.
All the hammers and saws.

This book and that book.
Whatever your choice was.

You'll take a free ferry
to Wolfe Island. The car

has its brakes set and won't roll.
The ferry clanked into the dock

of the island.
What do you find there?

A small town. A red stop sign.
Islands of squared-off fields

in a pond of trees.
Little-box houses in square

yards. Clouds spread over the trees,
as flat as icing. Fences,

green wheat. A second shore.
A road with a name like

Button Edge Road?
Can't we go back and look?

Later. Don't worry.
Now we live here.

—ELIZABETH MACKLIN

The fire on Schulstrasse was the second fire set in a Turkish grocery store in Ludwigshafen in as many months, and it embarrassed the city. The Mayor pointed out that the two fires were the only serious incidents involving foreigners since the sidewalk cracking of Ender Basaran, three years earlier, and the police complained that it was hard to proceed calmly, looking for real clues to those relatively minor crimes, when everybody else seemed to be looking to Ludwigshafen for clues to the German crisis. They had, in fact, a couple of clues to the first fire bombing: they had a glass bottleneck with a homemade detonator inside it, and they had pieces of three hammerheads, which in all likelihood had been used to smash the grocery's plate-glass window. There was a fragment of a price tag left on one hammerhead. No one knew how it had survived the fire, but it was just big enough for the police to trace the hammers to a local hardware store and to get a description of the man who bought them. They ordered a portrait drawn—a mockup face from the Landeskriminalamt computers—and ended up with a picture of a dark, heavily bearded, "foreign-looking" man. It was not anyone's idea of a picture of a skinhead.

Detective Ladinek thinks it's possible that the man at the hardware store was wrong, or that skins had persuaded a friend with a beard to buy their hammers, but he also thinks it's possible that the Turk with the grocery had refused to pay the local Turkish mafia, which collects "protection" against the local Kurds, or, indeed, the local Kurds, who collect "taxes" for "the Kurdish state in exile," or even the Italians, who collect their own protection in the area. Ender Basaran agrees with Ladinek that almost anything is possible, even an insurance scam. He was not much interested in either fire—"My pain was so much greater" is the way he explains it—but when he thinks about the fires now, they puzzle him. He says that his father "hears things at the mosque" about protection rackets and the Turkish mafia, although the things his father hears usually have to do with gambling clubs, not grocery stores. Thinking about the fires, he is not convinced that skinheads set them. The cops on Nigar Ergeldi's case—four policemen from a special "terrorism and extremism" squad, three policemen from the organized-crime squad, and one policeman who is an expert on arson—say there are similarities between the two crimes. There were none of the usual skinhead signs at either fire—no Nazi graffiti, no swastikas scribbled on a wall or a sidewalk, only a "wrong way" swastika on a building next to the first grocery, which the neighbors said had been there for days. This puzzles the police, and so does the fact that the fires seemed planned, and that they were set at dawn, which is the time most skinheads have finished marauding and are home in bed, drunk and sleeping. But what puzzles them most is that the stores were empty, and they know by now that skinheads are not much interested in stores. Skinheads are interested, if that is the word, in people. "A skinhead goes for people, not property," Mayor Schulte says. "He goes for homes and bars and train stations and asylum centers, for places with foreigners around. He is not looking for tomatoes."

The Mayor would obviously like to see the fire bombings solved. "We used to have fights between skins and foreigners, but this violence is a new violence," he says. "We're careful not to speculate: Is it right extremists? Is it foreign terrorists? What's important for us is to learn what the *purpose* of these burnings was, and what influences were at play." It makes him uneasy, even now, to suggest that an act of violence against foreigners might involve foreigners, and in some way feed the racism he is trying to dis-courage. He knows that at this moment in Germany there are bound to be protection crimes, and insurance crimes, and even political crimes, dressed up to look like the crimes everyone sees on television and identifies as skin crimes. But it is difficult to look at the rubble of what was once a prosperous Turkish store and say that Turks or Kurds did this, because it is what people on the right say whenever there is a fire bombing. The right maintained that Turks from a Hamburg mafia were responsible for the killings in Mölln. They kept saying it—even after two skinheads were charged and one confessed—though they were hard put to it to explain what the Turkish mafia had to do with a fifty-one-year-old grandmother and two girls. Only about a third of the skinhead crimes get to trial. The police may know that it was skinheads, and, in many cases, know which skinheads, but often they lack the evidence they need for a conviction; and when there *is* a conviction the terms are apt to be remarkably light, either because the skins were minors at the time or because they were drunk, or both. German law incorporates the curious notion that Germans getting drunk and committing "spontaneous" crimes is something inevitable and extenuating. Most skinheads are like Gerhard Horn—they are out of jail within a few years.

Detective Ladinek says that there are fifty right skins active in and around Ludwigshafen now. Sergeant Falk has men following them all, and men (and fences and phones) at the big asylum houses. He knows in general when to expect trouble, and he never expected trouble at a couple of Turkish grocery stores. The rule of thumb at the Ludwigshafen station house is still that skinheads are stupid, and Falk and his cops agree with the Mayor when he says, "To buy hammers, break windows—that's too organized for a skinhead." The problem is that after three thousand skinhead attacks in Germany it is difficult to say that a skinhead is simply someone with a shaved skull and a couple of tattoos. Violence spreads, and the pretext for violence spreads, and in the end there may be no real definition of a skinhead crime. A skin who grows his hair and settles down, and maybe even joins a respectable right-wing party, isn't apt to like foreigners any more than he did at the age of seventeen. He is apt to resent the five million marks it costs the city to keep nine social workers assigned to the Ludwigshafen refugees, and the money it takes to maintain the boats and containers and sports centers where the refugees live. Once he has a job, and a little more hair, he is apt to resent it as a taxpayer and (by his lights) a citizen.

NIGAR ERGELDI had a schedule. Every morning except Sunday, Nigar got up at exactly four o'clock, shook off sleep with a glass of Turkish coffee, and drove his used Ford Transit van to the wholesale Turkish market in Mannheim to buy produce for his store. Sunday mornings, he slept, which is the only reason he was home in bed in Hemshof, and not in his store, unloading vegetables, when the fire at the Baskent started. Nigar called his store Baskent because *baskent* means "capital" in Turkish, and Nigar had spent the first eight years of his life in Ankara. The name reminded him of home, and, besides, it sounded important. He says, "It sounded serious." Nigar himself is serious. He is soft-spoken, polite, and very guarded, very shy, and he looks like a student. He has a delicate face and small, delicate hands that you do not usually associate with someone who is up at four in the morning loading and unloading crates of food, and the truth is he does not much like loading and unloading crates of food. He does not like being a grocer, even a grocer on a prosperous pedestrian street with a "French" dry cleaner and a unisex "coiffeur" for the neighbors. He wants to have a "profession." He used to work at B.A.S.F., at the photocopy machines. Once, he apprenticed with a mason. Early last summer, he went back to high school. He says he wanted "a quiet, anonymous life." He never imagined that on a Sunday morning in February this year he would be walking into the Ludwigshafen police station, past the "Wanted" signs and the pictures of murderers and rapists and the framed photographs of retired police chiefs, to answer questions about why somebody would want to hurt him.

The Baskent used to belong to Nigar's brother. His brother found the storefront in March last year, got himself a partner, and registered the business at the Rathaus. Now he is "retired" from the business, and gets his sleep, and has a nine-to-five job at the window-washing company where Ender Basaran works. Nigar's father took over the lease in August. The store was doing well, and he wanted to keep it in the family. Nigar left school and signed some papers and, at twenty-two, he became a grocer, with a fourteen-and-a-half-hour day and a monthly rent that amounted to twenty-eight hundred dollars. "It's natural," he says. "It was to please my father." He is a dutiful son—a Turkish son—and it is hard to imagine him having a beer with a German cop, the way Ender Basaran does, or, like Ender, courting a German girl, or even approaching a German girl. It is hard to imagine Nigar with Ger-

FANTASTIC
FUNTASTIC
NEWS
LOVE
W. Hamilton

"Annie? Just start slam-dunking your thoughts on grunge."

mans at all. Germans make him uneasy. It would not have occurred to him to walk in the Ludwigshafen candle vigil. He says, "It was too cold for walking around with candles, and, anyway, it had nothing to do with me."

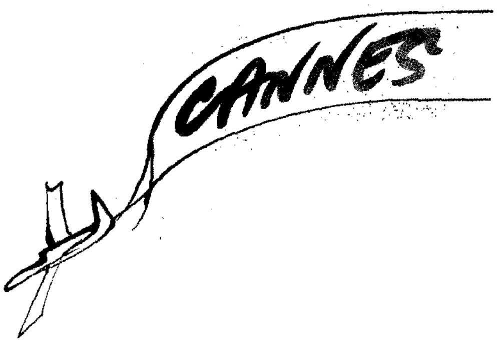
The Germans Nigar sees are mainly the Germans on his street, who come to the store to market and to try his Turkish specialties. When he was a boy, he sometimes played with the German boys at school, but they never went home together. The Germans liked rock, and Nigar hates rock. They liked soccer, and Nigar hates soccer. "I think it's stupid, running after a ball," he likes to say. "I get my sports every morning at the market." Now, whenever he has some time to himself, he takes a walk with his Turkish friends and they stop at a café and talk, and that accounts for his entertainment. He never reads—not even the paper—unless he has to. He never travels unless he has to. He has been to Munich, Heidelberg, Mainz, Frankfurt, and Cologne, and he says that they looked the same. He used to go to movies. This winter, he saw "The Silence of the Lambs," and it scared him; he wanted to leave, but the friend he was with said, "We paid, we stay." He has not been back to the movies since.

When Nigar goes to Turkey, he never says that he's from Germany. He tells people that he's from Ankara. He doesn't want to be "looked at differently," like the *Gastarbeiter* he knows who visit their fathers' villages and have trouble with the people who stayed behind and think that all the Turks in Germany are millionaires. "I don't like it when people say, 'You live in Germany, you make money and never have to work, and here we are—we're poor and we work hard, all the time.' " The people in his own village always say this, because Nigar's father was the mayor there, years before he came to Germany, and the villagers thought that he was very smart, getting so many votes, and would certainly be rich anywhere but Turkey. They have forgotten, by now, that everyone in the village was his cousin.

Nigar's father worked for sixteen years at a John Deere factory in Mannheim. It was hard physical work, and a couple of years ago he had a heart attack, and the factory let him go. He has nothing to do now. He used to help, sometimes, at the store—he called himself "the comptroller"—but his German is nonexistent, and he couldn't understand the customers. Mainly, he stood around "seeing that everything was in order," making sure that Nigar kept busy and didn't get into bad German habits, like lunch or coffee. He said that the longer Nigar worked, the better it was for the business—which Nigar admits was true. Nigar says he was beginning to like his store when someone burned it. He says that the more the money came in, the more he liked it. He knows that all of his father's hopes were in the Baskent, because so much else in his father's life had changed. The family used to live together—"the way Turkish families are supposed to live." Now they do not. Nigar's brother is married and has his own apartment, and it is up to Nigar to make the money for the kind of place that will tempt him back. "I'm here to work," Nigar says. "I don't care if I'm a Turk in Germany. Citizenship here? What for? People know I'm a Turk anyway. I'm allowed to live here, work here. For us, it's not important who's in power. If it doesn't affect me, I don't care."

Nigar says he has been thinking a lot about his life lately. After the fire, he was too frightened to think at all. "*Schreck*" is the word he uses—"shocked and scared." For a while, he talked mainly to reporters—people from Südwestfunk, and from the Frankfurt papers, and even from *Hürriyet*, which is the biggest paper in Turkey and has a Frankfurt office. He didn't really feel like talking, but, being polite, he told them, "It would not be right if you came in vain." His insurance was paid. He wasn't that worried then about the money. Now he worries. He worries about whether his German landlord is going to want a Turkish tenant who gets firebombed and raises his own insurance rates and makes his other tenants nervous. He may even wonder, after the killings in Solingen, if his landlord is going to want a Turkish tenant at all.

"I did everything I had to legally," Nigar says. If he was paying protection to a Turkish mafia or to Kurdish separatists, it is not something he is going to tell you. If he refused to pay, that is not something he is going to tell you, either. "In general, I'm not afraid of anyone," he says. "When I see '*Ausländer Raus!*' I think nothing. But I'm a little afraid now. I don't know what happened. It could happen again, with me in the store. I think now, Maybe I have enemies. Anyone can have no hair." ♦



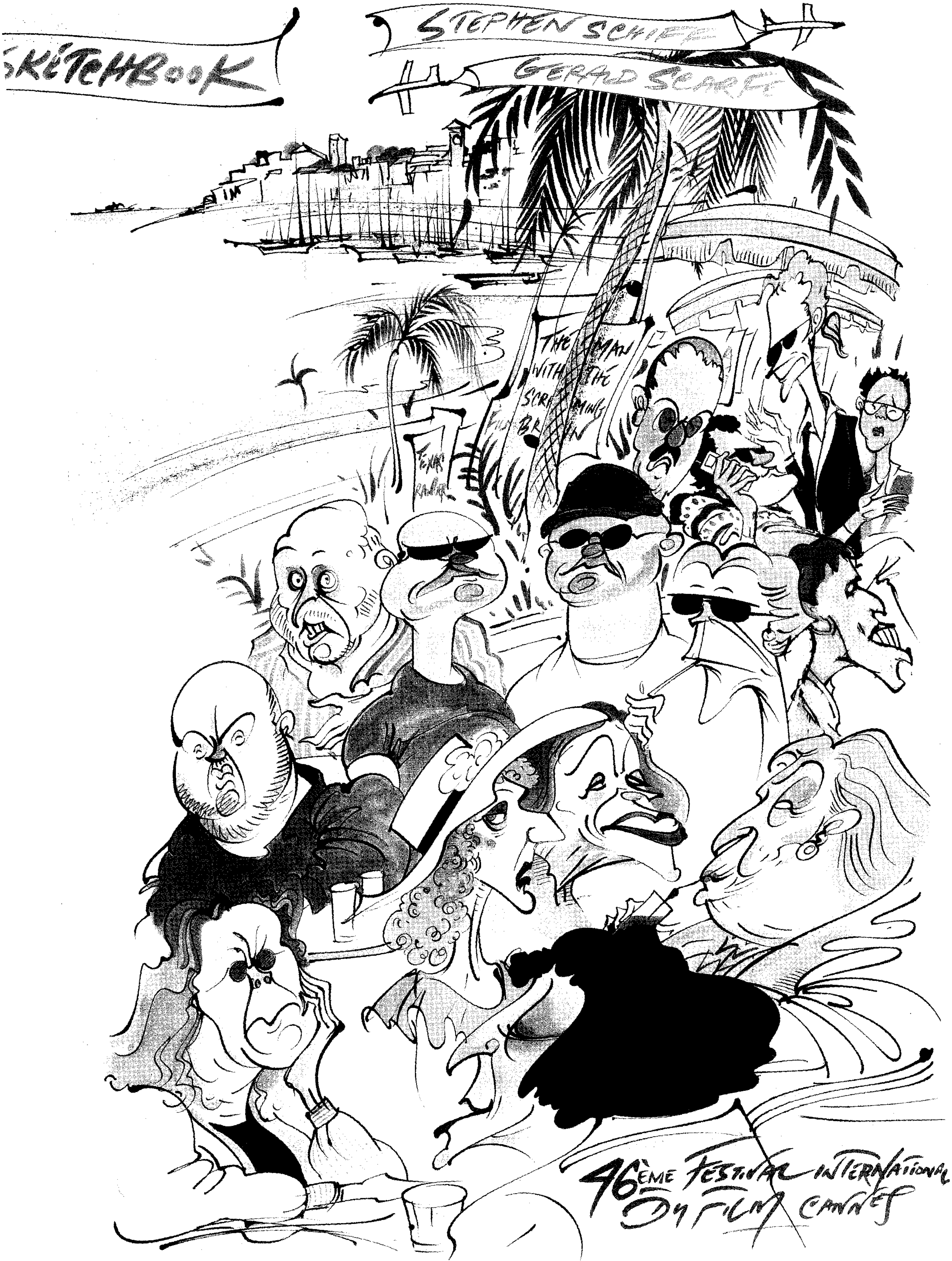
THERE was an unwritten rule at the 46th Cannes Film Festival: the bigger you were in the movie business the fewer movies you saw. The mightiest muck-a-mucks—the ones from Hollywood—stayed at the Hôtel du Cap, some thirty minutes away from any screening room, and rarely ventured into Cannes at all. Lesser potentates made camp on the terrace of the Majestic Hotel, among the grandes dames Cannoises who sat there all day sipping cappuccino and clutching their wiggly white bichons frises. The players in blazers and jeans and designer sunglasses were producers, here to sell their movies to the people in T-shirts and shorts and designer sunglasses—the distributors. If you listened in on their conversations, the buzz was always the same: It was the worst of years, it was the worst of years. Which is exactly what they had said the year before. Elsewhere, financiers held court on yachts, journalists begged invitations to parties full of other journalists, tourists stampeded to get into movies they wouldn't cross the street to see back home. And then there were the agents, selling their clients' new projects hither and yon, and trying to seduce future gods and godlings into signing up. A great many of them seemed to be courting an insouciant young director named Stephan Elliott, whose next film is about three drag queens stranded in the Australian desert. Cornering Elliott at last, a young hotshot from the Creative Artists Agency got serious. "Look, Stephan," he said. "What do you want?"

"O.K.," Elliott said. "I want to come to L.A., and I want to see Mike Ovitz in person, face to face." Ovitz, the redoubtable head of C.A.A., is by general agreement the most powerful man in Hollywood.

"Done," the C.A.A. agent said. "What else?"

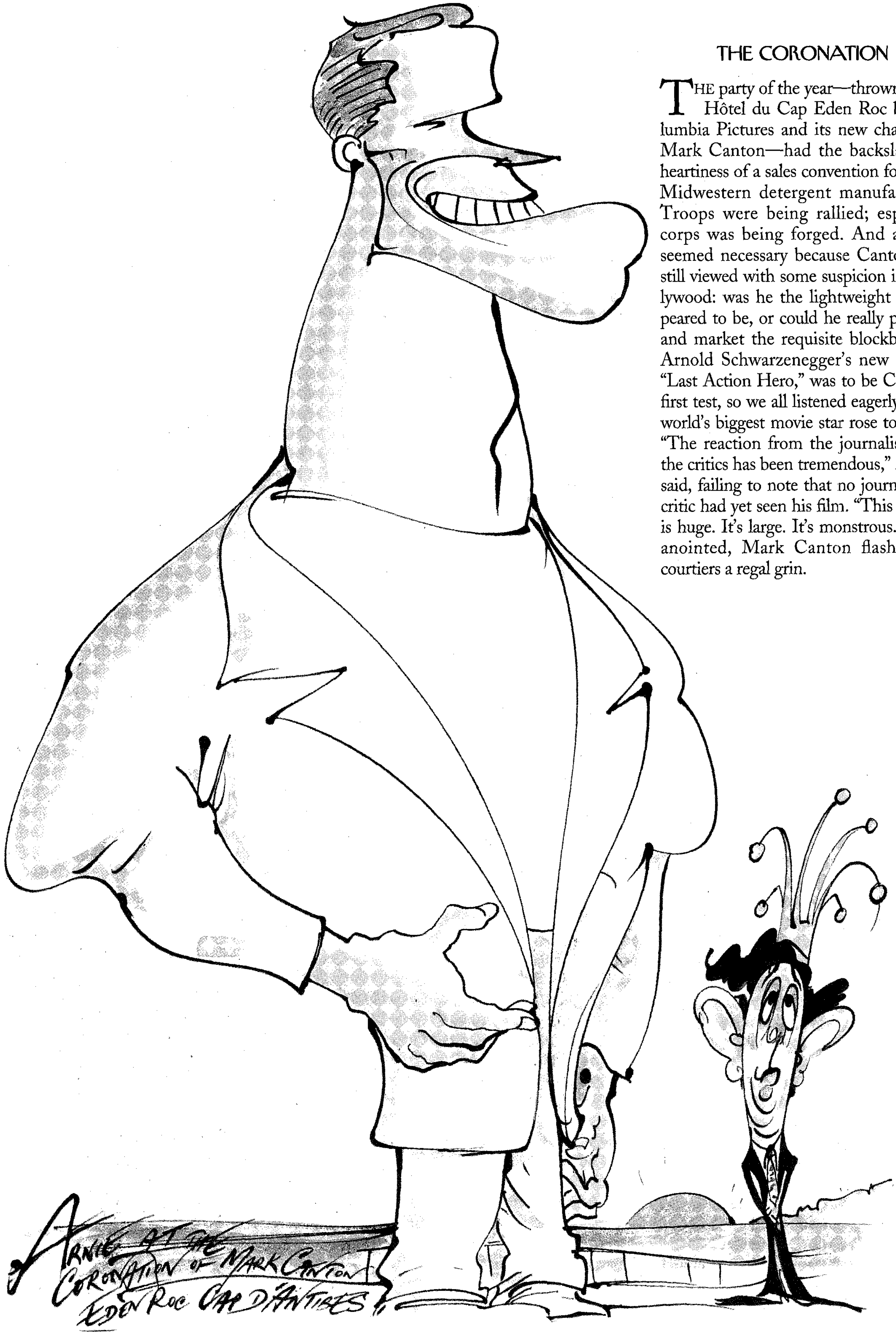
"Well, I want him to be wearing a dress," Elliott said.

The C.A.A. agent gulped hard. "Done," he said.


SKETCHBOOK
STEPHEN SCHIFF
GERALD SCARFE
THE MAN WITH THE SCREAMING BRAIN
TEXAS
46ème FESTIVAL INTERNATIONAL DU FILM CANNES

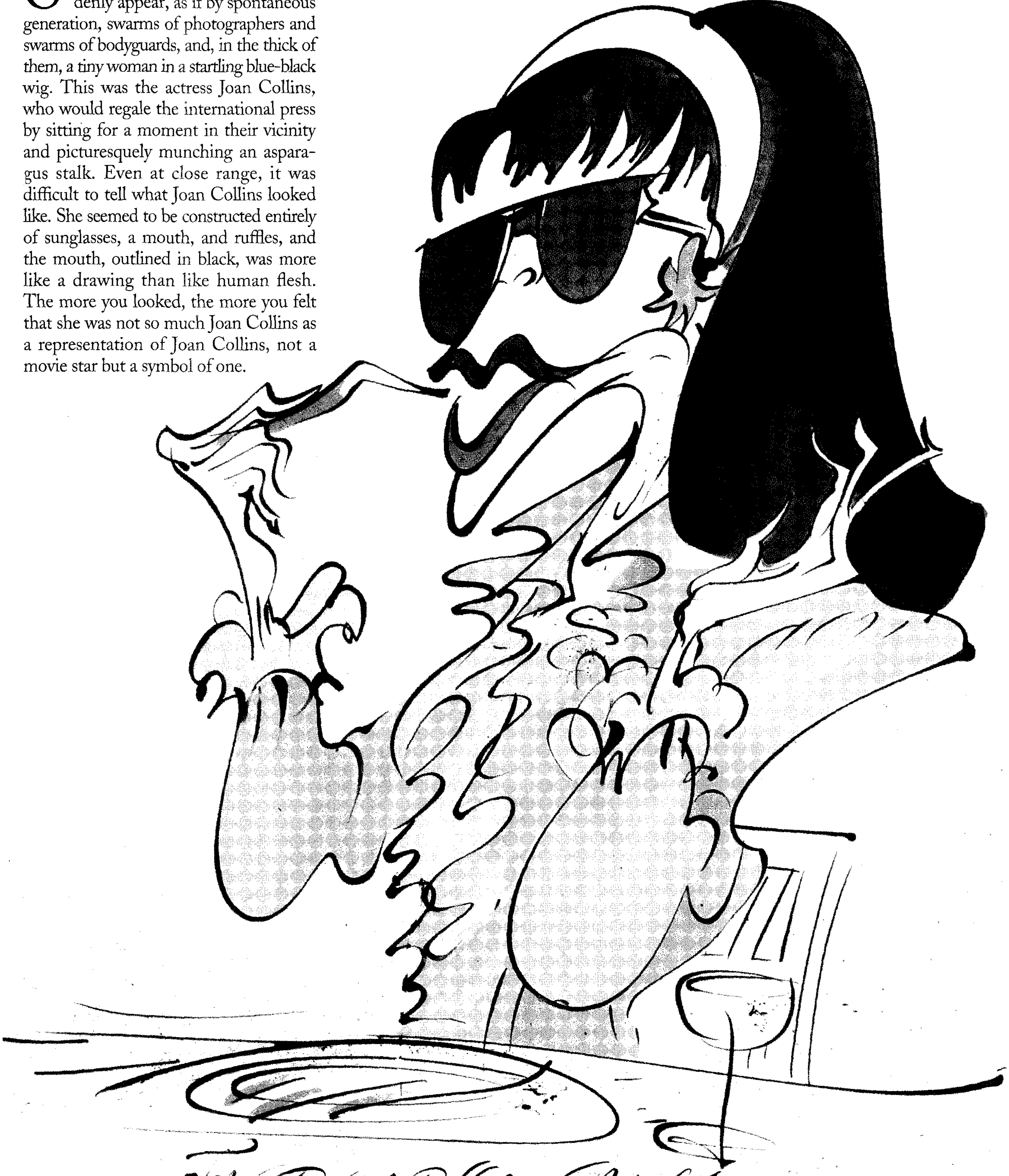
THE CORONATION

THE party of the year—thrown at the Hôtel du Cap Eden Roc by Columbia Pictures and its new chairman, Mark Canton—had the backslapping heartiness of a sales convention for some Midwestern detergent manufacturer. Troops were being rallied; esprit de corps was being forged. And all this seemed necessary because Canton was still viewed with some suspicion in Hollywood: was he the lightweight he appeared to be, or could he really produce and market the requisite blockbusters? Arnold Schwarzenegger's new movie, "Last Action Hero," was to be Canton's first test, so we all listened eagerly as the world's biggest movie star rose to speak. "The reaction from the journalists and the critics has been tremendous," Arnold said, failing to note that no journalist or critic had yet seen his film. "This picture is huge. It's large. It's monstrous." Thus anointed, Mark Canton flashed his courtiers a regal grin.



DYNASTY

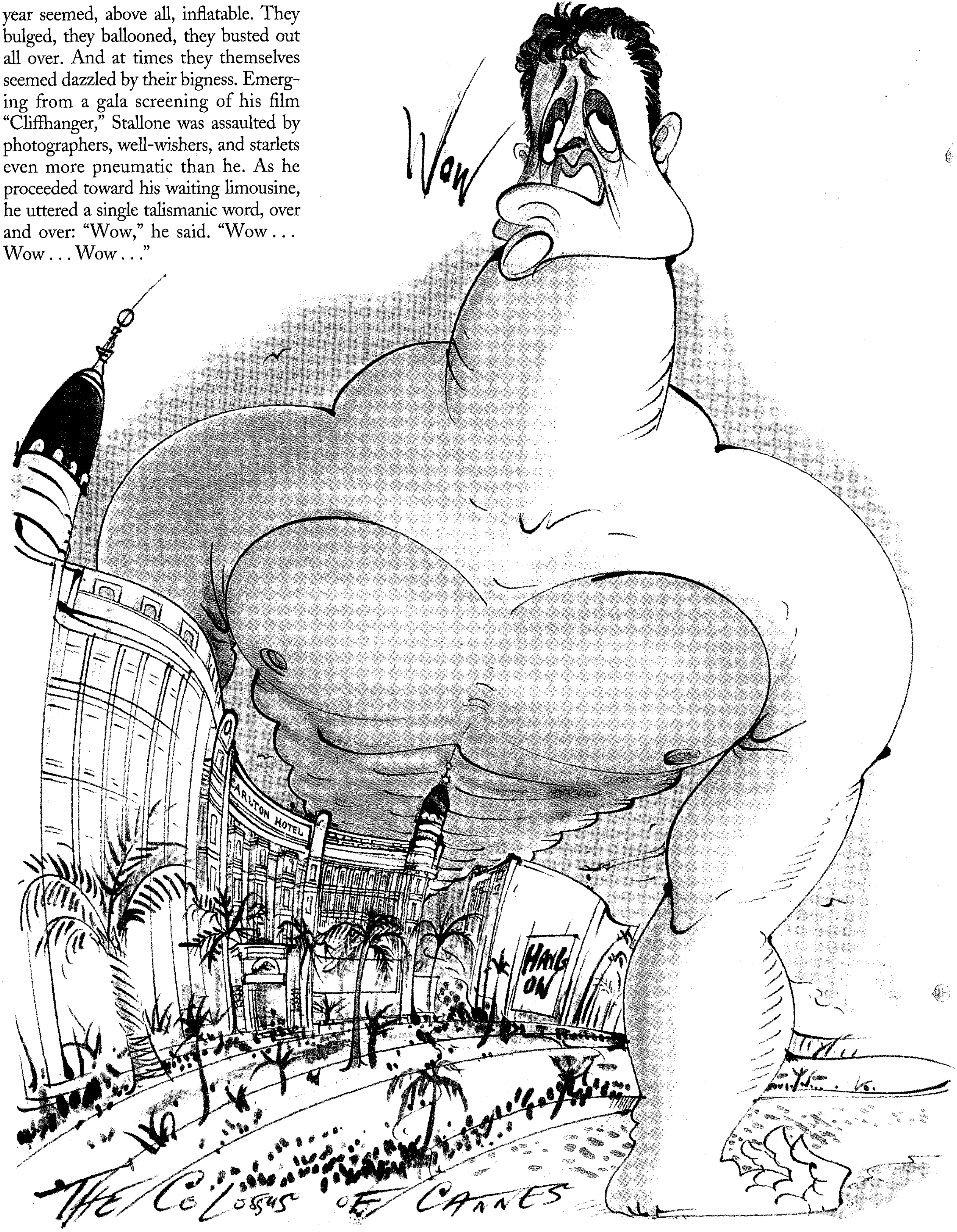
On any given day, there would suddenly appear, as if by spontaneous generation, swarms of photographers and swarms of bodyguards, and, in the thick of them, a tiny woman in a startling blue-black wig. This was the actress Joan Collins, who would regale the international press by sitting for a moment in their vicinity and picturesquely munching an asparagus stalk. Even at close range, it was difficult to tell what Joan Collins looked like. She seemed to be constructed entirely of sunglasses, a mouth, and ruffles, and the mouth, outlined in black, was more like a drawing than like human flesh. The more you looked, the more you felt that she was not so much Joan Collins as a representation of Joan Collins, not a movie star but a symbol of one.



JOAN TASTES A TEENY.. BIT OF ASPARAGUS
BEACH PARTY — CANNES

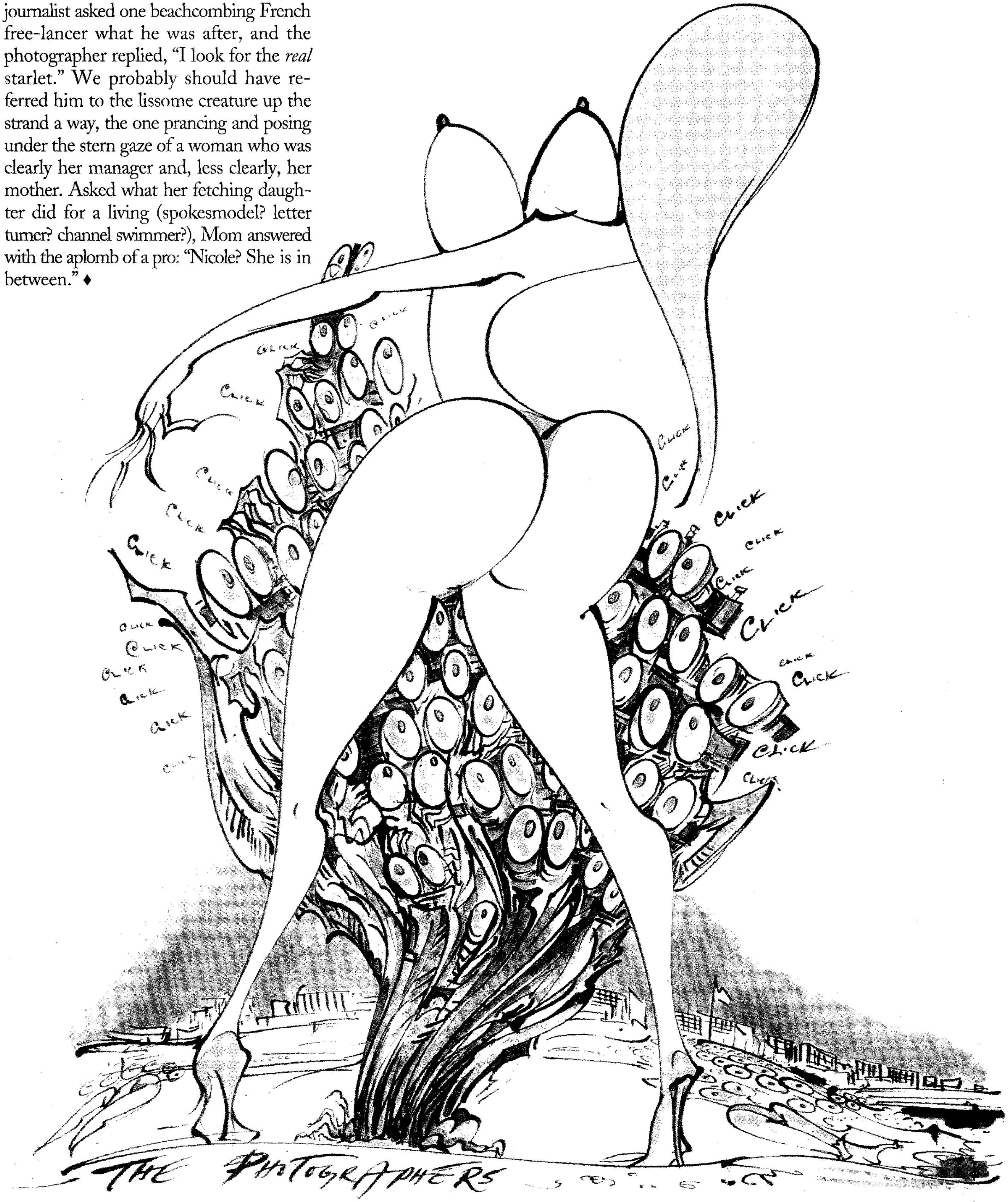
STAR QUALITY

SCHWARZENEGGER, Collins, Sylvester Stallone—the stars at Cannes this year seemed, above all, inflatable. They bulged, they ballooned, they busted out all over. And at times they themselves seemed dazzled by their bigness. Emerging from a gala screening of his film "Cliffhanger," Stallone was assaulted by photographers, well-wishers, and starlets even more pneumatic than he. As he proceeded toward his waiting limousine, he uttered a single talismanic word, over and over: "Wow," he said. "Wow . . . Wow . . . Wow . . ."



BRIGHT TOMORROWS

YOU would think that the spectacle of young beauties baring their bosoms for the photographers wouldn't be quite the draw it once was—not now, when the Cannes beaches are all topless anyway. A journalist asked one beachcombing French free-lancer what he was after, and the photographer replied, "I look for the *real* starlet." We probably should have referred him to the lissome creature up the strand a way, the one prancing and posing under the stern gaze of a woman who was clearly her manager and, less clearly, her mother. Asked what her fetching daughter did for a living (spokesmodel? letter turner? channel swimmer?), Mom answered with the aplomb of a pro: "Nicole? She is in between." ♦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THE PHOTOGRAPHERS

FICTION

BETWEEN SEASONS

BY JAMES ROBISON

NOON. The hammering sun softens, the morning turns around, darkening fast, and a hard wind shears the dunes. Cindy sits up on her towel, suddenly shocked, starched by an all-over burn. The Gulf of Mexico is everything she sees, convulsed and roaring, flogged by the landing of a storm. Crests rear and fold, crumple and boom. She feels their impact on the sand like mines going off, and she stands. Knob-kneed, stork-legged, she's twelve years old, with hair bright as metal. She looks down at her stomach and chest and moans; she's already the rude pink of watermelon flesh.

The Island Motel is a whitewashed shoebox on the other side of the seawall and promenade. Cindy is in her own room when Mom uses a key to open the door and then knocks.

"Help is here," she says. She has a paper sack from a pharmacy.

"How gross am I?"

"I've seen worse. I don't *think* you'll blister," Mom says.

She spritzes Cindy with spray and slathers her with aloe. "When your skin isn't tacky we'll put on the tanning sauce. You'll be nut brown. Your eyes will be crystal blue."

Cindy waits through an eerie afternoon. The burn has her in low-grade trauma, a few breaths away from panic. She tries watching a television movie, but feels she'll roast if she loses track of her own anxiety. She says, "God, make me brown. God, no blisters."

And every trip to the silver-gray, marbled mirror shows her a darker girl. Her face is going dirty bronze under the stain of the self-tanning gel. Her eyes are crystal blue. Her teeth look white and her hair glitters in contrast to her brow. She has read this phrase in a celebrity profile: "A ruddy girl with blazing hair."

"A ruddy girl with blazing eyes and flaming hair," she says.

Elation swells in her chest and stomach, a palpable emotion, enormous.

"This is the greatest country in the world," she says.

On the bedside table are the new Wayfarer Ray-Bans Dad bought her. She regards them with an undiluted joy of possession, and sees a pea-green lizard twinkling on the wall above the TV stand and shrieks.

The woman at the check-in desk says, over the phone, "Honey, you mean chameleon, not lizard. And they're lucky. My daughter used to pinch open their mouths and fasten them on like earrings. Where are you from?"

"Rhode Island."

"Well, I bet you have things in Rhode Island that would scare me. O.K.?"

Earlier in the day, shoulder-deep in the Gulf, Cindy had seen a sail-shaped fin, not thirty yards away, cutting a wake toward her.

"No," she said, and moved backward through the water. "God, God, God," she chanted. The triangle fin swerved and submerged. She backed away, *throwing churning windmills* with her arms. Figures onshore were charging the surf, calling to people out in the water, in the path of the big fish.

Up on the sand, by her towel, Cindy stood and shuddered and hugged herself. Camped there was a plump man with a seamed face and bucket hat. He said, "That's a dolphin, you know."

"It is?"

"See how it rounds and arcs when it dives? Sharks move in straight lines. It's following those trawlers."

"You're sure?" Cindy was fighting back adrenaline shivers.

"Well," the man said and rubbed his pouchy face. "The only thing is, it's alone and dolphins're never alone unless they're sick. But ninety-nine per cent sure."

"I see more fins," Cindy said. Four black triangles rode well behind the trawler, as if being dragged.

The man said, "Voilà! You're safe. Dolphins."

Cindy went back in the water after the fins had gone off, but the day was transfigured. The cloud shadows playing in the water looked long and gray and seemed steered, aimed with animal intent. The piling surf seemed to grow stronger, more bullying, and in its glassy slopes and hillocks Cindy saw mouths.

NOW she's happy, on her stomach on the bed. Her faith, so often answered, and her patriotism, so mawkish, are nobody's business; her secrets hers to keep—*hers*, safe from Dad, Mom, from schoolmates. She's just heard a jetliner crossing the stormy sky, and she imagines the calm pilot. She thinks how the men who fly jetliners are handsome in their uniforms, and brave. She thinks, too, of surgeons, with their knowing hands, and of Secret Service guys with neatly cropped hair, their phantom safeguarding motions, and their clean, powerful cars.

Dad is loading the van in dulled light. Just after dawn. Gulls squeal. Dad is graying. He's a powerful enemy because his lanky shape is hers and she is about length, not curves, and because he smiles so much at what she says, with no malice, and because he so much loves her. Cindy backs away from the window and watches herself in the mirror, which has become all magic surface, a plane of delight.

In the van's back seat, driving off, she sees the gentled surf breaking reddish, like creamed tea.

"Your daughter is now a babe, notice," Mom says.

"She was a babe before," Dad says.

"The tan," Mom says. But after all day in this car, Cindy's thinking, and then three days in El Paso, her colors will fade before anybody sees her.

Dad says, "Anyone here read about the ozone? Aren't tans for, like, professional wrestlers and TV evangelists?"

Cindy adjusts her glasses and grabs her doll, an armless torso of pink rubber with a glossy banner of hair flaring off, and clicking lidded eyes. "This person," Cindy says, and shakes the doll. "This person is not the soul she's anxious to be. This person is a failed archeologist."

She twists the doll head, crumpling the gummy orange doll flesh, screws it up like paper. “She is imploding with frustration,” she says.

At eleven, at a San Antonio gas stop, Dad says, “Your Uncle Paul is a very wicked one. I’m telling you this, but you’ll see it.”

“Wicked?” Cindy says.

Dad nods, but Mom touches his shoulder and stops him. Mom’s wearing a platterlike straw hat brim. Where the crown of the hat should be is the top of her head. She’s very beautiful, Cindy knows, but in an indifferent and weak way.

Mom is warning off Dad, keeping him from one of his speeches. “Everything in its time,” she says to him.

When they’re back on the road, Cindy puts her doll, Nancy, on her lap and inks a drawing on Nancy’s shoulder. Dad, passing a truck, twists back and sees the doll.

“Aha,” he says. “Your sister got drunk and went and got tattooed.”

“I wouldn’t have expected that from Nancy,” Mom says. “She’s such a quiet type.”

“Look out for the quiet ones,” Dad says.

Tonight’s motel is in dusty country, with cactus and stumpy, strangely shaped mountains. Cindy is down around the concession machines, where bugs with thick hulls swarm or crawl. Beyond the motel lights, the rolling earth seems to be seething in its dark. Fist-size bugs, Cindy thinks. Lizards as big as dachshunds and snakes with horny rattles. She believes she hears rattle beans clattering out there.

“Cattle-drive country,” Dad has said, but to Cindy cowboys were farmers on horses; poor men with bad teeth, lice, tuberculosis, venereal diseases. Anyway, that’s what she remembered from a television documentary about the Old West. She takes her soda and candy bars into the parking lot. Someone staying at this motel is driving a Porsche Carrera with California plates.

El Paso is white mountains, white earth, chalky boulders, a burning blue sky, a descent. Cindy is heartened by the sweeping modern buildings, the malls and franchise shops, the bright billboards, by how clean the city is, how newly invented it seems. The van prowls a neighborhood of shining homes built like miniature haciendas. Cindy sees a boy with a nice curve to his bare back. He’s astride a dirt bike in a driveway.

“2231 is the address,” Dad says. “It must be much farther out.” He shuts down the radio station, and Cindy groans.

“Honey, we need to think,” Mom says to her.

Dad talks quickly, and in tones of a briefing for some mission: “My grandfather, Cin, was a railroad man. He worked fifty years for the New York Central in Union Station, Dayton, Ohio. His son was your grandfather and he was railroad, too, in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. And so was my uncle, for the Narragansett line, and so is my brother, Paul.”

“Wicked Uncle Paul,” Cindy says.

“Yeah. And he works here.”

“She knows all this,” Mom says.

“It’s by way of preface,” Dad says. “I’m saying Paul’s cool, in his way, but he’s like all train guys. He’s got some crazy attitudes.”

Uncle Paul meets them in his sand-and-gravel yard. At forty, he’s two years older than Dad, but to Cindy he looks patriarchal, almost elderly. When he talks she doesn’t hear what he says, only the fakey grit in his voice, the twang and slur of an adopted and exaggerated accent.

His house seems temporary and cardboardish. Cindy takes a seat in a greasy leather armchair. Uncle Paul brings bottles of beer and a Coke from the kitchenette. Crusty, warped boots and work shoes are piled in one corner beside a stack of abused paperbacks. Stiff molded gloves rest on a table by the door.

Paul pets his scribbly graying hair.

“Saturday morning, me and the Mexicans report to Les Ciseaux d’Or for our haircuts and shaves. I’m the only Anglo there. The barbers are all women, doing kids and girls, men and boys. It’s like a fiesta.”

“You speak Spanish?” Dad asks.

“Border Spanish, David, which is enough to get paid and laid.”

“Knock it off,” Dad says.

Paul lights a cigarette. “With all respects, I do love Mexican women. *Muy plácida.*”

Cindy sits forward and asks, “Are you an engineer?” and Mom looks at her with pride, probably for changing the subject.

“There aren’t any more engineers, Stretch. They went out with steam. Engineers tended an engine. With diesel-electric, you just have drivers.”

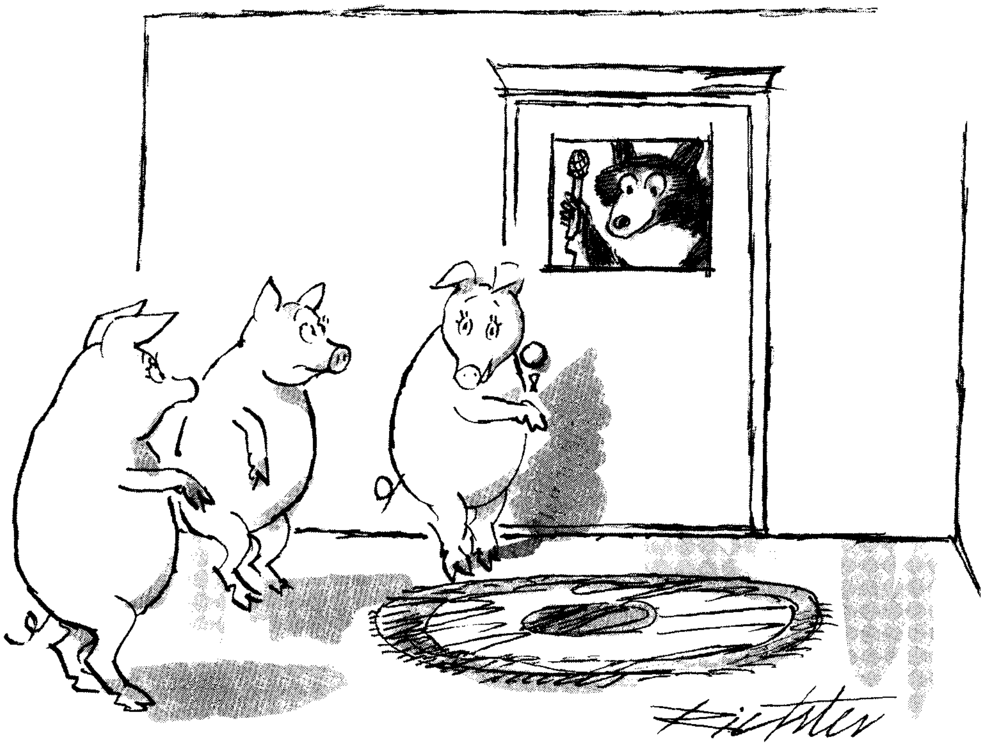
“Are you a driver?”

“I do everything, is what I do,” Paul says to her.

“Like me in my record stores,” Dad says.

Paul says, “How is the high-f business, David?”

Dad grins and wags his head and whispers, “Hi-fi.” He says aloud, “Oh,



“Should we let him in? He says he’s Wolf Blitzer.”

CDs are stirring up the market. We've opened two new places. Sandy's manager for the Providence one."

"Way to go, Sandy," Paul says to Mom. "And what are people buying these days?"

Mom shrugs. "Whatever's on the radio."

"That's no answer," Paul says. "You. What do people listen to?"

Cindy says, "Piss on You, which is the name of a Boston band, believe it or not, and some like Harry Connick, Jr."

"Which is the name of a Frank Sinatra clone," Dad says.

NIGHT is an endless squirming session on a nylon-and-aluminum cot. Cindy is in a box of a room with no air-conditioning. She's displaced, hot-damp, in need of a washroom but afraid to wander the halls, and wanting to open the door but afraid her single sheet and blanket will ride up in her sleep and her family will see her half exposed in the morning. In the morning, she believes she has not slept at all. She dresses and finds Paul, smoking over coffee, in the kitchenette.

"Hey, Stork," he says.

"Could you not call me that?" Cindy says.

"All right. Hey, Grouch. I made you coffee."

Cindy feels crampy, dislodged, cornered.

"Where's Mom?"

"They're sleeping. I'm gonna take you down to the yards."

She reads her uncle's face and sees how much he wants this trip, and she can think of no excuse, no way to say no.

"That's cool. Great," she says. "Will I get dirty?"

It's only six in the morning, but Paul's truck seat is scalding already, and bouncing like a bad carnival ride. Paul sips coffee as he drives; Cindy does, too, her first full cup ever. The brew is in an enamelled tin cup and wants to slop all over her, so she must hold it with both hands. All the heat makes her feverish.

"I'm a morning person. Good morning, America," Paul says.

"This coffee's making me wacko."

"It'll settle in," he says, and she thinks, Whatever that means.

"You have such a great tan," she says. His big arms, carved with muscle and veins, are brown.

"I treasure it," he says. "Your father make you read, the way ours did? Grandpa Foley? He made us read a book a week. You ever know that?"

"No."

"A God-damned book a week. I still do it. You should."

"See, I have to read so much for school. I'm in this advanced section?"

Paul dumps down the rest of his coffee. He looks angry.

"School?" he says. "This isn't that, this is reading a book. The day comes you don't have time for a book, you take a deep dive into an empty pool."

He fishes a cigarette from his denim shirt. "Reading a book, I'm saying," he says.

The truck jounces over low tracks and follows a bending road that seems made of talcum powder. Dust towers rise behind them. Cindy sees a monstrous shed—it looks a mile long—with a corrugated fibreglass roof.

"These are the freight yards," Paul says. "You're in an N.F.E., by the way."

"What do you mean?"

"Nigger-free environment," he says.

BACK home, spring break over, Cindy stands before her Communication Skills class. She's speaking without notes.

"If America were a human body? It used to be the nervous system was the railroads. They carried everything, like information and goods and, of course, people. They laced up the country."

The class is in a modern annex off the old mansion that is the core of the campus of Fairview Private Middle School. This space is V-shaped, white, and lit by a glass wall. The other students are flopped around on mauled sofas or buried in bloated armchairs. Mr. Rosenberg, in the very back, wearing tweeds and flannels, is listening with his hands in a prayer pose. His eyes are shut.

"I like the names, you know, Southern Pacific or Santa Fe," Cindy says. "Plus I like how you can understand everything by looking at it."

This idea is one she discussed with Dad.

"I mean, you look at the tracks and you see the spikes and the switch bars and how they're kept flexible by these washers? These spring washers?"

She's got her fingers threaded, showing them. "So it all gives under weight, but won't break. And how the guys who put down the tracks left a little expansion space between each length of rail."

She shows with her fingers. Mr. Rosenberg comes to long enough to jot a note on a tablet.

"If you could go over a train yard in a helicopter you'd see how there are receiving yards," she goes on. "And then a place for the switcher to push the cars into this classification yard, or a holding yard, and then how they can put together a new train and send it outbound."

"Ten minutes is up, Cindy," Mr. Rosenberg says and rises.

"O.K., but I'll just say there are refrigerator cars and livestock cars and tank cars and gondolas and piggyback cars, and end this with the caboose."

OUTSIDE, walking to the village, she sees it's the season between seasons. The trees are still bare and graphite gray, the pond is glazed by ice, but ice thinned to transparency. Scraps of a final snow are scattered by wide puddles and patches of greening, sopped grass. On the break, one girl went to Rome, two to Aspen, four to the Caribbean.

"I rode a horse on the beach. I bodysurfed and saw a dolphin. I went to the desert," Cindy has said.

Her best friend, Danny, went to Stowe and broke her wrist skiing. She's trudging beside Cindy now. She has wrapped her cast in shelf paper that is stamped with electric-orange and blue peace signs.

"It's a postmodern hurt," she says.

"Did you know eyes are made of water?" Cindy says.

"I thought everything was."

"I saw this scorpion in El Paso? It looked like a crayfish with a kinked-up tail. They don't kill you."

Danny and Cindy arrive at the Boulangerie in Misquamett Village. The shop is tiny and more a café than a bakery, but it smells of ovens and hot yeast, and serves tarts and bowls of coffee with steamed-milk topping.

"Really, Danny, do coffee. It's such a buzz," Cindy says.

The view is of a narrow street, slush, a neat brick-and-ivy library. Cindy thinks about reading a book a week—a

God-damned book a week—and smirks.

"That was good about trains," Danny says.

Danny must wear braces, and glasses with heavy corrective lenses, and she has a boy's name, but somehow she has turned all these things to her credit. She is wildly popular. Her clothing is borderline crazy; today it's a print housedress under a cracked leather jacket, but she looks both comfortable and faintly glamorous. Cindy studies her closely, admiringly.

"You made me think about trains," Danny says and laughs. The metal in her mouth gives her a soft lisp, but her husky voice seems attended by some exotic accent.

"I never even really thought about trains," she goes on. "I've never been on a horse. Y'know, you really got deep color in the desert, Cin."

"I think that's what I might want for a career," Cindy says.

"Career!"

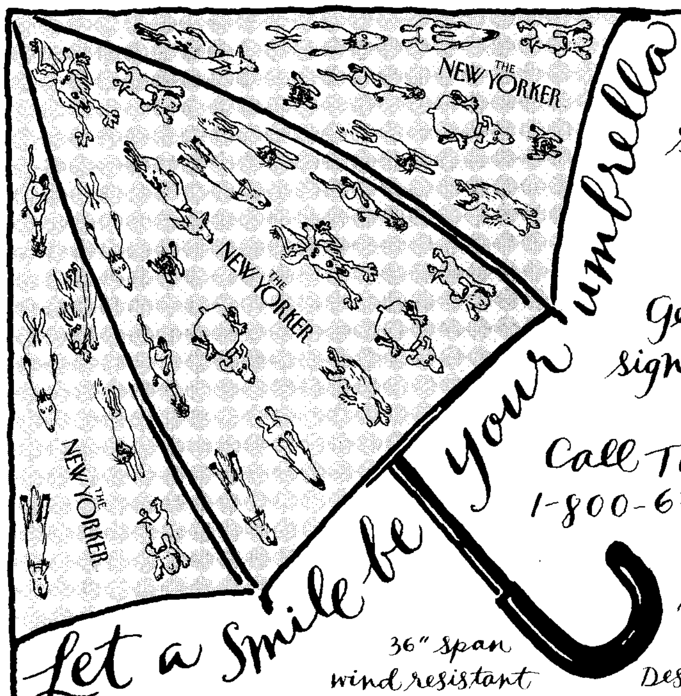
"What? What'd I say?"

" 'Career' is just, you know, a funny word."

"What I'll *do*, then. Jesus! I want to be something in the sun, you know? Outdoors, you know?"

"I probably need goals, too," Danny says, but her smile is so private and distant that it bothers Cindy for days afterward.

In her bed that night, Cindy entertains a reverie. It circulates in her head. With each round, she touches it up some, improving, editing, inventing. She's a little older, filled in more, and she appears at school in dead winter, but she's brown as she was the day in Galveston, and on one shoulder is a tattoo of a jet with flames spewing from the gunports. She wears live lizard earrings. Mascara sets off her eyes. Shocking eyes—eyes so blue they are unnerving, unreal. She appears one morning at school, dead winter, and "Shocking eyes" she hears them saying, maybe after Christmas break, and she's nut brown in the new Ray-Bans and a leather jacket. Her earrings are alive, living serpent earrings, hanging on in metal reptile hope. They change colors with your clothes. When you wear them, they make wiggly letter shapes—S's, C's—hanging down from their own mouths. The tattoo is plum and indigo, covering one shoulder like a skein of lacework, involving a jet and maybe a cross. ♦



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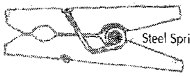

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THE CRITICS

BOOKS

THE VOICE OF AMERICA

BY CLIVE JAMES

Two volumes of the Library of America containing all that matters of Mark Twain's journalism—"Tales, Sketches, Speeches, & Essays" is the title—came out last autumn, and have kept at least one reader going ever since, with the occasional pause to consult the two volumes of Twain's major writings which were published in the same format a decade or so ago. There is an almost audible clicking into place: this covetable quartet of books gangs up like gauge blocks, those machine-shop measures that don't need anything except their trueness to keep them together. At least two more Twain volumes are yet to come, but for now it's hard to imagine a set more satisfactory than this—four volumes just as neat as all the others in the Library of America, and even more solid, energetic, genial, and creative: it makes a good gift suggestion for the new Administration. If President Clinton is a better speechmaker than President Bush, it is mainly because he steals better stuff. He should steal from the best: Mark Twain, who could rock the room for an hour while talking nothing except sense, and would have staved off Arsenio Hall without needing a saxophone.

Mark Twain: Democratic all the way down to his metabolism.

CULVER PICTURES

For some years, it has been becoming clearer that the Library of America is the symbol for itself that the United States has long been in search of. Colonial Williamsburg is too Disneyfied to stand for tradition, Disneyland too childish to stand for innovation, Mt. Rushmore too big to stand in your living room. You can line up the Library of America on a few shelves. Of course, the French could do the same sort of thing earlier. The Pléiade was the library that Edmund Wilson had in mind when he caned the Modern Language Association for burying the country's intellectual heritage while pretending to preserve it, sponsoring volumes that owed too much to pedantry, not enough to readability, weighed a ton, and looked like hell. Wilson kept up the campaign for a long time but seemed to stand no better chance of winning it than of beating his income-tax rap. Then the Library of America made Wilson's dream happen. From its first few volumes it was obvious that the Library of America had struck the ideal balance between authority and portability. Its volumes begged irresistibly to be picked up, like brilliant children.

Remarkably, they didn't lose this unthreatening quality even as they multiplied. If you own more than about thirty of the sixty-five volumes so far, monumentality becomes a present danger: the massed black jackets loom like midnight, and it starts to look as if the Pléiade had chosen better—first, to wear white, and then, when that started looking like a cliff of snow, to let the horizontally striped gold-blocked spines show through a transparent jacket, like scaling ladders to a Fabergé Bastille of imprisoned wisdom. But you can always alleviate the pangs of gazing at a wall of uniformity by taking one of the Library of America volumes down and letting it fall open in the hand. If this is dignity, it is user-friendly. And with these two volumes of Twain's minor writings here is the original, unashamed vitality that lies at the heart of the whole enterprise. You could just about convince yourself that "Huckleberry Finn" was a work of literature in the Old World style, aimed at a refined public—after all, it certainly has the rank, if not the manner. But

Twain's journalism is a daunting reminder that he was ready to lavish everything he had on everybody, every time. He was democratic all the way down to his metabolism. For Twain, there was no division between democracy and creativity. They were versions of the same thing: exuberance.

Twain's fugitive pieces have been collected before; but now we have, with just the right amount of critical apparatus, the authoritative texts, and all arranged chronologically, so that we can watch him grow. He grew like bamboo in the rain. His first hit was a newspaper sketch called "Jim Smiley and His Jumping Frog." Twain wasn't the first American journalist to write tall tales under a pen name; Petroleum V. Nasby, whom Twain knew and admired, was one of several practitioners already in the field. Nor was Twain the first to combine the high style with the low, squandering highfalutin resources on a shaggy-dog story. What was new, attention-getting, and instantly popular was the quality of the evocation when he worked the switch out of mandarin diction into the concrete vernacular.

The story of the Jumping Frog is told to Twain by a yarn-spinner—"good-natured, garrulous old Simon Wheeler"—who isn't afraid to be boring: "Simon Wheeler backed me into a corner and blockaded me there with his chair—and then sat down and reeled off the monotonous narrative which follows this paragraph." Twain is true to his word: Wheeler is what the British would call a crasher. His story of Jim Smiley and the Jumping Frog goes on for pages before it even gets to the frog. Much more of it would put the reader to sleep, even though Twain the narrator makes it clear that the verbosity belongs to his interlocutor, not to him. But Wheeler's drone goes on just long enough to insure that we are given the setup for the story without suspecting how funny it's going to get. We hear that Jim Smiley, who owns the champion jumping frog, suckers himself into a bet with a hustler who appears to know nothing about frogs. But while Smiley is out of the room (Twain rather muffs this bit: we don't find out Smiley has left the room until *after* we are told about how the stranger works his trick) the stranger fills Jim's precious frog with a meal of lead shot. At just the moment when the champion frog gets the cue to unleash its usual stunning jump, Wheeler's long-winded vocabulary snaps into focus. The champion frog "give a heave, and hysted up his shoulders—so—like a Frenchman, but it wasn't no use—he couldn't budge; he was planted as solid as a anvil." The anvil is good, but Twain's mentor, Artemus Ward, might have done it. The Frenchman's shrug is what makes it Twain. You can see it happening.

The Jumping Frog story was reprinted in periodicals all over the United States following its publication in 1865, and two years later it was the keynote piece of Twain's first collection, "The Celebrated Jumping Frog of Calaveras County, and Other Sketches." Twain was disappointed with the way the book's publication was handled, and was further miffed to find that it didn't sell very well, but the Jumping Frog had already done its job in the periodicals. The young Mark Twain was made, and so was a tradition. It was a comic tradition, but now more than ever that shouldn't be taken to mean that it was merely humorous. Every subsequent American humor writer writes in the range of tones established by Twain. When Thurber says of his fellow economics student the football player Bolenciecwcz that "while he was not dumber than an ox he was not any smarter," he is in touch with Twain. Even so cosmopolitan a pasticheur as S. J. Perelman, whose macaronic vocabulary seems bent on superseding provincialism as its first impulse, sounds, when he has a picture to evoke, like Twain talking. There is a Perelman story that begins with the narrator waiting for his date to show up. The story goes off somewhere else, and long after we have forgotten about the date she finally appears, "sobbing drunk with a Marine on either arm."

That instant of clarity, with all the baroque vocabulary suddenly forgotten, wouldn't have been the same if Twain hadn't first written such pieces as his tour-de-force diatribe of 1882, "The McWilliamses and the Burglar Alarm," in which the new burglar-alarm system makes the house so attractive to burglars that they come to live there, until there is "not a spare bed in the house; all occupied by burglars." The burglars take the alarm system, along with everything else. You could be watching the characters accumulate in the New Old Lompoc

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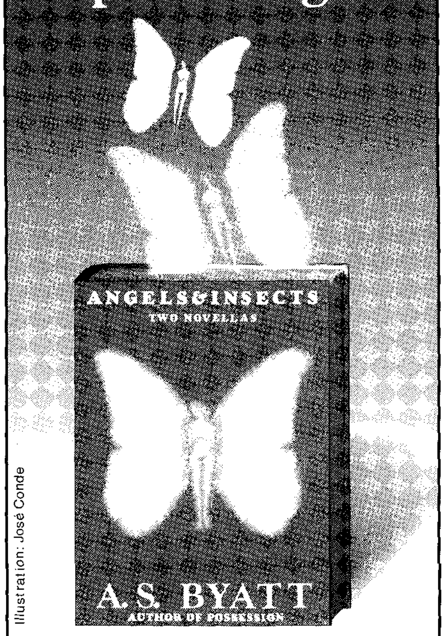

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RANDOM HOUSE

House, W. C. Fields' favored hostel in "The Bank Dick," or—to go beyond America, as Twain's influence almost immediately did—you could be listening to Stephen Leacock talking about his first bank account, or Henry Lawson telling his story about the Loaded Dog, the dog that got its teeth fastened into a bomb and terrorized a mining camp. Leacock was active in Canada and Lawson was an Australian determined to free the natural speech of his countrymen from the thralldom of literary preciosity. Twain's style had reached both of them, and in America it was all-pervasive almost from the start.

Unfortunately, American humor, like every other American product, has long since paid the inevitable penalty attached to any consumable in a society of abundance. There are so many choices that they all seem the same. It isn't really like that—nobody sane has to watch the comedy channel all the time it's on the air—but it seems like that. There is a humor glut, as if being funny were an escape from reality. Twain never thought so. For him, humor was a way—and just one of the ways—to escape from unreality. He wanted to get the whole of life into his most casual work. He was a comic writer in the classic sense: Dante's divinely inspired cosmos was a comedy because it mixed low speech with high, the profane with the sacred. In that sense, even Shakespeare's tragedies were comedies. Twain was in the recognizable position of the storyteller who emerges during the formative history of his country and helps to provide its characteristic voice, thereby incidentally reinforcing the general rule that genius arrives early. Twain and Dickens, in their public position so similar—best-selling authors who electrified audiences when they read aloud—were different in this: Dickens was only metaphorically creating a world, whereas Twain was literally creating a nation.

PERHAPS re-creating would be a better word. Like Shakespeare arriving after Bloody Mary left, Twain was lucky in his timing. The new nation looked as if it had just finished destroying itself, in the Civil War. The young Twain had managed to stay out of the war's way. In "The Private History of a Campaign That Failed," a piece written in 1885, he looks back twenty-five years to the young man he was when history suddenly boiled up all around him. As slaveowners went, Twain's family had been liberal and even enlightened, but when the war started Twain didn't hesitate to join a small volunteer group of Confederate riders hiding out in the woods. He just hesitated about what to do next. So did they all. One night, a strange rider materialized from the direction of the Union camp. Twain had a sixth share in shooting him down—or, anyway, he remembered it that way. That was enough for him. He faded away to the West. If President Clinton gets this set of books as a birthday gift from his wife, he will find consolation here, because if Twain didn't know what to do about a war that split the nation's heart he did know what to do about healing the wound. When that war was over and he started to publish in earnest, he treated the two sides as if they belonged together. Not that he spread any soft soap. He was fierce on the liberal issues. Mrs. Clinton will find her spirit here, too: perhaps the President should give her the gift.

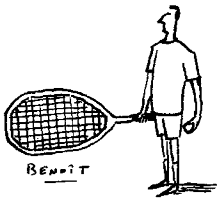
Twain's journalism is full of contempt for racism in all its forms. Like Swift, he had a low opinion of the human race in general, reserving his admiration for individuals. He was not much given to admiring ethnic authenticity, but he condescended on a cultural basis rather than a racial one. For any creed or color that was being persecuted he was a vocal champion. Chinese immigrants given a bad time by the locals could count on one kind voice, at least. His initial sympathy for America's Cuba adventure was based on his contempt for Spain's horrific colonial record, which was almost as bad as its domestic record. When the United States began to show Spanish tendencies in the Philippines, Twain soon started condemning American colonialism, too. As with the Spanish, so with any other European nation: he was always ready to point out that the Old World had dirty hands. Belgium's depredations in the Congo survived the invective of Roger Casement, but King Leopold II's reputation was settled forever by Twain's "King Leopold's Soliloquy," which had Leopold performing absurd mental gymnastics to disown the atrocities committed in his name.

DE BIJENKORF
TE HUUR

Twain knew that the brute facts of imperialism undid all pretensions to civilization on the part of the old countries. But he never lost sight of the great crime at home. In view of recent suggestions, inspired by the dubious spirit of political correctness, that "Huckleberry Finn" and other major works of Twain should be swept from the library shelves because of the picture they paint of black people, it is useful to read through Twain's journalism and see just how much time and effort he put into fighting Jim Crow. When the first lynchings occurred in Missouri, he wept for his home state in a plangent threnody called "The United States of Lyncherdom." It is all written in one long sob: "And so Missouri has fallen, that great state! Certain of her children have joined the lynchers, and the smirch is upon the rest of us." In another essay, Twain reminded the evangelists that their fathers had thumped the same Bibles while perpetrating the same blasphemy, "closing their doors against the hunted slave."

There is enough said outright in the journalism to remind us, if we needed reminding, that Twain speaking in story form was and remains the great postbellum writer about the condition of whites and blacks in the America they share. Only his vocabulary can blur the point, and it is a nice question whether the fault is his rather than ours. In the fictional South inhabited by Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn and Pudd'nhead Wilson, even the blacks call blacks niggers. It was the way things were. But if you can see past what you hear, the great message of those books is about human equality, and how racism violates it, reducing everyone to servitude, and no one more than the supposed master. The emotional center of "Huckleberry Finn" is Jim's story of how he escaped. Huck listens silently, as well he might, because it is only by grace that Jim is not including him in the vast system rigged against a slave's bid for freedom—the whole white civilization.

In "Pudd'nhead Wilson," the sixteenth-black Roxy is an invention that Toni Morrison might have been proud of: indeed, it is hard to read "Beloved" without wondering whether Roxy might have been one of the models for its heroine. Roxy has a boy baby—only a thirty-second black, but that's enough. Twain shirks the probability, which the modern reader instantly suspects, that Roxy's owner must have been the father, but he doesn't shirk anything else. Roxy's boy, black even though he doesn't look it, is doomed to be a chattel. So she swaps him for the owner's all-white baby of the same age. What happens to the changelings gives no comfort to the sentimental, for whom a more satisfactory story would have centered on the white boy turned into a black, in the way that Kipling's "Captains Courageous" made the rich boy poor, and so revealed the actual world to him. Twain concentrates on the black boy turned into a white. He grows up as a wastrel, thief, liar, and cheat. We are at liberty to suppose that he got the seeds of these characteristics from his white father, but we would have to ignore what Twain spells out: Twain is saying that a slave-owning household is a bad one to grow up in—even worse for the personality than the shack where the slaves live, with the fear of being sold down the river.



Reading "Pudd'nhead Wilson," we would like to rewrite it so that the slave boy's natural goodness reforms the whole system by example. But one of Twain's points—and the point that, apart from his vocabulary, is most likely to irritate the politically correct—is that natural goodness doesn't come any more easily to the oppressed than it does to the oppressor. The only person of noble character in the book is Roxy, and she is no genius: she can't tell that the bank she puts her hard-earned money into will fold; she doesn't know how to avoid being whipped until her back looks "like a washboard." (Toni Morrison's terrifying descriptions of Sethe's wounds from whipping in "Beloved" deserve their high reputation, but as a climactic passage in a horror story they can't hope to have the unexpected impact of Twain's quiet phrase slipped into a light narrative, like a bite in a kiss.)

Twain thought that the Negro question was the biggest issue facing America both past and present, and he gave it his best efforts, in his private life as in his public work. His personal conduct on the issue was impeccable. It is well known that Twain helped finance the education of Helen Keller. Less well known is that he supported one of the first black students to attend Yale all the way through college without meeting him more than once. Twain thought that to do such a thing was a white man's plain duty and shouldn't depend on the personal qualities of the beneficiary. Twain thought that the white man's debt was endless. He didn't come out on the side of the Union just because it won. The Southern cause had depended on repressing a minority, and that made the cause irredeemable.

Twain had the same sympathy for all oppressed minorities, including (this would have got him into trouble if he had lived later) the workers. Harboring no illusions about the benevolence of unrestrained capital or the innate wisdom of the free market, Twain guessed that there would have to be an organized union movement to secure elementary rights for those who had to sweat. But he allowed no crude prejudice against those who made money from them. Accepting human villainy to be even more fundamental than human decency, Twain didn't believe you needed a conspiracy theory to explain piracy. He deplored anti-Semitism, and pointed out that the Jews were good at making money because so many of them were honest. He was one of the most vocal Dreyfusards after Zola.

Twain's sympathy for American Indians might not be apparent in an early piece like "The Noble Red Man," of 1870, which would not please Marlon Brando, but really Twain was just mocking the idea that the Noble Red Man had lived in a civil order that made modern American civilization look barbaric by comparison. Twain didn't believe that you could set about dealing with the deficiencies of modern America unless you first stopped dreaming of Arcadia. He was as optimistic as one could be about modern life without seeing it through pink glasses.

Twain's sympathy for women might similarly seem questionable by modern standards—on the whole, he preferred

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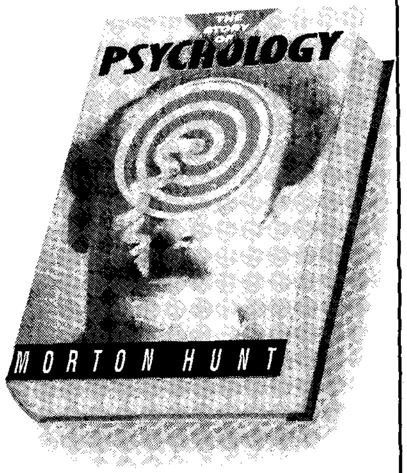

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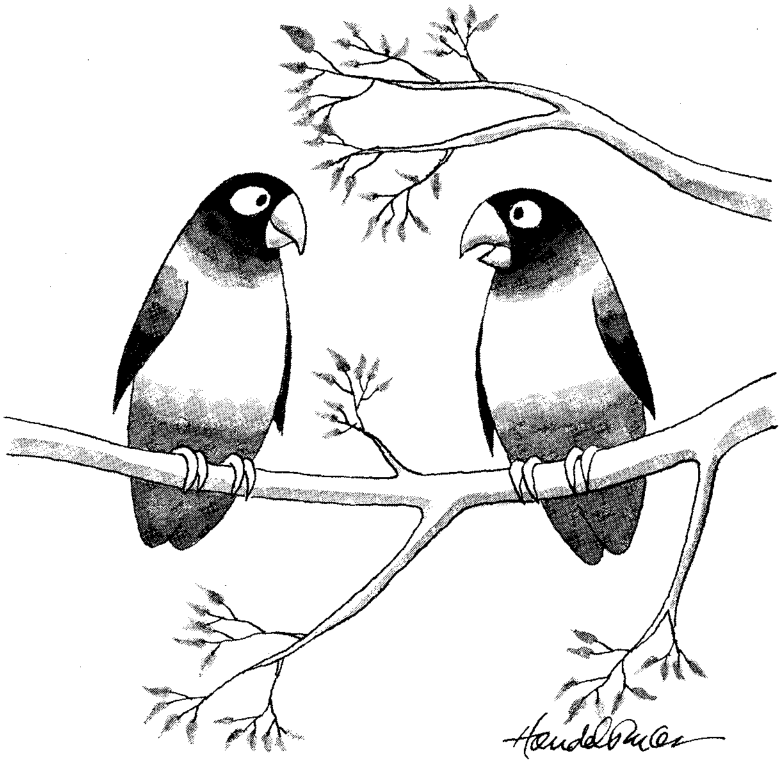
to joke about the issue of women's suffrage rather than face it—but he was a long way ahead of his time. His work is full of flirtation that now seems like condescension. "There may be prettier women in Europe, but I doubt it," he writes about the women of Genoa in "The Innocents Abroad." "The population of Genoa is 120,000; two-thirds of these are women, I think, and at least two-thirds of the women are beautiful. They are as dressy, and as tasteful and as graceful as they could possibly be without being angels," etc. Andrea Dworkin probably wouldn't like that much. Twain suffered from gallantry, chivalry, and all the other virtues that we have since been instructed are vices in disguise. But he always spoke against the exploitation of women as servants and married chattels, regretted the conditions that doomed them to do less than they could, and never doubted that they could do anything. His article reflecting on Joan of Arc's trial is a clarion call that could fill an issue of *Ms.* In private, he was famously tender to his sick daughters and lived in a state of controlled despair about his invalid wife: he was so devoted to her that he was thought saintly by powerful men of his acquaintance, some of whom weren't saintly at all and had been, by implication, flayed in his regular philippics against the great crime of seduction. (When it turned out that Maxim Gorky, during his tour of America, was sharing his hotel suite with a mistress, Twain ceased to call on him, not because he had broken the law but because he had violated custom.)

In fact, Twain was so blameless that he is likely to make us uncomfortable. Nowadays, the press—the cultural press, which is no less implacable than the doorstep reporters, only a bit slower—would try to get something on him. In his last years, he compensated for the loss of his dearest daughter by cultivating the friendship of pre-teen young ladies he called "angelfish." Shades of Lewis Carroll and Ernest Dowson, not to neglect Roman Polanski and the Mia Farrow version of Woody Allen! A promising field of inquiry. On second thought, it seems more likely that as he neared the end of his great long life the prospect of new life became incandescent to him. Inviting his young friends to tea, corresponding with them as they grew up, he was passing on his love of the world, which he loved even more than his country, although he could see the world's faults more clearly than anyone else. But he didn't despair about correcting them. Having despaired of the human race in the first instance, he was free to cheer any of its achievements, and he thought America among the greatest. His journalism shows, in a more readily detected form than his books, that he cherished and relished America's entire creativity in a way far beyond the literary—or, at any rate, in a literary way that didn't leave out the political but brought his country's every institution and custom under scrutiny, whether to be celebrated or castigated. William Dean Howells was right to call him the Abraham Lincoln of American literature.



"Of course I love you—I'm programmed to love you.
I'm a goddam lovebird."

Howells was one of the few American men of letters and cultural figures who saw Twain's literary stature from the beginning. Most of them, even when they revelled in his work, missed the point initially. In a country nominally dedicated to a new start and equal rights, there was still a nervous tendency to keep high art and popular entertainment rigidly separate: the urge to build a first-rate culture came to the aid of snobbery. In the European countries, high culture was self-assured enough to acknowledge the possibility of art up from nowhere. Twain the entertainer won his first celebrity at home, but the first solid admiration for Twain the great artist happened elsewhere. The Jumping Frog made him famous all over America. "The Innocents Abroad" made him famous all over the world, and, paradoxically, it was in the old countries, to which America was supposed to be the democratic alternative, that the artist found himself at home. His first internationally famous book was a product of his tentative initiation into foreign travel, and after that he was almost always on the move, clocking up thousands of miles like a modern frequent flier, but with one big difference: he was never blasé about it. The thrill of discovery that he transmitted made him irresistible even to those inhabitants of exotic lands who might otherwise have felt patronized by being discovered.

"The Innocents Abroad" is a weak book by Twain's later standards. Even his gift for parody, one of the basic weapons in his comic armory, was a blunt instrument before he learned that if it was to stay sharp it would have to spend most of the time in its scabbard. In "Huckleberry Finn," the duke's all-purpose Hamlet-soliloquy is the paradigm case of all bardic spoofs. In "The Innocents Abroad," the parodic instant history of Abelard and Héloïse could have been the product of Twain's first pseudonym, W. Epaminondas Adrastus Perkins: "She lived with her uncle Fulbert, a canon of the cathedral of

Paris. I do not know what a canon of a cathedral is, but that is what he was. He was nothing more than a sort of a mountain howitzer, likely, because they had no heavy artillery in those days. Suffice it, then, that Heloise lived with her uncle the howitzer, and was happy." And so on.

But if Twain's comic fantasy had a long way to go before it would be infallibly funny, his gusto for the reality in front of him was fully developed right from the start. He saw everything, relished everything, and without playing the yokel as much as you might think. Rereading the book now, you can see what he had that all of us have lost. He was first in on the new mobility—the first great writer to be a traveller without having had to be an explorer. He is discovering the world as a world citizen: a true *Weltbürger* is speaking to the people he is travelling among just as much as to those at home—to them and for them.

They loved him for it. In the twentieth century, foreign nations that have been defeated by American power—or, even harder to forgive, saved by it—have comforted themselves with the reassuring caricature of the know-nothing American traveller, who might as well not have left home. In the nineteenth century, Twain was the know-everything traveller, who made his homeland seem doubly attractive by so engagingly representing its energy and creativity. His natural ear for the melody of his own language applied to other languages, too. He could read French well enough to make a good job of pretending to misunderstand it. Late in his life, spending a lot of time in Italy, he acquired enough of its language to write a wildly inventive piece concerning a story in an Italian newspaper about some fatal imbroglio. His German was good enough to enable him to read easily.

He was no scholar in any language but an easily nourished dabbler in anything he took up. The mistake is to mark him low for being unsystematic. He was, but genius often is. His opinions on literature were pragmatic, not to say erratic. He could praise Cervantes' romanticism and not say a word for Jane Austen's realism, although her keen appreciation of the power of money in human affairs lies far closer to his cast of mind than any amount of tilting at windmills. But really Twain was not interested in literature as such. He was interested in it as a part of everything else. When pointing out what he didn't know about art, one is always wise to remember what he did know about, say, science. His was a wide-ranging mind. He was American global expansionism before the fact.

In England, he was lionized by royalty, the literary establishment, the whole flattering system. Oxford gave him an honorary degree. (Saint-Saëns and Rodin got their degrees at the same ceremony as Twain: cue music and fade up the sound of chisel on marble.) Shaw was only one of the big names who called him a great master of the English language. More remarkably, his magic survived translation—indirect proof that it was his point of view that drove his style, and not vice versa. His work was translated into all the major languages. The Kaiser requested an audience. Nor was the encounter one of those ill-advised diplomatic gestures called for on a whim and arranged by equerries, of the type in which Irving Berlin was called into the presence of Winston Churchill, where he was surprised to find that the conversation had little to do with popular music, a puzzle later resolved when it turned out that Churchill had thought he was consulting Isaiah Berlin on matters of diplomacy. The Kaiser had read Twain's books and thought "Life on the Mississippi" to be the best. (The porter at Twain's hotel in Vienna held the same opinion.) At least when Twain was abroad, he didn't suffer from being unappreciated. He could have easily suffered from the opposite.

At home, he became accustomed to a high standard of living: even during his recurrent periods of financial embarrassment, there was usually a millionaire friend to provide a private railroad car or a trip on a yacht. But that was nothing to how he lived it up in less democratic lands. The grand hotels of the European spas routinely offered him a reduced tariff, or no tariff at all, just to have his fame on the premises. In Tuscany, he lived in a villa, like Bernard Berenson. He could make himself at home no matter how high the ceiling and exalted the company. Countesses plumed like birds

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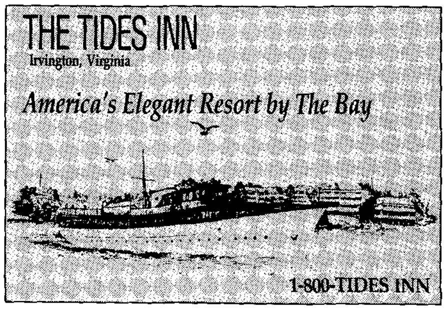
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of paradise ate out of his hand. Yet he was never corrupted. The Innocent Abroad stayed innocent. How was that?

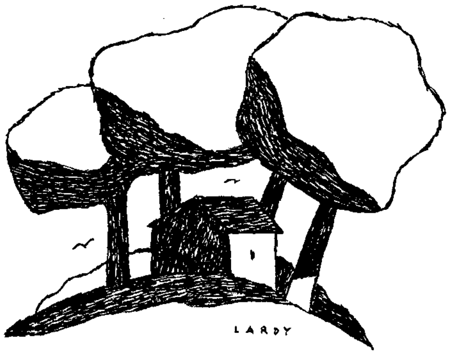
Surely the main reason was America itself. He had a pride in his country all the more robust for his loathing of patriotism, which he thought the enemy of common brotherhood. It follows that he thought America was its friend—a contention he could propound without sounding naïve, because he never blinked his country's follies while praising its virtues. The Henry James option—to go abroad and set up shop where artists were more coddled—had no appeal for Twain. For one thing, he was much loved in his homeland, even when he wasn't fully understood. For another, and more important, he would have regarded exile as patronizing, a betrayal of the enterprise that was his burgeoning nation, a flight from adventure into safety, and a craven endorsement of those who looked down from what they imagined were the heights of civilization on a land that he refused to believe was anything less than history's great opportunity for human fulfillment.

This explains the touch of anger that creeps in when he dismantles Matthew Arnold's snooty observations on Grant's use of the English language. There is no evidence that Twain disliked Arnold personally. When they met they seem to have got on like two sets of facial hair on fire. But in print Twain took obvious glee, masquerading as regret, in picking Arnold's prose style apart to show that it wasn't as classical, or even as grammatical, as its perpetrator thought. Arnold, according to Twain, had no call to speak *de haut en bas:* the *haut* just wasn't all that high. As a corollary, and without having to say so, Twain demonstrated that the *bas* wasn't all that low: his homespun demotic was more economical than Arnold's solemn rodomontade, and in prose the economical *is* the classical.

Twain's celebrated demolition of James Fenimore Cooper is based on the conviction that American English is a classical style that has to be protected against the impurities of posturing humbug. Twain traced Cooper's exfoliating verbiage to its roots in the besetting sin of inaccurate observation. "Fenimore Cooper's Literary Offenses" and "Fenimore Cooper's Further Literary Offenses," both collected here, are killingly funny—funnier, even, than Macaulay's pitiless inspection of the poetry of Robert Montgomery. Poor Montgomery was celebrated at the time, but obviously, to anyone with literary taste, doomed to oblivion, a destination to which Macaulay could only help him along. Cooper is still with us, but Twain did his best to make sure that Cooper's mystery-mongering flimflam wouldn't be allowed to pass itself off as a model of American prose style. By implication, his own prose style got the job.

What he did to Cooper was only a closer-to-home version of the treatment he habitually handed out to foreign critics of the Arnoldian stamp. The guardian of clear speech at home, Twain didn't have to bend the knee when pundits abroad curled their lip. Arnold's idea of a high culture increasingly and necessarily out of reach of a brutalized populace—an idea destined to generate a whole library of its own in the age to come—got its most penetrating answer from an American. Arnold should have stayed on his own turf, where pity for the emerging proletariat was a more plausible attitude. "Wragg is in custody," a four-word sentence in a newspaper, inspired Arnold to a long lament on the predestined cultural impoverishment of the workers—a feat of prescience based mainly on Arnold's confident assumption that Wragg was inherently a more wretched surname than, say, Arnold. Such sensitivity, however commendable, entailed presuppositions about civilization which Twain, speaking as an American, wasn't inclined to buy. He just didn't think that civilization had been all that civilized. "Hard," he called it, "and glittering, and bloodless, and unattainable."

Twain provided the same enlightening information for the French pundit Paul Bourget, and for any other Old World panjandrum who tried to high-hat the new nation. He went at them as if they were imperialists, which, in a way, they were: cultural imperialists. What he couldn't guess was that he was himself one of the pioneers of a cultural imperialism fated to have a large share in determining the history of the twentieth century.

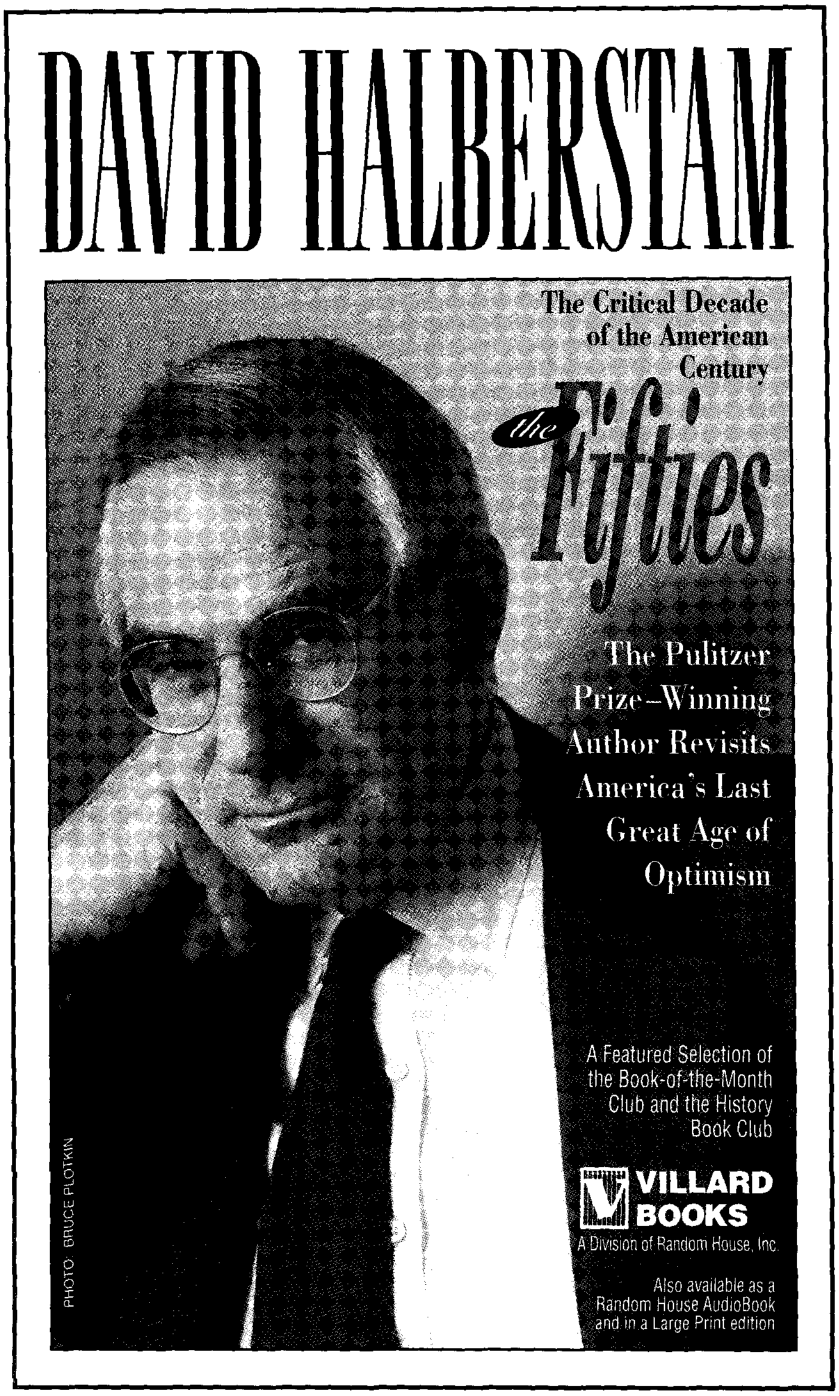


He couldn't guess it because he was a nineteenth-century figure—the hardest thing to remember when you are caught up in reading him. He seems so close in time that you wouldn't be surprised to look up from the book and see him talking to Larry King on television. But he can seem so familiar only because the America we like best sounds like him, not because he sounds like it. He was there first. Even his personal weaknesses presaged the America we have come to know and like from its infinitely exportable popular culture. Twain had a weakness for profitable schemes. The first of them did make a profit: when Twain personally published Grant's memoirs, the deal worked out so well that he thought he had revolutionized the publishing industry. "The prosperity of the venture," as Howells pointed out, "was the beginning of Clemens' adversity, for it led to excesses of enterprise which were forms of dissipation." Twain's further ventures into private enterprise oscillated between a waste of time and a waste of money, not always his own. The typesetting machine he thought would revolutionize printing eventually did so, but not his version of it. He went broke in a big way. Like Sir Walter Scott, he heroically wrote himself out of debt, but as soon as enough money accumulated he was back into another scheme. For years, he maintained his faith in a much-publicized energy food, which in his time performed the same function as the vitamin pills that the British bodice-ripper author Barbara Cartland so enthusiastically favors now—that of helping naturally energetic people convince themselves that they are medically savvy beyond the ken [illegible] doctors.

Yet Twain, for all his susceptibility to plausible wheezes, was no crank. He was crazy about know-how. He was a can-do merchant, a prototype for Gyro Gearloose and all those nutty inventors who go on building weird machines in the back-yard sheds of American popular culture, even in the space age. And after all, some of the machines work. Twain's typesetting machine almost did. Twain was in tune with the mechanical efflorescence of the new nation. For him, there was no separation between machinery and poetry. You couldn't even call him a proto-Futurist, because for him art and machinery had never grown apart to the point of needing to be reunited. He had been brought up to the practical. The printing house was his high school and the riverboat his university. He could make things work. It was one of the qualities that the women of Paris loved about the liberating American troops of 1944—all those Tom Sawyers and Huck Finns who rode six to a jeep. It wasn't just that they could get you chocolate and sheer stockings: when they had finished kissing you, they could fix your bicycle.

If that sounds like sentimentality now, it is only because of the devastating effect on America's image, and especially its self-image, wrought by the Vietnam War. Since then, instead of a jeep full of smiling boys with girls jumping in to join them we think first of scowling men tumbling out of a helicopter to torch a village. We think of some fat-bottomed sergeant checking crates of ice-cream-making equipment off a C-130 at Cam Ranh Bay while the local girls are being sold into prostitution outside the wire, of the C.I.A. supervising torture sessions in which the questions and the answers are both in a language they don't understand except for the screams. America cast itself as the villain and agreed when the rest of the world hissed. Actually, there was reason even at the time to believe that the average grunt was more remarkable for his kindness than for his insensitivity to an alien culture. Later on, even the Italian journalist Oriana Fallaci—whose articles (especially her interview with Kissinger, the granting of which he subsequently called the most stupid mistake he ever made) did so much to put America in the bad light that many Americans conceded was deserved—changed her tune. Interviewed in her turn by the Italian magazine *King*, she said that her abiding memory of Vietnam was of how well-mannered the American boys had been, even when they didn't have the slightest idea of where they were or what they were supposed to be doing there.

Vietnam was only part of a postwar



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pattern in which the United States, whether by accident or design, propped up the kind of authoritarian regimes whose sinister luminaries wore dark glasses indoors. All too often, especially in South America, it was by design. Realpolitik was held to be mandatory. But the real trouble with realpolitik was that it wasn't real. In foreign policy, ruthlessness undid the best thing America had going for it: benevolence. In the Western countries, it handed the Marxist intellectuals an opportunity—ultimately fatal to them, since it encouraged them to stay Marxist long after their opposite numbers in the East had given up—to misinterpret twentieth-century history. It became temptingly easy to argue that the machinations of American foreign policy were what had stopped the Western European countries from going fully socialist after the Second World War. But American Machiavellianism wasn't what did that. What did it was American generosity: the Marshall Plan. The same applied to the occupation of Japan. The Japanese economic superstate that we are now all so concerned about was made possible by America. If that was Machiavellianism, it was of a strangely self-defeating kind.

Diehard opponents of the American Empire—on this subject Gore Vidal remains determined to be only half as clever as he is—insist that America rebuilt the defeated nations only to secure markets, and so forth. This seductive notion first took off along with the economies of the rebuilt nations. Quite often, it was noised abroad in newspapers and magazines that owed their editorial freedom to guarantees insisted upon by the victorious allies, with America in the forefront. Suspicion of American power became harder to quell as American power went on increasing. Perhaps that was a good thing: about power, suspicious is the way we should always be. But to focus on America's misuse of its economic and military strength was to abdicate the obligation, and the opportunity, to talk about the aspect of American power that actually worked—its cultural influence, the thing that made America irresistibly attractive even after it had just finished dropping bombs on you.

The Japanese had been told that the American G.I.s would rape their women. The threat was easy to believe, since the right to rape civilians was an unofficial but commonly granted reward for conquest in the Imperial Japanese Army. But in the American Army of Occupation the penalty for rape was imprisonment or death. When the G.I.s handed out gum instead, the Japanese got the point in the first five minutes. The Germans had got the point while the war was still on. German civilians threatened with liberation by the Russians headed in the opposite direction. Surrendering to the Americans became the rule in the Wehrmacht when the S.S. or the military police weren't watching. Any defeated nation had something with which to compare America—itself as it had previously been. America's allied nations, their gratitude either tinged by jealousy or annulled by it, were less inclined to admire but just as bound to compare: America was their measure, whether as a challenge or as a threat. America's problem was that it had no standard of comparison except its own ideal of itself.

The problem got worse, and by now it is acute. This is where America's congenital insulation from the less fortunate contemporary world, and its isolation from the needy past brought about by abundance in the present, has played the Devil. Both from the right and from the left, America attacks itself for lapsing from its supposedly normal condition as the ideal state. But the ideal state is a platonic concept destined to be even more frustrating than platonic love. For the right, modern America is a disappointing lapse from godliness, purity, and order. For the left, modern America is a disappointing lapse from social justice. Increasingly, the argument between them is about language and its legalistic interpretation, with the Constitution as the unquestioned yet ineffable ur-document, as if God's will were literally a will, leaving everything he ever owned to America, but on certain conditions, all of which conflict.

In sober moments, we know that the Constitution of the United States would mean nothing without the laws that grow out of it and back it up. Without them, the rights it promulgates would be no better guaranteed than those enshrined in the old Soviet Constitution, a document that, as the dissident sociologist Alexander Zinoviev suggested, was published only in order to find out who agreed with it, so that they could be dealt with.

Americans, however, are less inclined to realize that the laws would mean nothing without the spirit that gave rise to them, and that this spirit was first made manifest in the country's classic literature. To see the problem, it helps to be outside America looking in. Angst at falling short of its dreams for itself has sapped the country's initial confidence that it could alter circumstances in its own favor: the lure of the ideal has stymied the practical. It is a dream to imagine that even the most comprehensive laundering of language would expunge racism from human consciousness. The realistic alternative is to deny racist consciousness practical expression. It won't be easy, but to disarm the population would be a good start. A start can't be made, though, because the gun lobby has too much power. On this point, as on so many others, left-wing idealists and right-wing idealists work in a fearful synergy to undo the possibility of practical government. Seemingly conflicting interests have combined to erode an institution.

As a more recent institution, one that is actually still growing rather than falling apart, the Library of America provides a heartening example of what can be done. Perhaps it will give courage to people who would like to see public television properly funded. In the United States, public-service institutions, unless they are operating in a field where private enterprise has no urge to compete, are in the position of a heresy against an orthodoxy. But in matters of the mind they are essential to the nation's health. Twain was in no doubt on the point. In 1898, having grown old in the new country, he warned against the consequences of a free-market culture. Thirty years before, he said, Edwin Booth had played Hamlet a hundred nights in New York. Now Hamlet was lucky to get a look-in. Comparing the Burg Theatre, in Vienna, with Broadway, he thought Broadway was nowhere. "You are eating too much mental sugar; you will bring on Bright's disease of the intellect."

As we now know, Broadway was to be the *fons et origo* of twentieth-century popular culture in its most sophisticated form: the musical show. But Twain still had a right to speak, because the popular culture that was on its way wouldn't have been the same without him. What he couldn't guess—because he was only a genius, not a clairvoyant—was that it would go so far, that entertainment would become, on such a scale, mere entertainment. Modern America is a society of abundance in almost every aspect, even when it comes to quality. The visitor who prides himself on his sophistication is first startled, then benumbed, to find that everything he thought treasurable where he came from is present in America, only more so. If he is interested in the Books of Hours of the early Renaissance, he will find the world's greatest collection in the Pierpont Morgan Library. He can be a world expert on Ming vases and still not survive the shock of turning a corner on Melrose Avenue in Los Angeles to find a glass-fronted warehouse chock-full of them. There are classical-music lovers in London who pay for a return plane trip from New York with what they save buying a suitcaseful of CDs at American prices. A few years ago, in a music shop on Broadway I reached into a discount bin and fished out a boxed set of cassettes of the Mahler First and Second Symphonies in the touchstone performances conducted by Bruno Walter. Five bucks. It made me annoyed that I had previously paid so much, and then afraid that I was not paying enough. The precious was practically free. It was value without price.

But that doesn't offset the menace of price without value. The abundance isn't intelligently distributed, and never could be by a free market, whose famous invisible hand is incurably short of a brain. Unless public-service institutions are made robust, the art will go to the élite that knows what it wants, while those who might have wanted it but never found out about it are stuck with the junk. Twain was an élitist: when he punished Cooper for supposing that "more preferable" was a more impressive way to say "preferable," he was saying that literary expression isn't just self-expression. But he would have been appalled to be told in advance that the enlightenment of the American people was going to be a matter of niche marketing. He would

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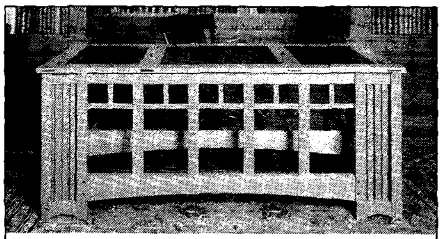

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have regarded that, surely correctly, as a boondoggle.

Though beset by remorse for his own failings, Twain had a sure sense of his rank, but he didn't imagine that he had attained it by his own unaided efforts. He had an institution to help him—the world literary heritage, which he regarded as belonging to America by right, because America was the world's country. Twain's own contribution, daring in every way, was most daring in its dedication to the principle that the institution belonged to the people, and not to its adepts. He was a man so superior he needed no support from self-esteem. One wonders whether the Kaiser, for once in his life face to face with a real aristocrat, realized the implications.

They weren't revolutionary—not politically, anyway. Though a devout republican at home, Twain abroad had a soft spot for monarchs. But culturally he was a bigger revolutionary than Karl Marx, and, in the long run, more successful, because what Marx started went backward in the end, while the popular culture to which Twain gave such a boost has gone on expanding. Doing that, it has necessarily left him behind. The precocious modernity that makes him seem so close to us can only obscure, not obviate, the dependence of his inspiration on a more immediate world than any we know—or anyone will ever know again, unless the industrialized world dismantles itself. The young Twain rode on stagecoaches and talked to strangers. He saw people murdered. Death and disease struck his family at a time when such things didn't happen just to other people; they happened to everybody. Life has improved, but in improving it has grown less real, and there is no going back except through a disaster.

"Huckleberry Finn" may survive the misguided cleanup of the library shelves. Unless I lost count, there are forty-two instances of the word "nigger" in the first fifteen chapters of the book, but its heart is so obviously in the right place that it may weather the intentions of the politically correct, whose salient folly is to arouse false expectations of the past. Even if Huck makes it, however, he won't ever again be read by everybody. Professional admiration for the book will remain intense. (In "Green Hills of Africa," when Hemingway names "Huckleberry Finn" as the book that made American literature, for a moment the campfire fabulist is speaking the truth.) Amateur enjoyment must remain restricted to those who actually read books instead of just hearing about them or watching the video of the movie. Twain was marginalized by the popular culture he helped to create. It had to happen.

Where these four beautiful books will have their effect, along with the Library of America as a whole, is in the academy. Every volume in the collection is a model of scholarship in service to literature. By now the damage reports are in and we know that a whole generation of students have had literature killed for them by the way they have been obliged to study it. Instead of the books, they have had to study theories about the books, always on the assumption that the theorists are wiser than the authors. And finally scholasticism, as always, has reduced itself to absurdity, with the discovery by the theorists that there were no authors. There weren't even any books, only texts, and there wasn't any history for the texts to emerge from, because history was just a set of signs, too.

Well, here are the books, with not a text in sight except as a reasoned agreement on what the author actually wrote. Every volume in the Library has a chronology to help you follow the life of the author (who actually existed), with pertinent notes to place him in the context of history (which exists, too). Armed with this subsidiary information, the student will be able to give a book the only "reading" that counts—the one by which the book brings something to him, without his bringing a load of hastily acquired pseudoscience to it. The authors will emerge as the living human beings who made the larger Constitution, the one behind the document. And one author will emerge as even more alive than the rest, stricken by tragedy but unquenchable in his delight, shaking his head as if he had seen everything—even the future that is our frightening present—and not given up. ♦

ON TELEVISION

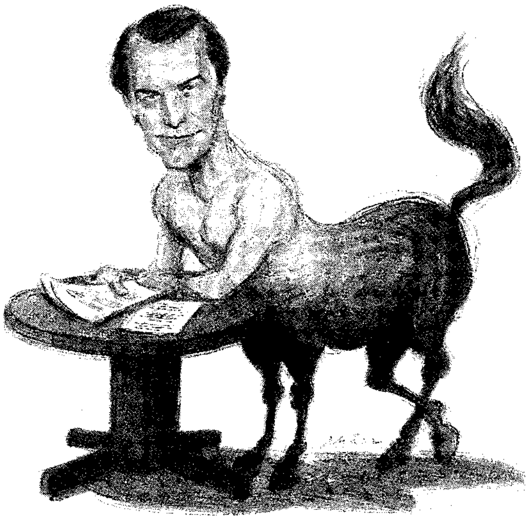
GOOD-TIME CHARLIE

BY JAMES WOLCOTT

As a jazz combo vamps on the soundtrack under the opening credits, Charlie Rose lopes into the studio with a load of papers under his arm, the very picture of a man on the go. He's the news buff as action figure, reading bold headlines in a single glance. The intro to "Charlie Rose" has an itchy pulse, as if Charlie had been sprung from the cooler. In a sense, he has. For six and a half years, Charlie Rose captained the anchor chair of CBS's "Nightwatch," a lonely orbit through the dark hours which won him a loyal core of news junkies and personal fans but scant prestige in the journalism biz. (It didn't help that CBS seemed to budget the show from loose change dug out of coin returns.) After an abortive liftoff on Fox's "Personalities" series, Rose became the star of his own show on Channel 13 in 1991, where the production values were as prison-issue as "Nightwatch" 's but the prospective audience was upper-crusty—cultured, affluent, politically informed. To his credit, Rose capitalized on the opportunity to appeal to smart people. Elevating dinner-party chatter to a citywide buzz, "Charlie Rose" became the conversational nightcap for the cultural élite.

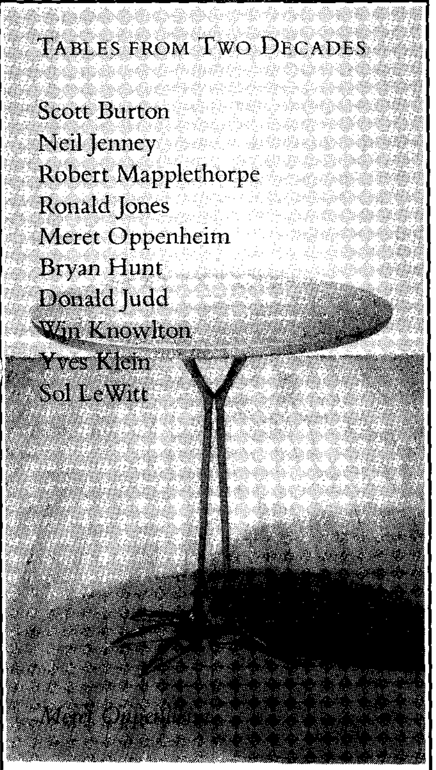
Each show exerted its own pull. A debate between Norman Mailer and Nat Hentoff about the character of Bill Clinton had the ram-butting spirit of the old *Village Voice.* An hour with the executive producer of "60 Minutes," Don Hewitt, offered a guided tour of Hewitt's tough hide. It was fascinating just to watch Edna O'Brien blinking on and off, looking royally puzzled. Rose's talk show became the best table in town. And Rose himself was a storybook character—a country boy who has conquered the city yet maintains a farm in his native North Carolina. Returning to the farm restores him to his roots (I can see it now: horses cantering across the field, and Charlie cantering alongside them) and reminds him that there is more to life than wine, women, and cocktail wieners. Like Thomas Wolfe, the original word-torrent from North Carolina, Rose is tall, starry-eyed—driven.

But since his show went national on PBS this January, Rose has seemed driven to distraction. Of course, it's inhuman to expect the host of an hour-long week-night show to be garden-fresh every broadcast. Even the most enthusiastic pros have their down moments, attributable to a lack of spark with the guests, a slow news day, physical fatigue, sunspots, whatever. But too often Rose seems to be on autopilot, churning dead air with interminable questions (he asked the Washington *Post's* Bob Woodward, "What'd ya think of the reporting, the political reporting of the 1992 campaign, and those very questions you raised about Clinton's draft, Clinton's married life, Clinton's sense of philosophy and who he was, and the impact of parents and family and Hope, Arkansas, on this young man?"), interrupting his guests to answer his own questions, wrapping up interviews by drumming on the table to signal it's time to ship in the next body. Unless the subject is basketball or politics (his two fa-



Charlie Rose: A country boy who conquered the city.

VICTOR JUHASZ



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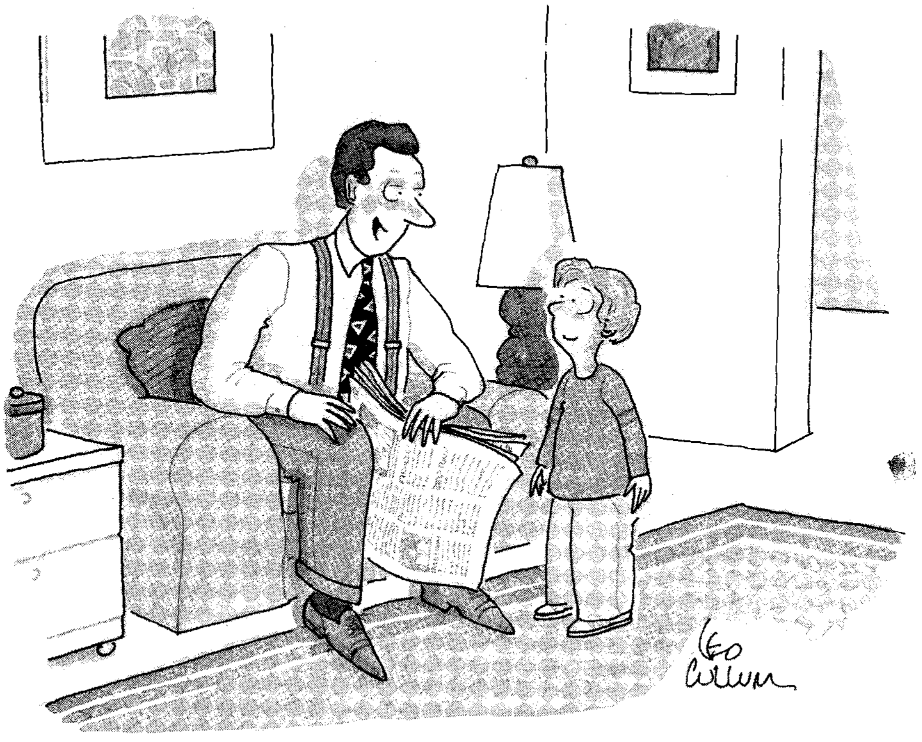
vorite Hungry Man entrées), the sketchiness of his preparation becomes ever more apparent. There doesn't seem to be any passive-aggressive hostility in Rose's drowsy demeanor. He appears genuinely interested in his guests. It's as if there just were livelier places he'd rather be.

Numerous articles on Rose have noted his emergence as a matinée idol on the Manhattan social stage. According to the Washington *Post*, Rose recently "sat at Ralph Lauren's table at a Museum of Modern Art film screening; he attended *Vogue* editor Anna Wintour's small dinner for Giorgio Armani; he's fast friends with doyenne Brooke Astor (her foundation helps fund 'Charlie Rose'), whom he met at his pal Liz Smith's birthday party at the Russian Tea Room. He dates the socially prominent Amanda Burden." He was the host of the Coro leadership foundation dinner last month, at which James Carville and Mary Matalin did their Beltway version of Peg and Al Bundy. An article in the New York *Observer* recounts how he has been holding consults with New York's leading editors, asking them to help him, guide him in his eternal quest for an executive producer, a position he himself now holds (and, some say, doesn't truly wish to relinquish). Of course, to survive on public television, a fiefdom rife with factions, Rose needs a charmed circle of support. The iffy financing of a show like his requires friendly links to private and corporate sponsors. And given the spotty promotion on PBS, the cheapest mode of advertising for Rose's show is for him to establish his own marquee value, as his former mentor, Bill Moyers, did. As lamps unto the truth, they have chosen different paths. Where Moyers wandered far-off lands in search of a wise man who could tell him who he was, why he was born, and whether he was true shaman material, Rose pops up in the pages of *W*, Mr. Tall in the Saddle. Well, who can blame him? After his long limbo in the cramped studio of "Nightwatch," he's having fun as the literati's latest lovesicle. It's "Look Homeward, Angel" all over again, minus the artistic torment.

The drawback is that Rose is beginning to play almost exclusively to the in-crowd. His show is fast becoming an echo chamber of received opinion. His prayer mat is the *Times*. When Leslie Gelb appeared, to discuss his retirement as an Op-Ed columnist at the *Times*, you would have thought he was stepping down as Secretary of State, with all the fuss Rose made. He fed the *Times's* Anna Quindlen a tray of cream puffs. With big names from television news, he slips even more knowingly into casual shorthand, as if we were all on a first-name basis



"Actually, Tommy, we're just about full-blooded management, except for your grandfather on your mom's side, who was one-quarter labor."

with Morley and Dan. Increasingly, Rose seems eager to indicate that he's "High Inside" (to borrow a phrase from Seymour Krim), beaming out of the bubble of his celebrity status. Once you're part of the buddy system, it must become harder to throw your guests off their mental scripts. You graciously let them bore you in public the way they've bored you in person. Discussing Bosnia in his submarine drone, Henry Kissinger dragged the show's energy level down to death's door. Rose's interviews with politicians have become routine airings. I hate to say it, but CNN's Larry King tosses more jabs than Charlie Rose. (He just has tackier guests.)

The personas of some talk-show hosts synchronize with the persona of the President in office. They owe a shade of lustre to their reflection of this larger image. Johnny Carson, whose stint on "Tonight" began in 1962, was a chip off the glinting ice of Jack Kennedy. Tom Snyder, whose "Tomorrow" show began in 1973, had Richard Nixon's pickled spleen. "The Pat Sajak Show" was a befuddled echo of the Bush era. Similarly, Charlie Rose and Bill Clinton form a fellowship. In a *Newsday* interview, Rose described Candidate Clinton leaning over the table and saying, "If I was not running for president, I'd love to do what you do." The *Newsday* writer commented, "That they would find common ground is not surprising, for they project many of the same qualities: a manly sensitivity, an innate curiosity, a desire to please."

It has been speculated that Clinton's desire to please is rooted in the experience of being the peacekeeper as an adolescent with his drunken stepfather. Hence it's a desire born of duty and desperation, capping a deeper anger at having to play the adult child in an alcoholic household. Perhaps Clinton's flareups with staff are more than temperamental fits—remnants of that fire. Rose, by contrast, seems aloof in his effort to please, settled inside. I could respond to him more as a TV performer if there were some demons belowdecks, if his charm seemed something more than opportune. Compared with nearly everyone else on the dial, Rose has substance, standards, decorum. He's definitely one of the good guys. But like the President, he's a people-pleaser so reluctant to delegate authority that he's in danger of frittering away the franchise. He's so plugged in, he's frazzled out. ♦

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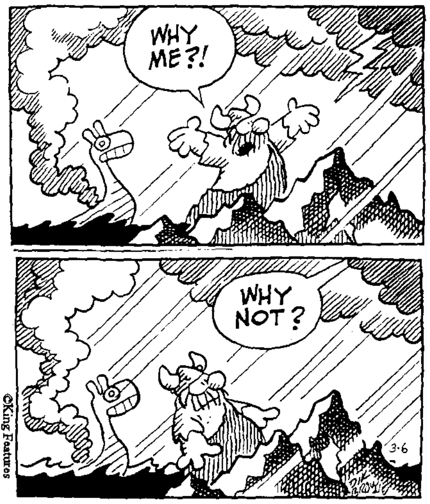
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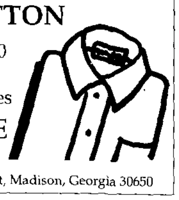

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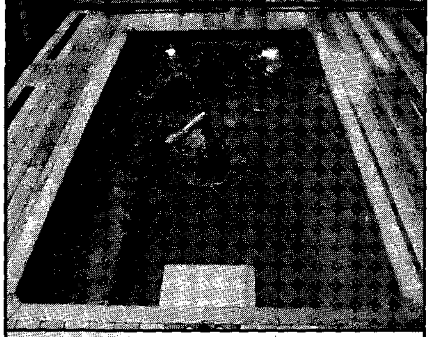

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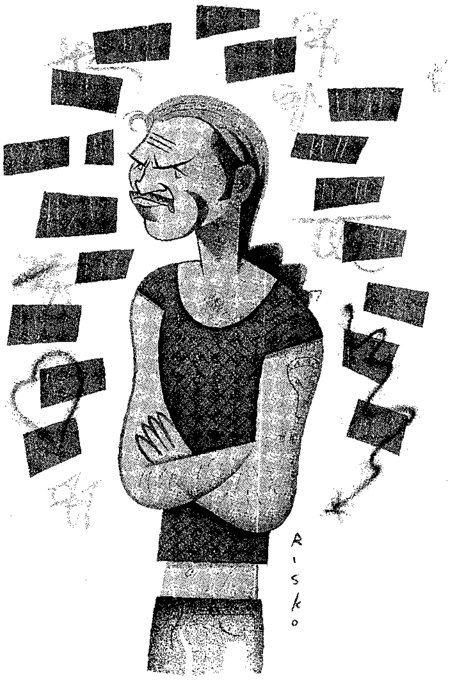
THE CURRENT CINEMA

BORN UNDER A BAD SIGN

BY TERRENCE RAFFERTY

JACK KELSON (Jeff Bridges), the hero of Martin Bell's "American Heart," is the sort of character that tends to bring out the worst in actors: a loser with big dreams. He's a fortyish ex-con who intends to turn his life around by moving to Alaska and getting into "some entrepreneurial-type enterprise" that will bring in piles of honest money. This blurry vision of a fresh start helps Jack get through his rather bleak current existence in Seattle. His parole officer has found him a job, as a window-washer, that pays for his miserable furnished room and not much more; his Alaskan-escape fund, stashed behind the baseboard, grows very, very slowly. He's under constant scrutiny, both from the parole officer, who needs to know that Jack is staying on the narrow path of virtue that has been charted for him, and from his former partner in larceny, a slimeball named Rainey (Don Harvey), who's waiting for him to crack under the pressure of his grim new life and return to his criminal ways. He also has to contend with the unwanted presence of his fourteen-year-old son, Nick (Edward Furlong), who turns up on the day Jack is sprung from prison and refuses to go away. A son is just about the last thing Jack wants at this point in his life: Nick is a drain on his time, his meagre finances, and his underdeveloped emotions. The hero of "American Heart" has been dealt an extremely bad hand, and the cards that its star has to work with—a cute kid, a foolish dream, and a story line that requires his character to rediscover the tender impulses of fatherhood—are, from an aesthetic point of view, equally unpromising. But Jeff Bridges manages to make something out of the nothing he's holding: despite the crude conception of the character, Bridges wins the audience's belief.

Minutes after Nick shows up, suitcase in hand, at a bus station near the prison, Jack tries to ditch him, and then, having failed to shake the pesky kid, he adopts an attitude of get-lost indifference toward him in their first days together. (In a cruelly funny scene, Jack lifts Nick off their apartment's one mattress, deposits the sleeping boy on a set of bare bedsprings, and curls up on the mattress himself; for good measure, he also appropriates their only pillow.) It's not difficult to predict how this relationship is going to play out: Jack's chilly response to Nick will slowly thaw; his dream of Alaska will gradually give way to the more urgent and more selfless desire to keep the son from repeating the life-destroying sins of the father; and his love for the boy will ultimately force him to transcend his own severe limitations as a human being. The screenplay (by Peter Silverman, from a story by Silverman, Bell, and Mary Ellen Mark) arranges for Nick to become involved with a bunch of street kids—many of them homeless, all of them neglected. The activities of Seattle's lost boys and girls (previously chronicled in the 1984 documentary "Streetwise," by Bell, Mark, and Cheryl McCall) consist mostly of hanging out at night, smoking dope, and fighting among themselves, but their down-and-out circumstances can also



Sins of the father: Jeff Bridges in "American Heart."

ROBERT RISKO

lead to more desperate and infinitely more dangerous behavior: some of the kids turn tricks for passing motorists; some perform clumsy burglaries for creeps like Rainey. The story is set up so that Jack will recognize the origins of his own wasted life in the temptations that Nick is prey to; in the attempt to save his son from going too far down this road to nowhere, he gets an unlooked-for opportunity for self-redemption.

Filmmakers have milked the salvation-through-parenting motif pretty thoroughly in recent years. A great movie, like Gillian Armstrong's 1987 "High Tide"—with its wrenching performance by Judy Davis as a self-destructive singer who reëstablishes contact with the daughter she abandoned long ago—can make the idea look timeless, indestructible. Ordinarily, though, a film's insistence on the soul-restoring power of parental love feels suspicious—indicative of the quick-and-dirty techniques that moviemakers stoop to when they're really determined to work our emotions over. Early in "American Heart," there's a detail that's bound to set off alarms in any member of the audience old enough to remember the sickly-sweet 1965 comedy "A Thousand Clowns," in which Jason Robards, Jr., learns to become a responsible adult by taking care of his orphaned nephew: Jack owns a small guitar-like instrument that looks dismayingly like the ukulele that the Robards character plays in the earlier film. Fortunately, Jack doesn't play it much, and, when he does, the music he makes isn't perky but sort of bluesy. (The style suits the character nicely: a man who tries to play blues on a toy like this is clearly looking for things to fail at.) Almost everything about "American Heart" has that ukulele feel to it: when each plot element is introduced, you groan at its familiarity and cringe in anticipation of strenuous heartstring-tugging, and then, as the picture goes along, you relax, because the appeal to your emotions isn't carried out quite as shamelessly as you had feared.

The way Bridges plays Jack Kelson, the messages that the script lays out so baldly tend to recede into the background: he doesn't try to *act* the big ideas about fatherhood and self-fulfillment and the American Dream. Even in the scenes in which Jack talks about Alaska, Bridges somehow finds a kind of truth that transcends the hackneyed dramaturgy. He rushes the words he's saying, half swallows them, as if Jack himself were aware, on some level, that he's talking vague, wishful nonsense; we can't condescend to the character as a deluded little man, because he has betrayed his skepticism about his own illusions. There's an essential—and entirely unromanticized—dignity in Jeff Bridges' muted, naturalistic acting style. In the past few years, he has provided us with several memorable portraits of grudging and spiritually exhausted men: the characters he plays in "The Fabulous Baker Boys" (1989), "Texasville" (1990), and "The Fisher King" (1991) are, in the deepest sense, drifters like Jack Kelson—guys who resist being fenced in, or who simply fear the emotional demands of a settled life. Bridges has made a specialty of playing reserved, wary characters, and what keeps his performances fresh is his attention to physical detail: each of his alienated heroes moves differently from the others, with a rhythm that suggests a wholly specific relationship to experience. In scene after scene of "American Heart," the actor's apparently insignificant, casual gestures give the awkward dialogue a surprising resonance. We learn all we need to know about Jack's aimlessness and anxiety from the way he flicks his cigarette or rocks back and forth as he straddles his bike. Bridges' physical eloquence makes everything Jack Kelson does look like the result of a lifetime of constant trouble and lousy choices; his dry, unassuming, lived-in acting style has a mysterious cumulative power, like Raymond Carver's prose.

The best thing about Martin Bell's direction is its documentary flatness, which is ideal for recording a performance like this one. The camera captures Bridges' quiet effects without seeming to call attention to them; it stands back and watches, and lets us discover them for ourselves. But when Bridges isn't onscreen the script is left to its own devices, and Bell seems to flounder. The scenes of Nick's adventures with his street-kid friends are oddly perfunctory—perhaps because the filmmaker already covered this scene (and much more affectingly) in "Streetwise," or perhaps because he doesn't dare to show this likable teen-ager doing anything too unsavory. The episodes involving Rainey have the desperate, uncon-

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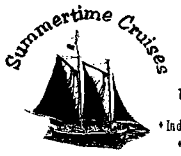

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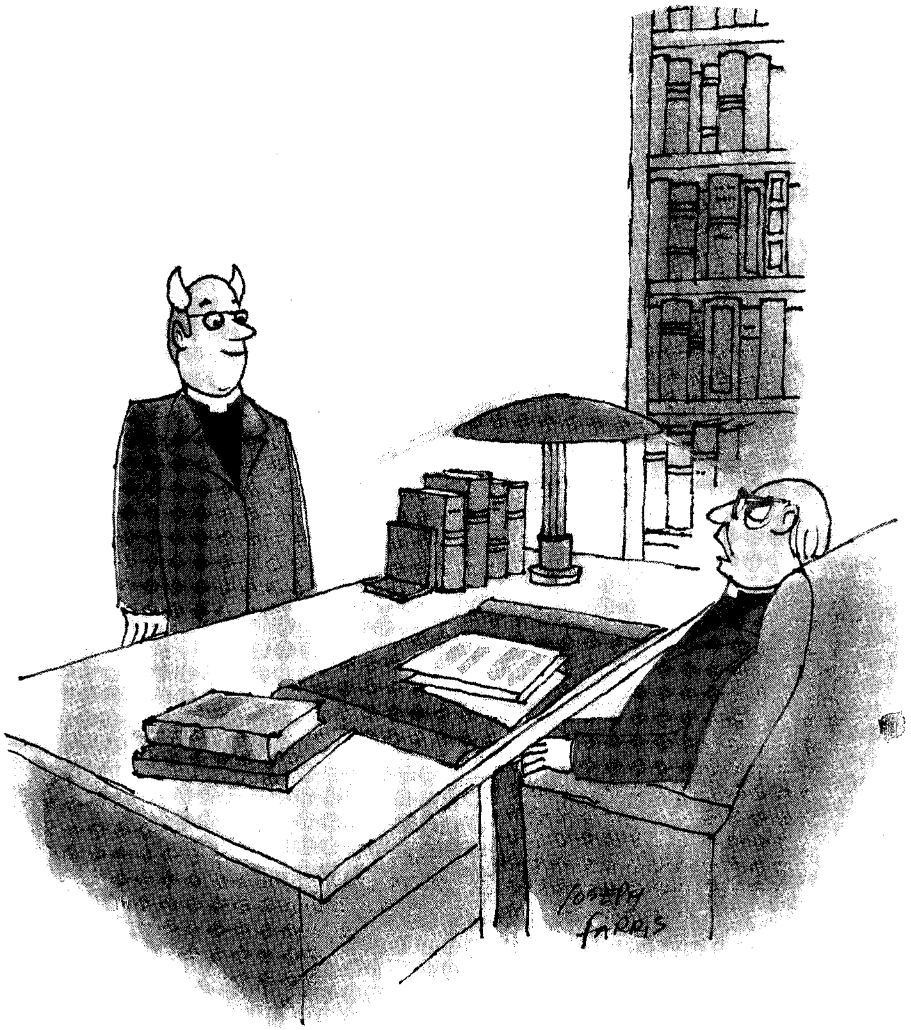
vincing feel of cheap melodrama. And there is a handful of black-and-white flashbacks of Jack's reform-school adolescence, which aren't awful in themselves but have the effect of providing a facile excuse for the character's whole screwed-up life. In the movie's downer climax, Bell crosscuts between violent present-tense action and a lyrically filmed memory scene (which consciously evokes "The 400 Blows"), and the message seems to be: Poor Jack never had a chance. "American Heart" winds up endorsing the loser's world view—that if you could just catch a break here or there everything would be different. It's too bad the movie turns out to be about nothing more interesting than luck; for much of "American Heart," Bridges' beautiful, radiantly precise acting stirs in us the irrational hope that this picture might actually be about grace.

MOST movies, of course, never so much as threaten to be about anything. Sally Potter's "Orlando" belongs to that ignominious majority, and it doesn't even give us lively performers to distract us from its vacuity: if it weren't for bad acting, this movie wouldn't have any acting at all. The picture is based on Virginia Woolf's 1928 novel, "Orlando: A Biography," which is not one of the author's major works: it was conceived, she wrote in her diary, "as a joke," and when it was finished she was concerned that it had become "rather too long." She was right to worry. The book is a fragile, fitfully amusing piece of whimsy about an English nobleman born in the Elizabethan era who does not grow old or die and thus becomes the central figure in a series of historical tableaux that take the reader right into the twentieth century; at a certain point—near the end of the seventeenth century, it appears—the title character discovers that he has turned into a woman. In fact, "Orlando: A Biography" is a sort of music-hall version of the life of Vita Sackville-West, with whom Woolf was madly in



"I've been hearing some disturbing things about you, Higgins."

love, and perhaps the only way to enjoy it fully is to chase down all the personal references and then to fantasize that you're a member of Woolf's circle, chuckling at how cleverly she has captured dear Vita. Woolf's insights into English history and the mysteries of human sexuality aren't really penetrating enough to give the book much of an independent life as a work of fiction.

Although the book is a little tedious, it's not difficult to imagine a good film of "Orlando": something brisk, lighthearted, and exuberantly silly, with one of Britain's many cross-dressing comedians (Eric Idle, say) in the title role. Potter, however, takes Woolf's exercise in frivolity awfully seriously. This picture (for which Potter also wrote the screenplay) is like a Benny Hill sketch performed with fringe-theatre solemnity. It's designed to the teeth—by Ben van Os and Jan Roelfs, who are veterans of Peter Greenaway's fussy, ornate pictures—and the predominant acting style is an unpalatable mixture of earnestness and gross, heavy-spirited caricature. The actress who plays Orlando, Tilda Swinton, has previously appeared in several of Derek Jarman's movies—notably "Caravaggio" and "Edward II"—which are not the sort of productions that instill good habits in a young performer. (Jarman's actors spend most of their time screaming, leering, glaring, and posing "sculpturally" in stylized settings.) Swinton may not actually wink at the audience, but she always looks as if she were about to. And surely it wouldn't have killed her (or Potter) to try a bit harder to persuade us that Orlando is male in the early sequences. When the actress remembers to, she swaggers, rather halfheartedly, or lowers her voice slightly; the sketchiness of her effects makes her performance feel smug and sarcastic rather than truly ironic. The whole picture has an arch, knowing tone that grows more puzzling—and more irritating—as the narrative lumbers to its present-day conclusion. What is it, exactly, that the filmmakers think they know? When "Orlando" is over, all that the audience has learned is that androgyny can be as dull as conventional sexuality, and that the cutting edge of British filmmaking—the haughty aestheticism of directors like Greenaway, Jarman, and Sally Potter—is duller still. ♦

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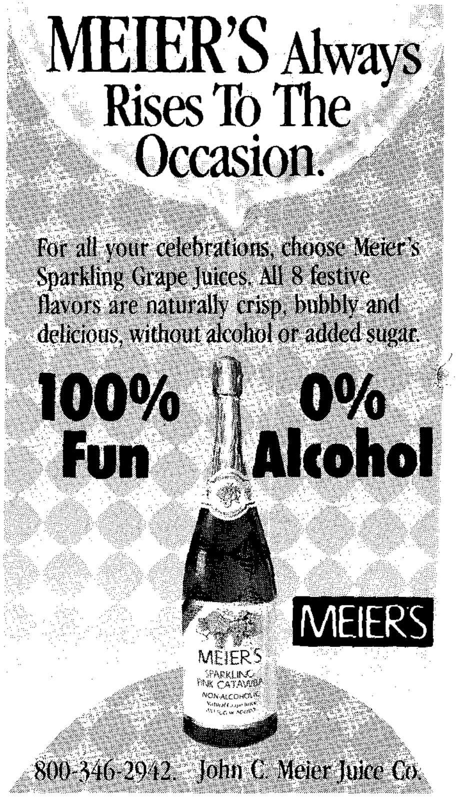
BY EDITH OLIVER

MARIO MICOSSI

A. R. GURNEY never loses his light, precise touch as he probes, in play after play, ever more deeply into the feelings of his characters. Seldom can a sad story have been told with more fun and humor than there is in his "Later Life," which opened a couple of weeks ago at Playwrights Horizons. The setting is the terrace of an apartment building in Boston, where a cocktail party is in progress, and where a middle-aged man named Austin meets again a woman named Ruth, with whom he almost had an affair years before—an affair that ended unfulfilled because of his fear that something terrible was going to happen to him. The action of the play is the reunion itself, which is constantly interrupted by other guests. Austin (Charles Kimbrough) is a banker, recently divorced and the father of two grown children; Ruth (Maureen Anderman) is married to a brutal man, whom she cannot bring herself to leave; the interrupters are all performed by Carole Shelley and Anthony Heald, whom Mr. Gurney has supplied with roles for a lifetime or two. It is Austin whose character is under examination—a man apparently wellborn and well heeled, but of strong, unruly feelings, which cannot seem to break through his diffidence or timidity. He appears to be cheerful and contented, but he's also on antidepressants. Ruth, after four marriages, the death of a child, and one disaster after another, is somehow in better shape, but her delight at meeting Austin again and finding with him a chance for happiness is, at the end, blighted. She knows what is wrong with him, and we know that he never will.

In a program note Mr. Gurney salutes Henry James as his inspiration, but Henry James was a failure as a dramatist. Whether Mr. Gurney knows it or not, his theatrical ancestor is Ruth Draper. The milieu is hers, and she, too, kept the stage brimming with subsidiary characters. Watching "Later Life," I couldn't get her out of my mind. She, too, could assume the miens and voices of men and women of all kinds, of all styles and backgrounds. The interrupters here include a Back Bay couple at furious odds about retirement plans (he, crippled by arthritis, longs for Florida while she keeps exclaiming about the beautiful vistas of Boston); a squash buddy of Austin's and a know-it-all Jewish friend and adviser of Ruth's; a comical Southern couple, new to Boston, who find a story in everyone they meet and are unsparing in their enthusiasm; an assertive lesbian and a computer freak; and, on a more serious note, the hostess—a widow who sees a chance to endow old friends with new happiness and fails—and a retired professor who channels his feelings of rootlessness into a harrowing and fruitless attempt to stop smoking (poor ninny). All these parts, as I say, are entrusted to Anthony Heald, a nimble quick-change artist, and to Carole Shelley, whose very presence on any stage raises the spirits. In the leading—or, at least, single—roles, Maureen Anderman is both gallant and bereft, and Charles Kimbrough's helpless bafflement is saddest of all. And funniest. As for Mr. Gurney, there is no dramatist like him on either side of the Atlantic: his irony is rare and valuable, and he never pushes it; and his understanding of all sorts of people increases from play to play. "Later Life" is, I think, the best of them all. Don Scardino directed. ♦



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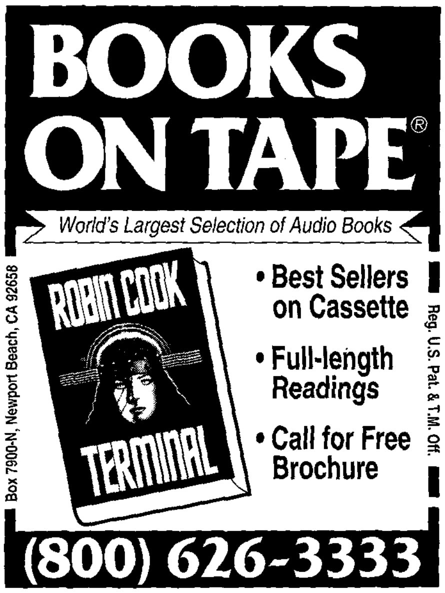

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BOOKS BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

The Day

by Douglas Hobbie
(Holt; $22)

If you crossed Rabbit with Mrs. Dalloway, what you'd get is Jack Fletcher, the protagonist of this intimate third-person narrative—though he is more self-conscious and literary than either of those characters. On Thanksgiving Day in rural Connecticut with his wife's extended family, Jack functions as critic of the events and dialogue around him, quoting lines from Thoreau and Shakespeare's sonnets when the circumstances call for it. This may sound pretentious, but Jack is redeemed by being a close reader of himself as well ("You don't say, Jack," he often thinks mockingly), especially on this day, which is the anniversary of the suicide of the oldest sister and black sheep of his wife's family, to whom he was powerfully attracted. The book rambles through the hours of food and drink and sport and sometimes prickly conversation, and it manages to be about a million things at once, as the three generations at the table clash over politics, both familial and global. But Hobbie's performance is most inspired on the it's-all-in-a-day's-work aspects of a not quite middle-aged man's emotional life—grief, temptation, contentment, fatherly pride, and sexual nostalgia, to name a few.

Cleopatra's Sister

by Penelope Lively
(HarperCollins; $20)

This British author's tenth novel begins as a playful meditation on life's accidents—how we end up where we end up. Howard Beamish becomes a paleontologist because a fluctuation in the interest rate when he is six disrupts his family's plan to vacation on the Costa Brava. They go to Somerset instead, and Howard finds an ammonite on the beach; so begins his lifelong passion for fossils. Lucy Faulkner grazes her leg while getting off a bus and hurries to the nearest drugstore to replace her ruined stockings. There she runs into a friend who knows of a copy-editing job, and her career in journalism is launched. The third strand of this braided narrative concerns the North African country of Callimbia, which is said to have been ruled by Cleopatra's sister. Howard and Lucy are as unaware of Callimbia as they are of each other; only the reader anticipates that some knot of circumstance will join all three. Lively's characters are more absorbing than her overviews of Callimbia's evolution, and, while this imbalance proves unexpectedly fruitful, it gets the novel off to a bumpy start. But, as always, there is a heady pleasure in the author's fascination with the riddles of history—in this instance, the "delicate partnership" between choice and chance.

Left to Themselves

by Mary Grimm
(Random House; $21)

In her late thirties, with a husband and a young child, Cynthia realizes that she is in love with her cousin Harry. Harry, however, is sleeping with a girl half his age. Lucette, the teen-age girl, finds herself pregnant but fails to communicate the news: Harry is too drunk to understand what she is saying. Since he has never shown any real affection for her, Lucette, having decided to have the baby, goes away—only a few blocks away, but it might as well be another country. The Cleveland neighborhood she leaves is like a small, isolated town: the jobs go nowhere, and everybody knows everybody else's business. The story catches these characters in medias res: why Cynthia has only just noticed her lust for her cousin, why Lucette should mean more to Harry than any of his other pickups, or what Lucette actually feels, we are not privileged to know. What we do get, in this first novel, is highly detailed in its sensory import and its evocation of dailiness—a very thick slice of life.

GENERAL

The Fifties

by David Halberstam
(Villard; $27.50)

This big book by a noted journalist portrays the United States during the nineteen-fifties in a series of personality sketches—a giant all-star cast that includes Marilyn Monroe and C. Wright Mills, Dwight Eisenhower and Hugh Hefner. Halberstam informs (or reminds) his readers what gifts or insights made these people powerful, influential, or popular in that decade. It was a time when prosperity seemed assured but social problems—race, for example—boiled over. The new mass medium, television, showed families happy in the security of their new suburban developments, but real fathers and mothers felt exploited, edgy, or bored, and their children were rebellious. Halberstam's failure to take a firmer hand with his masses of material is disappointing—we miss not only an authorial voice but, especially, a stronger story line. He does point out the moment when the engineers in charge of General Motors were replaced by financiers, and, he believes, the company's downfall was assured, but such assessments of significance are rare; for the most part, the reader must make his own way.

The Toughest Job in Baseball

by Peter Pascarelli
(Simon & Schuster; $21)

Modest and straightforward books about professional sports are a rarity in an era much given to angry hype and misty musings, but Pascarelli, a veteran of the baseball beat, throws something close to a shutout with this absorbing, if mistitled, account of the Pittsburgh Pirates' almost successful 1992 campaign. The job in question is that of a modern major-league manager, but Pascarelli's model, the eight-year Pittsburgh incumbent, Jim Leyland, is a chain-smoking hero of such dimensions that he makes one see yet again that it is the man, not the work, that merits our ultimate attention. Brooding, intuitive, and careworn, Leyland inspires a passionate loyalty among his troops and coaches and coevals, in great part because of his understanding of the pains and humiliations that the game exacts from its well-paid practitioners, even on a winning club. Pascarelli has useful tales to tell about other notable survivors in the skipper's trade, but the Pirates' own late-season adventures, which culminated in a shocking final-game, ninth-inning loss to the Atlanta Braves in the National League playoff last October, provide an ending of near-Sophoclean dimensions. Whom the gods would destroy they put on the dugout step, waiting for the last pitch of the summer. ♦

SHOUTS AND MURMURS

NAME THAT TUNE

BY TELLER

I DOUBT if Elvis Costello and the Brodsky Quartet intended to disrupt my life with "The Juliet Letters," their song sequence for voice and string quartet. I premièred the CD in my car on the way to the Department of Motor Vehicles, and at once felt as if I'd just received an important overseas phone call on an intermittent satellite hookup. Later that day, I found myself involuntarily muttering lyrics (e.g., "pass the vinegar," "Daddy's on fire"), and that night I woke up half a dozen times with an eerie cello riff stuck in my head. I had a lousy night's sleep, often a warning of the proximity of great art.

I know what to picture when I hear a song like "Achy Breaky Heart"—a redneck with big hair feeling bad. But each of the "Juliet" songs is presented as a letter from a different character, which is awfully taxing when one is listening while looking for a parking space. Consider the song that starts, "Thank you for the flowers."

Know what's coming next? I didn't.

I threw them on the fire
And I burned the photographs that you had enclosed.
GOD they were ugly children.

Who *is* this person? After a few replays, I began to grasp that it is a wacky old aunt ("a few chips short of a fish supper," as I later heard Costello in concert describe her) responding to a long-lost nephew wheedling a place in her will. Over her sarcastic reply a violin buzzes like a horsefly. Its tune reminded me of a famous melody—one that, exasperatingly, I could not quite place.

"The Juliet Letters" is not Costello banging off ditties and backing them with antique strings, like the Beatles. Nor is it a string quartet doing a goof in which they arrange "Born to Be Wild" in the style of Vivaldi. It's not a stunt, and therefore it's hard to pin down.

So I called my friends Jennie, the violist, and Bill, the glass-harmonica player, and talked them into buying a copy of "The Juliet Letters," in the hope that they would get hooked, too, and share my angst and their knowledge. A few days later, I ran into Bill in the supermarket. "Pandiatonic equidistant multitonality!" he exclaimed, beaming. "That cello motif in your dreams is outlining two chords as far apart harmonically as they can be—one of Bartók's fave sounds. Jennie's cutting work tonight to see if she can find your horsefly violin in Shostakovich."

Like the Carpocratian Gnostics, I believe in exorcising morbid obsessions by indulging them. I studied the liner notes for clues to help me understand the songs so completely that I could dismiss them as solved. It was 11 P.M. when I noticed Costello's statement that the song "This Sad Burlesque" pertained to events that would be familiar to those who lived in England in the spring of 1992. I was in no mood to stay up all night reviewing recent British history, so I phoned a chum in London, where it was 4 A.M., sang the lyrics over the phone, and heard his explanation: "Election . . . bloody Conservatives still in . . . cynical do-nothing bastards." My friend had had a late night at the pub.

In the song "Romeo's Seance," a man conjures his dead lover on the Ouija board and soon finds himself and his "hand-holding baby walking the floor and the ceiling." The Brodsky Quartet's violist does a vocal cameo as the voice from beyond, singing "Romeo is calling you" in harmony with Costello. I was whistling "Romeo's Seance" as I waited in line at an automatic-teller machine at the Baltimore-Washington airport. On the notes where the harmonizing voice joins in I suddenly thought I heard someone singing along with me. I looked back at the escalator and down the corridor to the security check, but saw only travellers going about their business, indifferent to my tweetling. I whistled again, and again the phantom sang. I had just pocketed my cash and decided that there was some acoustic quirk in the lobby when a young couple approached me and asked the name of the tune. I told them. "That's it!" said the man. "Every time you whistled it, I sang along, hoping it would jog my memory. It was driving me nuts."

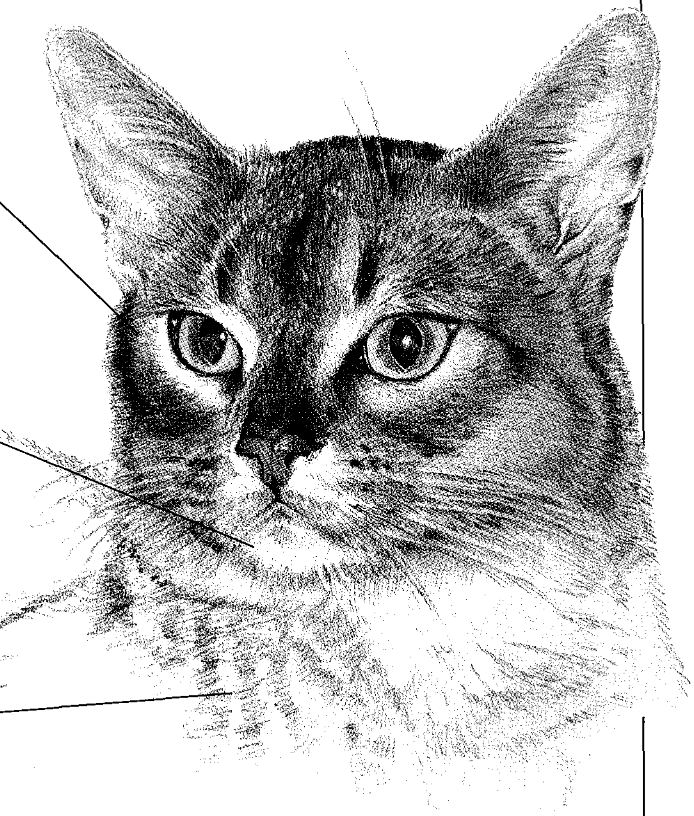
A few weeks ago, just before dawn, I was awakened by the grinding of my fax machine. I found this message.

To: Teller
From: Jennie & Bill
Re: What That "Horsefly" Violin Motif Sounds Like

Checked Shostakovich, Bartók, Dvoràk. Then it hit us: The Looney Tunes theme song. ♦

DAN CLOWES

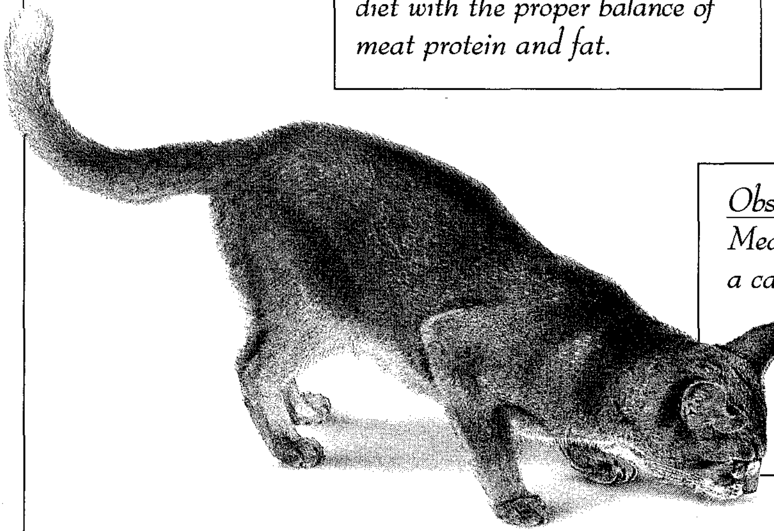
A thorough examination of why the more meat in IAMS matters.



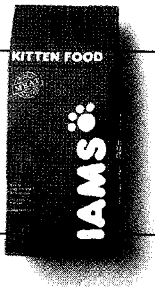
Look your cat in the eye. Iams, with more meat protein, helps keep eyes clear.

Notice what your cat likes to eat. Because, instinctively, cats crave the taste of meat. So you and your cat should like the fact that Iams contains more meat protein.

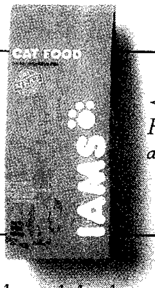
Evaluate the look and feel of your cat's coat. A luxurious coat and healthy skin come from a diet with the proper balance of meat protein and fat.



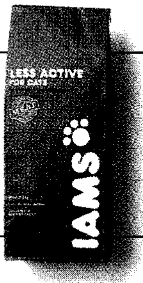
Observe how your cat uses energy in quick bursts. Meat protein provides energy. Nothing builds a cat's body and keeps it in peak condition better. And there's more protein from animal-based ingredients in Iams, which means it contains more meat than even the leading supermarket or specialty dry cat food.



◄ Kitten Food: For kittens from weaning until 12 months old.



◄ Cat Food: For normally active adult cats.



◄ Less Active: For overweight, spayed or neutered adult cats.

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